

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

AS the result of an article in last week's *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*, this journal has been served with libel writs by Masten, Starr, Spence & Cameron on behalf of Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., and Louis S. Levee (pronounced Si-Keen). In both cases damages to the extent of \$25,000 is claimed, while injunctions are also asked restraining *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* from making any further mention of either the company of which Mr. Levee is the president and chief owner, or of the chairman of the School Board himself.

That Mr. Levee should threaten action is not surprising, in fact, we would have been somewhat astonished if, under the circumstances, any other course had been adopted.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT welcomes the closest investigation of the charges made in these columns, and will be more than pleased to amplify the evidence in due course, should the chairman of the School Board deem fit when the time arrives to proceed with the case.

The endeavor on the part of Mr. Levee to muzzle the press by threats of libel and injunctions is a method not unfamiliar to *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*, but such attempts to obstruct a free discussion of matters of paramount importance, in no wise clears the skirts of the plaintiff in this instance, and makes a full investigation by the School Board of the city of Toronto none the less imperative. Such an investigation must be forthcoming if the citizens of Toronto are to repose further faith in those who have charge of what is probably the most important branch of the public service.

The School Board may reasonably assume, I think, that *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* has in its possession ample evidence, this being a necessity for its own protection. Nor is it at all likely that *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* would make the serious charges against Mr. Levee that have been made, having no personal interest in the man nor his affairs, except in the public interest.

At best an action for libel is a long and tedious process, even if Mr. Levee should finally conclude to push the case; what, then, is the School Board of the city of Toronto to do in the interval?

Are the members content to rest with these charges against the chairman of their Board, or will they investigate on their own account?

Once again let us state that a threatened action for libel on behalf of L. S. Levee and of "Psychine" is by no means a satisfying nor an adequate answer to the charges made. Let Mr. Levee come out into the open and demand an investigation at the hands of his *confreres*. Surely if he is innocent of the charges made by *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*, no possible objection could be raised to such a proceeding. If he is not innocent, then the sooner such evidence is before the members of the Board and the citizens of Toronto the better.

WE have witnessed the first act—or is it the prelude?—in our reciprocal trade treaty with the United States of America. For, after all, the curtain will rise upon scene one at Washington when President Taft and his advisers get down to the work of forcing the measure through Congress; and, indeed, at this writing it would seem quite within the line of probabilities that the President will have no little difficulty in prevailing upon his countrymen to pass the treaty as it stands, and it must be passed as a whole or else it falls to the ground, and in that event the two countries would be just where they were before negotiations opened in Ottawa months ago.

The fact that this treaty does not meet with the approval of all Americans any more than it does all Canadians will hardly create surprise, for it is beyond the powers of mere men to create legislation that gives satisfaction to all. It resolves itself down to a question, then, of pleasing the majority, and as to this it is as yet impossible to state with any degree of accuracy, whether the majority are content in either country. With a great diversity of interests, such as we have in the Dominion, the manufacturing interests in the East, holding for protection, and the farmer in the West holding for free trade—and let us not forget the well-known desires of many engaged in agriculture in the Maritime Provinces, who have long looked longingly to the New England States as the natural market for their products—the Federal Government found itself between two millstones. Altruism has as small a place in the policies of any government as it has in the life of the individual. We are all selfish. Selfish in our desires; selfish in our aims. The farmer is an egoist, so is the manufacturer, and so are the members of the Federal House and the Government. Each and every one is working to defend his own best interests as he sees them. When the final word is said, however, it must be admitted that egoism is the mainstay of all governments and all peoples. We trade, we bargain as individuals and as governments, each for his own good, and this fact is not to be lost sight of when Uncle Sam flirts with us.

The Laurier Government deemed it a political necessity that the free trade demands of the Canadian farmer be accorded recognition. Their claim was pressing and no longer would they take an evasive answer. The great clamor of the high cost of living has had its effect both in Washington and in Ottawa, though in the American capital it was much more pressing than in ours. On the other hand, the Canadian farmer was much more insistent in his demands than was the American agriculturist, and so the draft treaty came about. The effect of the negotiations up to the present has been to partially satisfy the Canadian farmer, but at some expense to the manufacturer. Just what these trade concessions will cost the manufacturer time only can determine. Another matter yet to be determined is the effect of such negotiations upon foreign capital. We need money in this country. It is essential for its development, and just now there are many millions of dollars turning our way from Great Britain. Will these negotiations have a tendency to retard this capital and make it afraid? Britishers with millions at their command have been knocking at our doors, anxious to place it in manufacturing concerns, in railways, and in the dozen and one other attractive trifles that we have to offer. Like ourselves, the Britisher is no altruist. He wants a return for his money, more than he could get at home, and besides, he demands a safe investment. There must, then, be no tendency at Ottawa

to destroy the faith of the man with the purse, for no matter where he comes from he is twice welcome.

There is to my mind one great lesson to be read from these negotiations, and it is this: Had Great Britain reciprocated at the time Canada gave the Mother Country a preference in our markets, there would have been no reciprocity treaty signed at Washington, and no negotiations entered into. To put it plainly, this reciprocal treaty is the price which Britain pays for not having moved when her chessmen were on the board. This would be against her policy of free trade, it will be argued. So it is, but the negotiations just closed are also against the policy of high tariffs which have been in force in the United States for a generation or more. The United States changed its policy when expedient; why then not Britain? There are no set rules in this game of life and living; each generation and each age according to its needs.

"Trade follows the flag" is a familiar saying. But

did he do with his heritage? If he had been left in sole possession of it and endeavored to work out the destiny of the country on the lines laid down by Mr. Asselin, Toronto would now be a pleasant habitation tourist resort of about ten thousand inhabitants; most of our prosperous Ontario towns would be non-existent; and the Northwest territories would still be sacred to trappers and hunters. That is, if the United States had not long ago acquired our territory by purchase or conflict, as they did Texas, California, New Mexico and Louisiana. The French Canadian is worthy of all praise for his patient, smiling industry, but if he is a participant in the general prosperity of Canada to-day, he has the English-speaking Canadian to thank for that prosperity. These racial disputes are not pleasant, but the tone taken by Mr. Asselin and most of the other Nationalists compels one occasionally to remind them that Canada owes something to the sacrifices and enterprises of the English-speaking newcomers.

We have had a case in Canada where a very able and popular minister was forced to resign his portfolio because of the unproven charge of the kind, while greater sinners who had not been officially detected were allowed to continue in the cabinet. Charles Stewart Parnell, who sinned practically with the consent of the worthless O'Shea, was driven from public life just when he was on the point of achieving something tangible for Ireland. That a sin of this kind should outweigh political genius and unselfish public service shows that the public mind is disordered on the subject. Probably it was precisely because Dilke was a man of political genius that, while the wife who was the party most aggrieved steadfastly stood by him, outsiders exaggerated his offence into an enormity. When your average mediocrity sees a man more clever or more industrious than himself he looks for a weak point. For instance, if he learns that the other takes a drink when he feels like it, he puts the rider on everything that is said in praise of the other fellow, "What a pity he drinks!" If the clever man doesn't happen to drink, Mr. Mediocrity finds out some other point for criticism. England, like this and other countries, has its full share of solemn mediocrities who were delighted to enlarge on the discovery that so able a man as Dilke had his frailties. In point of fact, those who so cruelly rejoiced in his disgrace were displaying a spiritual fault, a lack of charity, which has wrought far more evil in the world than such sins as that which Dilke committed.

IF the Dominion Government, as the outcome of the present agitation for outside inspection of our chartered banks, concludes to take upon its own shoulders both the task and the accompanying responsibilities, it is clear that this work of supervision must be performed in a manner that will be absolutely above criticism. In other words, the work of checking up our banks must be a deal more effective than is now the case in any of the various Governmental departments in existence.

At the moment we have a Federal Bureau acting in a somewhat similar capacity, and one which, as it happens, through no particular fault of the officials, but more by reason of the rules and regulations under which it is administered, has not proven altogether satisfactory. In fact, if the chartered banks were allowed the same scope and latitude as are the insurance companies working under Federal charters, certainly no good could come from such an inspection, while on the other hand a great deal of harm might result.

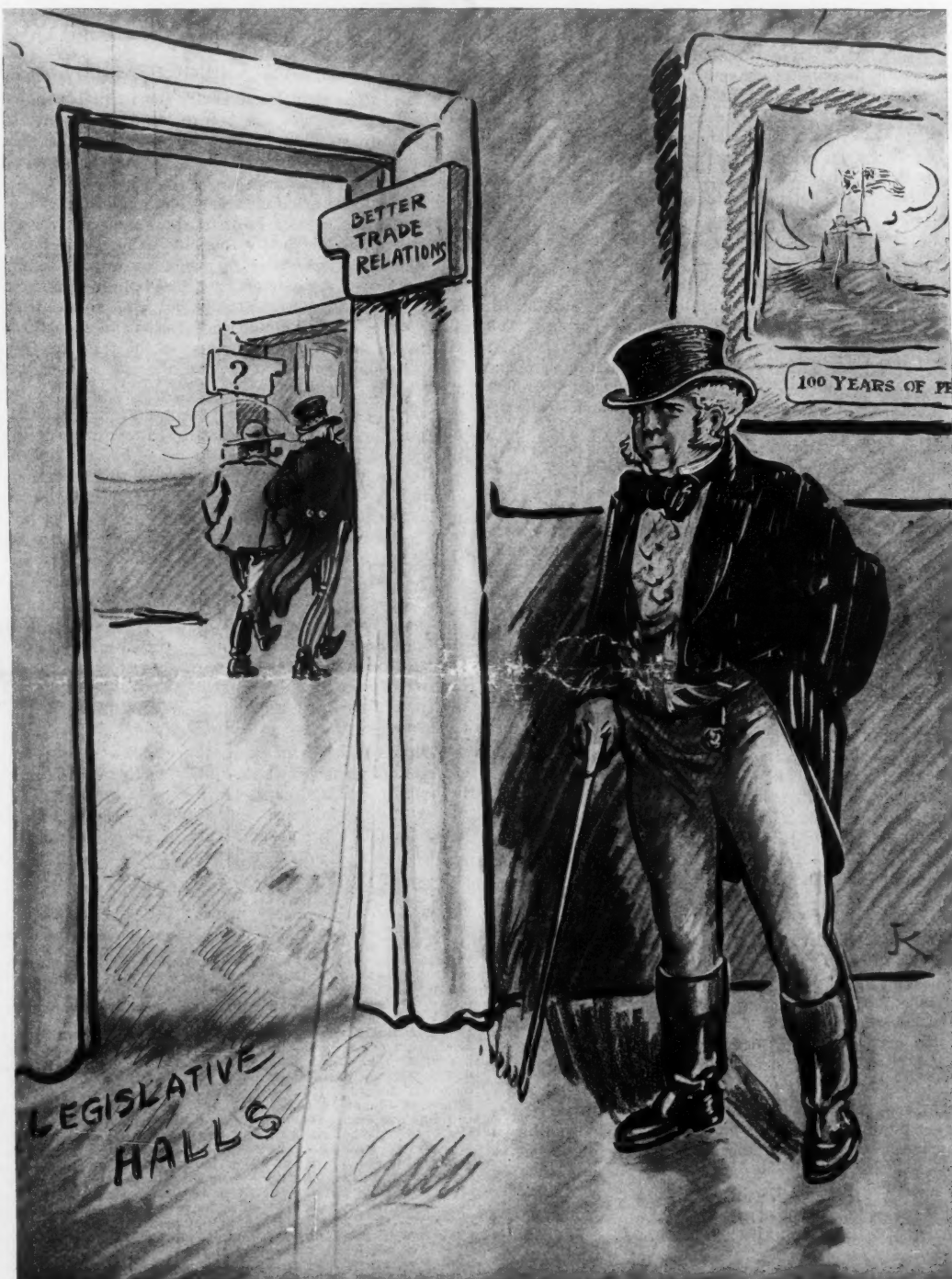
As a concrete example, the Canadian Guardian Life Insurance Company might be mentioned. Here is a corporation known to be unsound. It was known to the Insurance Department that the Canadian Guardian was paying dividends out of capital. In fact, many of its methods were astonishingly like those of the Farmers Bank under the management of Frasers. In the face of these facts, however, the Canadian Guardian Life was allowed to go ahead and sell people its worthless stock; stock which is no better to-day than that of the Farmers Bank, the only difference being that it does not carry with it the double liability. The notes of the Farmers Bank were secured, and so are the policies of those who are insured in the Canadian Guardian Life. Here the parallel must cease, however, for the holders of Farmers Bank notes will not only receive the full face value of the bank bills held but interest upon the same as well, up to the day they are called in, while the holders of policies in the Canadian Guardian Life will at best be obliged to go out and obtain insurance in a sound concern.

If the Government takes upon itself this matter of bank inspection, the legal machinery under which it acts must be broad in scope, comprehensive, and adequate in detail to meet every possible contingency; while those employed on the work must be men of unquestioned experience and high integrity. Political hangers-on should find no place in such a department. Too much depends upon its efficiency.

AN editorial, disguisedly but intentionally ghoulish, appears in the last issue of the *Catholic Register* with reference to the late Mr. Justice McMahon. There is ample internal evidence that the editorial was from the pen of the editor-in-chief, Very Rev. A. E. Burke, D.D., LL.D.

"We read eulogies in the *profane press*," says the reverend doctor, "over the latest demise and confess to a feeling of sadness. One single word about devotion to his church or conformity to her rules were worth oceans of such eulogy as that. It would stand the poor subject, too in better stead, who goes out 'into the valley and shadow of death.' The rest is very good, but only a necessary consequence of this. Unfortunately it so happens sometimes that many of our people who are great friends of Mother Church and persistent seekers after her influence, have a bad habit of forgetting her and the friends who helped them once translated into high places; and sometimes they become so 'eminently respectable' that they think they confer a favor on the church by keeping up even a nominal connection with her. There have been some such cases; but we hope that when church dignitaries again interest themselves in any one's elevation, a thing they are very chary about doing, the beneficiary shall not only have qualifications as good as the best from a legal or forensic point of view, but shall also have that fidelity to his faith in practice which is so much needed in these days, the better to spread the Kingdom of Christ upon earth."

The italics in the quotation offered are our own. The dragging of the Kingdom of Christ into an effort to disparage the name of a man universally liked and respected is, one takes it, an act of blasphemy, of which the element which Father Burke is pleased to call "the profane press" is, thank God, incapable. The late Hugh McMahon may, as is stated earlier in the editorial, have been appointed in accordance with a desire on the part of the late Sir John Macdonald to give Roman Catholics representation on the Bench, but he was also elevated to the judiciary because he was known in his profession to be a lawyer of very exceptional ability and a man of high personal honor. He was a Liberal in politics, but it was a singular quality in Sir John Macdonald that, strong Conservative though he was, he never allowed politics to control the selection of judges. He made legal attainments an absolute essential. The appointment of Justice



NOW THEN, NOW THEN, WHERE ARE THOSE CHAPS OFF TO?

as a matter of fact it does nothing of the sort. The order is reversed. The flag follows trade. It has done so in the rebuilding of every country in the world, dating from the earliest times up to the present day. Let Britain heed the lesson.

Viscount Milner is quoted as saying that he fears the present reciprocal treaty will be detrimental to the policy of closer union between the British Isles and Canada. Lord Milner is right, but will Britain's statesmen awake to the fact before it is too late!

THE brilliantly brochure of Mr. Oliver Asselin, "A Quebec View of Canadian Nationalism," is just now receiving a good deal of attention though it was written over a year ago. Mr. Asselin is one of the most talented of the Nationalist group in Quebec, though his fame has been won in journalism rather than in politics. The copy of his brochure that one lately read was not printed "on Japan vellum, with hand-designed initials, at five dollars," though the cover informs the public that twenty-five copies of this quality are available. Mr. Asselin calls himself a "died in the wool French Canadian," and he has several antipathies. One is Laurier; another is the average English speaking newspaper man; yet another is the immigrant from across the seas; while the railway magnates of this country come in for a liberal measure of his dislike. Reading his amusing and racy journalisms, it became obvious that it was but a regiment of straw men that the Nationalists are setting up to knock down and beat into tatters with their speeches and writings. If the French are being submerged in the inevitable processes of Canadian development, whose fault is it? Assuredly not that of the English, who have given them every possible chance with themselves, even to the extent of permitting them to retain in Quebec a hybrid system of ecclesiastical and civil law which is obsolete in principle. The French Canadian was in Canada nearly two hundred years before the English Canadian. What

THE death of Sir Charles Dilke has been the occasion of a number of mealy-mouthed editorials on both sides of the water as to the fate that befalls men who breaks what is termed the "moral law." They are inspired by the kind of morality which takes cognizance of but one of the ten commandments. It is interesting to note that the sanest comment on the career of this statesman comes from the *Montreal Witness*, the most eminent custodian of the people's morals in Canadian journalism. "Many baser men," says the *Witness*, "have died amid almost universal eulogy, and have been buried with pomp, to a city's, if not a nation's, weeping." This sentiment, generous minded men will echo. It always seemed to the writer that Dilke's wife, one of the most brilliant women in England, could forgive his offence, the British people could have afforded to do likewise. It was no doubt the hypocrisy of his political associates which forced him into private life, for Great Britain has had statesmen in the past whose lives were less clean than that of Sir Charles Dilke. This is not written with a view to condoning the offence against the seventh commandment which was proven against Dilke, but as a reminder that such sins are by no means the most important that threaten the state. It was generally admitted that Dilke would have been Gladstone's successor as leader of the Liberal party and ultimately Prime Minister, had it not been that he committed the offence in question. Or perhaps it would be better to say that these honors were denied him because he was found out. Had the party been piloted by so able a man as he, it is probable that the political chaos which exists in England to-day would have been avoided. In politics, greed, insincerity and dishonesty are much greater evils than the casual act of incontinence with which Dilke was charged. Yet such is the sentiment of English speaking humanity on both sides of the Atlantic, that so soon as a man is found out he is hounded into pri-

McMahon pleased Roman Catholics, but it was applauded by Protestants, and in his whole conduct on the Bench it was obvious that creed had nothing to do with the performance of his duties. The first necessity and principle of the administration of British justice Father Burke is apparently unable to understand. He places Justice McMahon in the category of those who "have a bad habit of forgetting the friends who helped them." In what disordered condition of mind is the man who could censure a judge—sworn to execute justice toward all irrespective of creed, race or color—because he had "forgotten the friends who helped him!" Indeed, if Justice McMahon had done otherwise than perform his duties in a manner that was absolutely upright he would have been basely treacherous toward the Roman Catholic Church; the scandal he would have caused would have covered her name with shame. When the "profane press" stated that Justice McMahon performed his duties in an able, upright and scrupulously just manner, it did its whole duty. One does not think that the eulogies of the "profane press" will influence the after state of the dead jurist, although Father Burke intimates that a single word from the newspapers to the effect that he conformed to the rules of the church "would have stood him in better stead." If one reads with knowledge the scripture, certain rewards are promised the just and upright man, and one feels that Justice McMahon will win these in spite of the effort of Father Burke to play the role of *advocatus diaboli*.

The Colonel

The Innocence of Paris

By ALBERT R. CARMAN.

PARIS, the Innocent!

I venture to say that that is not the title by which you have usually thought of the French capital. One day I was talking to a number of Canadians of my unashamed love for Paris, and, in all simple sincerity, without thinking how it would sound to most folks, I said:

"I think, perhaps, the reason I like Paris best is because it is so young and innocent."

One of the group—a Toronto man whom you know very well, Mr. Editor—looked at me with a dry smile to see if I were joking, and then remarked, his eyes dreamy with reminiscence—

"It is—NOT!"

Now, I don't want you to draw any wrong inferences regarding your fellow citizen. He is a quiet family man, and a good fellow; and he had only seen in Paris what nine out of ten visitors do. But he had not taken note of what to me is one of the chief charms of Paris; and that is its youthful innocence.

This feature has been put in my mind just now by an incident which happened the other day. The French Government bestowed upon M. Pol the ribbon of the Merite Agricole. Who is M. Pol? If you have been in Paris within recent years, you have certainly seen him—though you may not have known his name. That day when you crossed the Tuileries Gardens on your way to the Louvre and saw a motley crowd gathered on one of the broad paths, and you pushed your way through to see if it were a dog fight or a drunken man that interested them, and found to your surprise only a sweet-faced old gentleman scattering crumbs for his birds that hovered around—that was M. Pol. He spent his time taming the birds of these Gardens in the centre of whirling Paris, and they knew him so well that they each came when he called them by name.

That was a part of Paris, the Innocent! And so was the crowd that watched him. All sorts and conditions of people tarried on their way to business, to shopping, to pleasure, letting errands urgent and errands for others wait while they silently enjoyed this bit of nature. There would be "chic" milliners' assistants with huge hand-boxes on their arms jostling the ladies to whom they might be carrying them, errand boys in uniform and "gamins" in the cheerful rags of the St. Antoine quarter, frock-coated gentlemen and workmen in their blouses, all intently watching this pastoral spectacle. The only impatience that I ever saw betrayed at being drawn out of their way to see so "innocent" a sight, was by foreign tourists who had hurried over to the circle expecting to find something "spicy."

THE true Parisian is like a child, taking his pleasure in simple things. On most afternoons of the week, at least three military bands play in the different parks of Paris—on some afternoons as many as six or eight—and thousands of men and women make a point of gathering to hear them. The gardens of the Palais Royal were not far from my "pension" this last autumn; and I went there as often as I could on band days. You could rent a chair for a penny, and sit by the fountain in the centre of the garden and listen to such music as we have paid two dollars a seat to hear in the Arena at Montreal. But it is the people who came there: I would now like you to see—workmen's wives with their children, ladies better-to-do with their work-baskets, neighboring shopkeepers taking an hour in the air, men just out of their offices for the day, actors and actresses from the Comedie Francaise near at hand, rarely, very rarely, a tourist. The music was listened to with almost German silence, and politely applauded if unusually good.

On other days, I went to the Gardens of the Luxembourg in the Latin Quarter and sat in the midst of quite different people. The band plays there as the light begins to fail; and young artists and art students flock to hear at least its last few selections. There is more of gaiety in the spirit of the people who collect from this essentially student quarter to get their hour of choice music and the scent of flowers and the quiet evening airs than is to be seen among the "bourgeois" of the Palais Royal district; and there is consequently more of the feeling of youth. "But are there no 'grisettes' there?" the pessimistic sceptic as to the innocence of Paris will ask me. Lots of them. A group of artists—not yet "arrived"—will sit in a circle; and several of the chairs in the circle will be filled by women—some of them possibly "models." But you would no more think of speaking to one of them than you would to a man's wife seated soberly at his side. They are as far removed as the poles from the brazen creatures who parade the Boulevards on the hunt for tourists, and who make up so large a part of the common tourist picture of "wicked Paris."

PARIS is frank and businesslike. It has learned that the foreigner—especially the English-speaking foreigner—can be "separated from his money" by permitting him to live up to his expectations and see a lot of "wickedness" in Paris. So a certain amount of "wickedness" is



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deliberately prepared for him and constantly thrust into his face. He couldn't miss it if he wanted to; and the duldest "greeny" on a three-day trip can see it as well and as thoroughly as the most knowing of "rounders," for guides block the tourist hotel entrances and fill the sidewalk opposite "Cook's" offering to take you at night to unspeakable places. Certain cafes on the Inner Boulevards are given up to foreigners; and a section of the Outer Boulevards in the Clichy district is lined with "wicked" shows got up for the foreign "tenderfoot" and his ladies. They are not very bad; they charge prices which would make a real Parisian faint; but they are fine things to brag afterwards about having seen—if you like that sort of bragging.

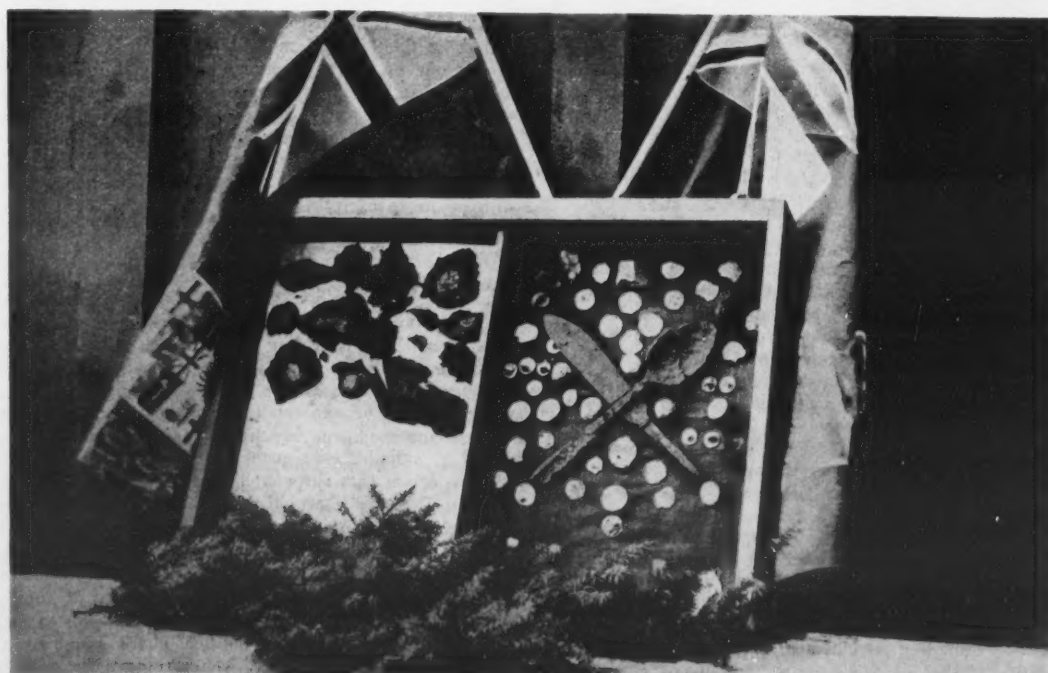
But this is not Paris. You might as well say that the "Midway" shows at the Exhibition are Toronto. The chief difference between the two cities in this respect is that Paris permits "wickedness" to be marketed openly and Toronto does not. The Parisian regards these features with the same disgust that you do; and if you say to him that you like his city because it is "gay," he at once fears that you mean these tinsel "catch pennies" intended for strangers and insists that Paris is also serious and cultured and earnest. This, indeed, you already know if you have looked about you. The centre of the Latin Quarter is the Sorbonne, probably the most serious institution of learning in the world—certainly the most serious outside of Germany. A Parisian built the Suez Canal and taught the Americans how to dig the Panama. Pasteur was a Parisian. Radium was discovered in Paris. The French drama has been unparalleled since sterility attacked Britain after Sheridan. French art has led the world for generations. And so it goes. Paris is creative, studious, in the forefront of science, literature, sculpture, painting and all the best of life.

And, with it all, it is young and innocent. Perpetual youth seems to live in its streets. One day coming down from Montmartre, an omnibus driver with his three old "plugs" got as much spirited joy out of "tooling" them along as if he were a millionaire driving a coach on a wager from London to Brighton. He cracked his whip, shouted to passers-by, jollied those who jumped from under his horses, and sang gaily to himself. A wedding party at a church always collects a crowd on the pavement opposite—not a rich wedding, remember, but any wedding. I have seen a number of middle-aged people stand opposite the entry to an apartment house watching in amused silence the efforts of a "pussy" to mew and scratch her way into the hall. No one seems to get old in spirit. There are poor people and crowded dwellings in Paris; but you are never able to find a "slum" in the English sense—that is, a haunt of squalor, open wretchedness and settled gloom.

The buoyancy of spirit that belongs to youth over-rides every affliction. A lady whom I know was visiting a French family. One evening she was at a dinner party among strangers, and one of the other guests asked her how she liked French life.

"I love it," she replied; "but I am always wondering what effect this gaiety has when you get old. I can never see any of your old ladies."

Her questioner smiled. "I am a grandmother myself," she said; and, taking her around the room, she introduced her to several others well over sixty; and she had thought herself in a company of people in the lively thirties. That is the secret of the French. They never grow old.



RELICS OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

Some weeks ago the ceremony of re-interring the remains of certain American soldiers found on the battlefield of Lundy's Lane took place at Niagara Falls South. The picture shows buttons and emblems found with the remains, knife and spoon displayed had evidently been carried in the haversack of one of the dead men. The battle took place in 1814.

King George and the Press.

BEFORE his accession to the throne, King George was rigidly opposed to affording any facilities whatever to the Press for obtaining any information concerning the doings or movements of the Court beyond what appeared in the official Court Circular. Special facilities were often granted by the late King to properly accredited Press representatives for gleaming some more interesting information concerning Royal affairs than could be gathered from the Court Circular, but such favors were never granted at Marlborough House.

King George, however, has, in this as well as in some other matters, decided to follow the policy of the late King. Not long since, a series of intimate and very interesting photographs illustrating the daily life of various members of the Royal Family appeared in several papers which certainly could never have been obtained under the old regime at Marlborough House.

The fact is, King George, since his accession, has come to understand and appreciate, as his father did before him, the interest which his subjects take in the personal doings and daily life of the Royal Family, and that it is a wise policy, within, of course, proper limits, to sometimes gratify his subjects' desire for information in this direction.

But those who are favored with invitations to become the guests of Royalty will, in future, be expected to refrain from unduly advertising the fact in the Press, as was often done in the late reign by certain socially ambitious people.

In future, except at great State functions, only the names of the Sovereign's chief guests will be made public, and the Sovereign's hosts and hostesses will be expected to be equally brief in their announcements to the Press.—M.A.P.

Crafts that Children Can Do.

IT used to be thought necessary for a child to show some natural bent for art before he was allowed to be taught any special branch. But, happily, this idea has melted away and we realize that every one has some latent talent which only needs to be developed.

The old-fashioned idea was that a child must be drilled in historic styles as a basis of the foundation for design, but the newer and better thought is that greater freedom of creation is given, if the child draws his inspiration from nature and the immediate needs of his environment. Every child has a right to the joy that comes from the knowledge and perception of the beautiful in nature, and too much care cannot be given to the training of the young to look out for "the good, the true and the beautiful."

It is, of course, necessary to first train the hand, the eye and the brain by teaching drawings in an up-to-date manner. The child must draw what he sees and afterward reproduce it from memory. In this way it is impressed on his brain in a way it never could be if the model were always before him. This memory system teaches a child to observe—for, as he knows the object will later be removed, he tries to remember certain prominent features.

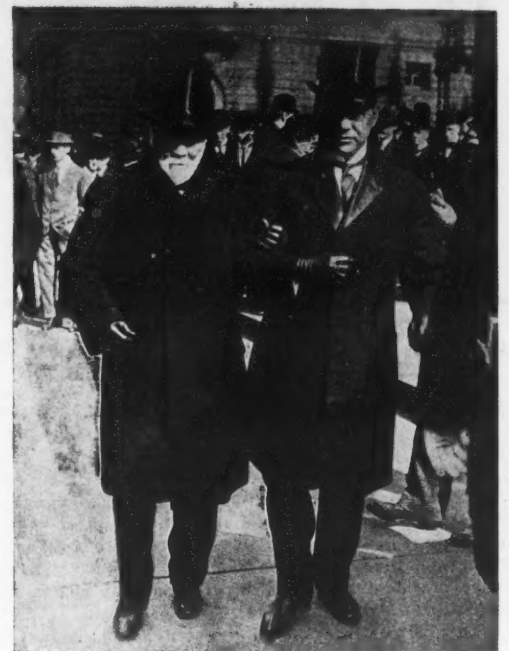
When memory drawing is followed by clay modelling and wood carving, it will be found that working in these mediums has developed the child very rapidly. For, the fact of making different forms in clay reinforces the drawing, while carving in wood reinforces the modelling, and, together, they teach originality and invention, as well as cultivating a creative capacity.

While working in wood, the child is taught to pay close attention to his work, and it also brings the muscles into play to cut and carve hard wood into shape. All the forces of the child are cultivated by these exercises. They should be the ground work of all art training.

The Tidal Wave of Revival.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—This city has during the past month been swept by a tidal wave of emotional Christianity in which all the Churches except the Anglican and Roman Catholic have more or less taken part. Now I do not wish for one moment to belittle the preaching of the Gospel, but are the methods adopted by the Evangelists calculated to make a permanent impression on the minds of the city of Toronto? When we contrast the beautiful Sermon on the Mount, preached by the greatest Evangelist of all, with the theatrical hypnotic methods used by our visitors imported at a cost of twelve or fourteen thousand dollars for the purpose of doing that which should be done by our own clergy, it looks very like a failure on the part of the Churches to get in touch with the great body of the people. Our Saviour once said, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." What a contrast this seems to the luxurious living of the two leading evangelists boarding at one of the most fashionable hotels, part of whose profits are derived from liquors sold over the bar. If I remember aright, that most fearless of preachers, Paul (who was content to put up with the brethren), once made the remark that while he preached to others he must be careful that he himself might not become a castaway. The mere fact of professing Christianity under excitement, before a crowd, is not going to save a man or woman (in fact, Christ advocated praying in secret), but rather the carrying out of those principles laid down in the New Testament. Charity in its broadest sense to erring men and women and humanity to those dumb animals whom God has placed in our care. A large proportion of the people attending revival meetings are regular attendants at church, in fact I knew some years ago an elderly lady, and good Christian, who would not for any consideration have missed attending a meeting conducted by a converted



MILLIONS FOR THE MILLENNIUM.

A recent portrait of Andrew Carnegie, who has donated ten million dollars for an educational peace campaign.

prize fighter or a reformed bar tender. I think if the \$14,000 had been turned over to the Salvation Army, who care for the body as well as the soul, and who work amongst the lower strata of humanity, far better results would have ensued and there would not have been the danger of the Churches relapsing into their former state of apathy on the departures of Messrs. Chapman and Alexander and their fellow workers. I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

16 Belmont Street, Toronto, Jan. 30, 1911.

Cashing Express Orders.

The Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—I do not know whether your columns are open to discussions of this kind, but as I know that your paper is read by a very large number of bank men in Canada, I thought possibly you would be glad to publish this; then again, you are pretty good at getting after grafters, but possibly you have overlooked one of the greatest games of graft we have. I mean the issuing of express orders and the question of who really does this line of business for the express companies.

The Canadian Bankers Association has recently come in for a good deal of adverse criticism in connection with the failure of the Farmers Bank, and the general trend of this criticism has been to pronounce it a weak backed organization as at present operated. Just how weak and divided a body this organization is cannot better be shown than by considering the question of banks and express orders. A more ridiculous position is hard to imagine, than the position taken by Canadian banks in regard to the cashing of these orders, a position that could be easily remedied by the Canadian Bankers Association were it not a divided body.

An analysis of the whole question will show just how absurd it really is. On the one hand we have the express company issuing these orders on all parts of Canada, collecting their commission, and then making practically no provision whatever for cashing them at the great majority of their agencies; other than the answer of their agent to the bearer: "Oh, we have not enough on hand this morning; any of the banks will cash it for you." On the other hand, we have the banks all over the country cashing these orders at par and, as is the case with a number of banks, forwarding them on their daily lists to Toronto for redemption to avoid the annoyance and delay of waiting for the agents to procure funds for their redemption. Other corporations are charged on their outside cheques, why not a charge on the express orders, for these orders are in reality the cheques of the express companies. Why not, to say the least, are they not forced to disgorge and share their commission with the bank which cashes the order? Is it not a fallacy that one bank will not cash the drafts or money orders of another bank without a charge unless there exist a mutual par arrangement between them and yet they will cash without question these orders without any remuneration, notwithstanding the fact that they are in the same business. Absurd, on the face of it, is it not?

The whole question simply simmers down to this: that the Canadian Bankers Association is not a strong enough or a sufficiently united body to deal with it. It is high time that this matter should be fought out and settled, as it should be, for the benefit of the bank shareholder. The express order business has assumed immense proportions and if the banks are in reality doing the business it is then eminently fair that they should reap at least some share of the profits. One naturally asks why the banks have not forced this issue before. I have heard it said that a couple of the banks have large deposits from the express companies and the representatives of these banks in the Bankers Association block any move towards a reasonable adjustment.

BANK CLEIK.

Owen Sound, Jan. 27, 1911.

Concerning Kenora.

Editor, Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—In your very interesting article on place names on January 14th, you intimate that the people of Rat Portage were not without justification in changing it for "the most beautiful and significant one of Kenora." Beautiful it may be in that it is sonorous, but it is significant chiefly as indicating the poverty of imagination of its people.

Greater Kenora includes Keewatin, Norman and Rat Portage, and by the brilliant expedient of combining the initial syllable of each name, was evolved Kenora. Unkind people say the place was called after a boat of this name on the Lake of the Woods, but the owners of the boat originally evolved the name and Rat Portage was not above stealing it.

Keewatin is beautiful and significant, but Kenora is a mongrel begotten of unwholesome shame of the homely but trenchant name given it in baptism of sweat by its godfathers, the pioneers and coureurs du bois.

Some people in Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat think this an example worthy of imitation. Fortunately most of their people are old fashioned enough to prefer a name with some character and history attached to it.

M.A.C.

Regina, Sask., Jan. 24, 1911.

And Still They Come.

Belwood, Ont., Jan. 23, 1911.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Dear Sir,—Kindly receive my most hearty congratulations for the good work you are doing in exposing the "dead beats" who are preying on the innocents. Keep at them! I consider you are doing a nobler work than all the preachers and temperance agitators in Ontario combined, nor do I mean by that to belittle the good work they are doing either.

No one, unacquainted with the facts, would believe to what an extent these "financial wolves" have been preying on the hard working wage earner in every nook and corner of the country. Thousands who had saved up a little for their old age have been relieved of all they possessed by these worse than murderers.

Yours very truly, J. E. G.

Crook, Durham, England, Jan. 12th, 1911.

Editor Saturday Night:

Can you give me any information re Atlantic Oil stock? I am a shareholder—I bought my shares in Canada a year or two ago. I might say that I always read your splendid paper when at home (in Canada), but this is rather an out-of-the-way place and one gets out of touch. I admire the way in which you "go after" shady companies. You are doing a great work!

Believe me, yours truly, S. H. RAINE.

Lindsay, Jan. 28, 1911.

Editor Saturday Night:

I am a constant reader of your paper, which I think is the best paper in Canada.

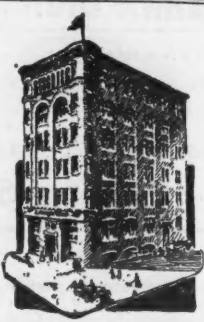
B. J. G.

Galt, Ont., Jan. 8, 1911.

Editor Saturday Night—

As an old admirer of Saturday Night it is pleasant to hear of the increasing favor with which it is received by the public, largely, I think, on account of the valuable and independent information given regarding the numerous schemes for investment presented to your readers and the public generally.

Sincerely yours, R. A. B.



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"The Paper" with White

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! DOES ABOUT PEOPLE ?!

A Youthful Suffragette.

MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST is including Toronto in her present tour on behalf of the suffragette cause, and the visit of this young girl is arousing considerable curiosity. Her militant mother and her eloquent sister are national figures, but Miss Sylvia has only recently appeared on the horizon. As a matter of fact, she is little more than a mere school-girl, and she looks very youthful. Those who saw her in New York say that she would not appear out of place walking with the senior girls in any local boarding school. It is not surprising, therefore, that she created some amusement among the older people who heard her when she began talking seriously about the problems of women. She spoke ably, but the members of her audience were inclined to listen with the good natured toleration of parents whose children like to talk learnedly of things which adults ought to do. But Miss Pankhurst demonstrated that she possesses the family wit and effectiveness at retort. She was speaking in New York about the English women who do the same work as the men in some factories and get only two shillings, while the lords of creation receive five shillings per day.

"Well, there is a difference between men and women workmen," demurred one of her hearers.

"Oh, yes," she retorted, "there is a difference. When the women are not working they are trying to keep things clean round their homes and when the men are not working they do nothing."

How Oliver Started His Paper.

THE story of how Hon. Frank Oliver (then plain Frank Oliver) happened to bring into existence the Edmonton Bulletin, the first newspaper published in Alberta, was told at a re-union of old-time telegraphers held in Edmonton the other day.

Alex. Taylor, the dean of Western telegraphers, was associated with Mr. Oliver in the venture and told the story for the benefit of other old timers who were present at the gathering, held at Mr. Taylor's house.

Mr. Taylor was holding down the Edmonton end of a wire which was connected with Winnipeg, and had an office in the old Hudson's Bay Company trading fort, which is now the oldest building in town and owned by the Provincial Government. He had been the means of having the line extended to Edmonton and had sent and received the first telegraph messages sent or received here. This was in 1879.

Every day, Mr. Taylor took over the wire from Winnipeg from 800 to 1,000 words of general news, and posted a copy on the door of the old fort, for the benefit of the few settlers. Four other copies he distributed among the four most prominent men of the place.

Frank Oliver then kept a store in the little settlement, and as he had been a printer in his earlier days, one day Taylor suggested to the trader that he get some type and a little press and start a news sheet. Mr. Oliver agreed, and when, the following summer, he made his annual trip to Winnipeg in an ox cart, he brought back with him a

case of type and a small hand-press. It is said that the Bulletin was started on a capital of \$22.50.

Mr. Oliver found, when he got home, that he had neglected to get any large type for a heading. Mr. Taylor was resourceful, so out of a piece of wood he carved the heading "The Bulletin." The wood had a tendency to warp, and finally it had to be cut into three pieces. One day the pieces got mixed, and the paper came out under the heading "The tin Bulle."

The paper was supported, and as the town grew it made steady progress. It has grown now into a modern daily, with morning and evening editions.

Fun at the Opera.

DURING the visit of the Montreal company to the city for the grand opera season, which was only too short, many persons gave as their reason for not going to hear it that they visited the theatres to be amused. One Toronto lady suggested a way in which to get amusement out of grand opera. She said that anyone who read the book beforehand, and then listened to the comments and surmises of the people sitting near-by who had not done so, would be given many opportunities to smile.

A little scrap of conversation which is typical occurred before the commencement of one of the performances. A young lady, who evidently followed the doings in the grand opera world, had brought two friends with her. Her conversation indicated that she knew something about the grand opera organizations which had visited Toronto in the past, and she was searching for old friends in the programme. She looked through the casts for the name of Signor Torre, but could not find it, although she had apparently seen it among the pictures in the lobby.

"I noticed in the lobby that Torre is singing with this company now," she said at last.

"You don't say so," replied one of her companions. "That certainly is odd, and last time Torrey was here it was at Massey Hall with Alexander."

Mrs. Eddy as an Author.

AN instance of the traditional humble beginnings of the author is narrated in the Boston Herald:

One morning, somewhere in the year 1876, a tall, thin-visaged woman, dressed in black, entered the Old Corner Bookstore on School street, Boston, and, bowing in a dignified manner, said she wished the firm to sell some books for her. Being asked what they were about, she produced two little volumes from a package under her arm,



HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

A sketch of the noted British political charlatan, made for The Sphinx by the Canadian artist, R. G. Matthews. Mr. Bottomley is publisher of the radical journal John Bull, which devotes a good deal of space to libelling Canada and Canadians.

and handed them to the clerk. "Mind cure?" he asked, after looking them over. The woman, who had spoken in a sweet and well-modulated voice, answered not a word. "All right, madame," the clerk went on curtly. "You can leave me six of the books, provided you don't charge too much." "I get \$1.50 for them," said the visitor. "Very well; we'll pay you \$1.07½ for all we sell." Declining to give her address, and saying simply, "I'll call again," the woman left the store. One of the books was placed in the "crank department" of the store—a shelf reserved for publications little known or of little merit; the other five were put beneath the counter to await possible customers. Within two or three days the book on the shelf found a purchaser; and when, at the end of the week, the mysterious woman called again, the clerk discovered to his surprise that the volumes under the counter had also been disposed of. More books were handed in, the demand for them steadily increasing, and finally the firm took up the regular supply for the trade. Such was the beginning of the phenomenal success of "Science and Health." The unknown woman was Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

Some Houndsditch "Suspects."

THE Houndsditch battle between the police and the foreign anarchists, which created so much excitement, may result in the police being armed, and in alterations being made in the Alien Law. As England is the haven for many undesirable driven from Continental cities, there will be much disturbance among the people who leave their own countries for the good of those lands, if England decides that she, too, has no room for such characters. Apropos of the Houndsditch affair, some Canadians were on their way to the theatre the other night, when the taxi broke down, and a genial Bobbie came to help the chauffeur. In a minute an interested crowd collected to see what was going on. The members of the little party were startled to hear a hoarse-voiced boy calling to a friend at a short distance:

"Come on m'ye," he said, generously, "ere's some of them Houndsditch suspects, and the pleece is just goin' to nab them!" And as the blushing Canadians were transferred from the broken-down taxi to a fresh one the crowd gazed at them with embarrassing interest.

Life is a well of delight, but where the mob drink there the fountain is poisoned.—Neitsche.

TOLD IN THE LOBBY



HATS off to Mr. Fielding! Whatever differences of opinion there may be concerning the merits of the reciprocity arrangement he brought home from Washington in his little bag, no one will deny the pluck of the busy little Minister from Nova Scotia in cutting short his much-needed holiday in Virginia for the purpose of delving into the dry statistics of trade between the two countries, and evolving therefrom the foundation of an agreement, which, if ratified by Congress, will be not only far-reaching in its effect, but drastic in its open-door provisions. Mr. Fielding is, and has been for some time, a very sick man. During his speech to a crowded House and galleries, when he made known the terms of the arrangement, it was noticed that his physical powers were not those of the Fielding of old. There was a curious defect in his speech, which bespoke traces of the facial paralysis from which he suffered recently. But in spirit it was Mr. Fielding of yore. His heart was as big as ever, and in crossing swords with Mr. Foster over the British preference question, there were flashes of the combativeness which, in by-gone years, made the Parliamentary fighting of the Finance Minister a joy to watch. There may or may not be a deep political game now being played in Washington and Ottawa, but it is certain that Mr. Fielding dealt with the whole question from the standpoint of Canada's good. Again, hats off to Fielding!

SOME amusing stories are going the rounds concerning the extreme reticence of Mr. Fielding, and the extraordinary plans he laid to prevent the news of the reciprocity agreement leaking. He must have hypnotized those Washington officials, for not a hint was given as to the nature of the mutual understanding, until President Taft's message reached Congress. When the Finance Minister arrived at the Central Station there was a bevy of newspaper men to meet him, but beyond the customary pleasantries his lips were sealed. One more adventurous spirit among the correspondents called at Fielding's domicile on Metcalfe street, the morning the announcement was to be made to the House, and on the threshold he met the Minister. He was carrying a little black bag, in which snugly reposed the agreement for the details of which two countries were waiting patiently. Outside was the old fashioned four-wheeler cab, which Mr. Fielding uses to drive to his office in stormy weather. The newspaper man accepted the invitation of Mr. Fielding to drive to Parliament Hill, and suggested that he be permitted to carry the bag. The Finance Minister eyed him warily for a moment, and then switching the bag with its precious contents to the other hand, said, "No thank you, my boy, I used to be a newspaper man myself, in the long ago."

THERE are sneezes and sneezes. Parliament has a number of experts, but the "daddy of them all" is Colonel Harry Smith, the genial sergeant at arms, who spends his time hitting the mace off and on the table during routine proceedings. When Colonel Smith is about to sneeze, there are certain premonitory symptoms. He sends a page boy hurriedly for a glass of water, he carefully sheaths his sword, and after glancing apologetically at Mr. Speaker, makes a noise like a ton of coal going down a chute. During one of the most eloquent passages of Mr. Fielding's speech on the reciprocity arrangement, anxious observers noticed that Colonel Smith was making active preparations for indulging in his favorite pastime. Everyone waited for a shock: Tommy Owens, of the Hansard staff, gripped his pencil hard, and braced himself in his chair at the small table. Just as Mr. Fielding was swelling along on a tidal wave of appreciation of President Taft, who had made the negotiations "a labor of love," the well chosen period was interrupted by a roar from the sergeant at arms. It completely drowned the rest of the sentence, and the echoes of the mighty noise resounded from the glass roof of the chamber. Lady Laurier, who was peacefully asleep in the Speaker's gallery, awoke with a start, and the wife of a senator was so surprised that she let her muff fall on the head of Mr. Dubeau, of Joliette, who was seated immediately below. Mr. Fielding looked severely at the House official, and



A. C. Boyce, M.P. for West Algoma.

Sydney Fisher's thin, small voice piped "Order." And now everyone is wondering what Colonel Smith has against President Taft, anyway.

MR. BORDEN has cast doubts on the purity of the drinking water in the Parliament Buildings, but Mr. Pugsley, with that optimism which ever characterizes him, states that these fears are groundless. At the present time typhoid is running loose in the Capital, and at vast expense. Mr. Pugsley has had installed on the top floor of the new wing, a sterilizing plant, which he guarantees will mean sudden death to any little stray microbe which may be finding a home with its wife and family in the Parliamentary H.O. Water and politics seem to go hand in hand, and there is more of the innocent fluid consumed in the precincts on a busy day than probably in any other institution of the same number of inhabitants. When Mr. Lemieux rises to answer a formal question he sends for a jug, while Hon. William Paterson quaffs copious draughts, even when he is not telling the House how the Liberal Government has succeeded in carrying out the Ottawa platform of 1893. So fond is the veteran Minister of Customs of his beverage, that occasionally he can be heard humming the following plaintive ditty, as he buries his face in the crystal bowl:

"Three cheers for water clear
From every mill that flows:
And three times three
For the boys of the temperance cause!"

MR. ARTHUR GILBERT, the conqueror of Drummond and Arthabaska, has followed out his announced determination of voting with the Government on all questions of general policy—with the important reservation of the navy. Thus it was, when the vote was taken on the motion of censure on Mr. Pugsley for renting buildings in Ottawa for departmental purposes at rentals which gave the owners from 18 to 30 per cent. on their investments, Mr. Gilbert stood up with the majority in support of the system. The man from Arthabaska has had experience of his own with Government buildings. He lives in a house rented from the department over which Mr. Pugsley presides, and after two Government plumbers had visited the residence for the purpose of attending to the furnace pipes, Mr. Gilbert and his family narrowly escaped asphyxiation. Perhaps Mr. Gilbert thought that if he did not vote with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Government plumbers would really turn the trick next time, and at the moment he wishes to avoid another by-election in Arthabaska. This Government has more ways than one of keeping its men in line!

WILLIAM STAPLES, the member for Macdonald, and a leader of the Manitoba contingent in the House, owns an automobile, and he spends his summers scouring about the roads of his prairie riding. Once William ran over a cow. The machine was not badly hurt but the cow was, and a cheque was written which made the owner a Staples supporter for ever. Last August, feeling that his popularity was on the wane, because he had not run over anything lately, Mr. Staples took a runabout in his constituency, and with him was Hon. R. P. Roblin, Manitoba's husky Premier. Mr. Roblin got somewhat frightened at the manner in which the little member was hitting only the high spots on the road, and advised caution. Presently a band of Indians hove in sight, and in front trotted an Indian dog. William veered sharply to the port-side, but not in time to escape hitting the canine, and a whop of anguish went up from the elderly squaw to whom it belonged. Mr. Staples slowed down:

"What on earth are you stopping for?" asked the Premier, in whose ears the war whoop was ringing.

"Whv, I must go down and pay for that dog," was the reply of Mr. Staples, as he jumped from the car, and peeled a two dollar bill from his roll.

"But Indians have no votes," put in Mr. Roblin.

"I know that," was the answer of the astute little member, "but I have been laying for that dog. Their camp is close to my farm, and that brute howls all night. It was worth the two dollars."

ARTHUR CYRIL BOYCE, the little lawyer who represents West Algoma, who waxed eloquent last session on the impropriety of ministers of the Crown accepting gifts of value, is again camping on the Fielding trail. In view of certain reports to the effect that included in the subscriptions towards the \$125,000 testimonial to the Finance Minister were some from questionable sources. Mr. Boyce promises to reopen the whole general question, and will move the identical resolution preferred by Sir Richard Cartwright at a time when the Kingston's knight's perception of what is right and proper had not been dulled by ministerial responsibilities. And there is no one who can do a bit of better special pleading than the lawyer from Sault Ste. Marie. There is something about Mr. Boyce which convinces one of his persistence and thoroughness. In the Public Accounts Committee he is a brilliant, shining star, and when he pays attention to Hon. Jim Conmee and his little power bills, the burly ex-contractor hunches up his shoulders, and puts on his fighting clothes. Mr. Fielding and the Government are evidently in for a sultry time.

THE MACE.



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

The most promising of the younger American novelists; who was shot by Fitzhugh C. Goldsborough, and died from his wounds. Goldsborough was formerly a resident of Toronto, and one of the first violins in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. He was a paranoiac, who imagined that Phillips had insulted his family. He suicided after his crime.



CANADIAN ADMIRAL HONORED.

Sir Archibald L. Douglas, a native of the city of Quebec, was promoted to the rank of Grand Commander of the Bath in the King's New Year honors. The only other Canadian who ever received this very high honor was the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Admiral Douglas is also a Grand Commander of the Victorian Order.

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Insert Saturday Night
Dear Editor

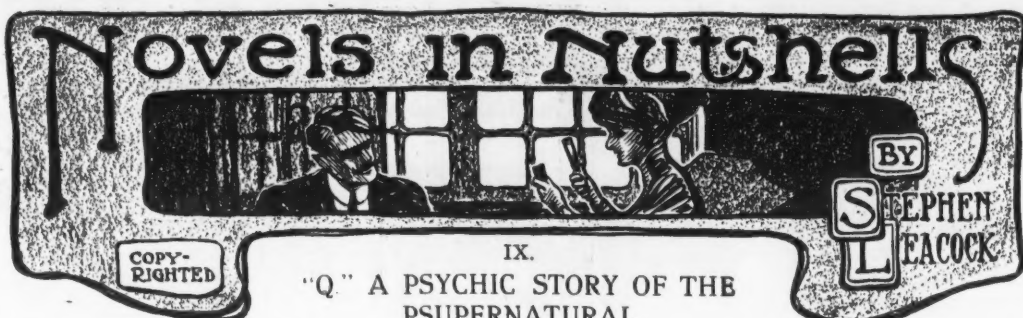
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to "The Paper
worth while."

My address

Yours truly

The trouble about beginning at the
bottom of the ladder is that you may
have to do it so often.

Love is a curious thing. Many a
girl who likes spring lamb marries a
black sheep.



Novels in Nutshells

BY
STEPHEN
LEACOCK

IX.
"Q" A PSYCHIC STORY OF THE
PSUPERNATURAL

I CANNOT expect that any of my readers will believe
the story which I am about to narrate. Looking back
upon it, I scarcely believe it myself. Yet my narrative
is so extraordinary and throws such light upon the nature
of our communications with beings of another world, that
I feel I am not entitled to withhold it from the public.

I had gone over to visit Annerly at his rooms. It was
Saturday, October 31st. I remember the date so precisely
because it was my pay day, and I had received six sov-
ereigns and ten shillings. I remember the sum so exactly
because I had put the money into my pocket, and I re-
member into which pocket I had put it because I had no
money in any other pocket. My mind is perfectly clear
on all these points.

Annerly and I sat smoking for some time.

Then quite suddenly—

"Do you believe in the supernatural?" he asked.

I started as if I had been struck.

At the moment when Annerly spoke of the superna-
tural I had been thinking of something entirely different.
The fact that he should speak of it at the very instant
when I was thinking of something else, struck me as at
least a very singular coincidence.

For a moment I could only stare.

"What I mean is," said Annerly, "do you believe in
phantasms of the dead?"

"Phantasms?" I repeated.

"Yes, phantasms, or if you prefer the word, phano-
grams, or say if you will phanogrammatical manifesta-
tions, or more simply psycho-phantasmal phenomena?"

I looked at Annerly with a keener sense of interest
than I had ever felt in him before. I felt that he was
about to deal with events and experiences of which in the
two or three months that I had known him he had never
seen fit to speak.

I wondered now that it had never occurred to me that
a man whose hair at fifty-five was already streaked with
gray, must have passed through some terrible ordeal.

Presently Annerly spoke again.

"Last night I saw Q," he said.

"Good heavens," I ejaculated. I did not in the least
know who Q was, but it struck me with a thrill of in-
describable terror that Annerly had seen Q. In my own
quiet and measure existence such a thing had never hap-
pened.

"Yes," said Annerly, "I saw Q as plainly as if he were
standing here. But perhaps I had better tell you some-
thing of my past relationship with Q, and you will under-
stand exactly what the present situation is."

Annerly seated himself in a chair on the other side
of the fire from me, lighted a pipe and continued.

"When first I knew Q he lived not very far from a
small town in the south of England, which I will call X,
and was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished girl
whom I will name M."

Annerly had hardly begun to speak before I found my-
self listening with riveted attention. I realized that it
was no ordinary experience that he was about to nar-
rate. I more than suspected that Q and M were not the
real names of his unfortunate acquaintances, but were in
reality two letters of the alphabet selected almost at
random to disguise the names of his friends. I was still
pondering over the ingenuity of the thing when Annerly
went on:

"When Q and I first became friends, he had a favorite
dog, which, if necessary, I might name Z, and which fol-
lowed him in and out of X on his daily walk."

"In and out of X," I repeated in astonishment.

"Yes," said Annerly, "in and out."

My senses were now fully alert. That Z should have
followed Q out of X, I could readily understand, but that
he should first have followed him in seemed to pass the
bounds of comprehension.

"Well," said Annerly, Q and Miss M were to be mar-
ried. Everything was arranged. The wedding was to
take place on the last day of the year. Exactly six
months and four days before the appointed day (I re-
member the date because the coincidence struck me as
peculiar at the time) Q came to me late in the evening
in great distress. He had just had, he said, a premoni-

tion of his own death. That evening, while sitting with
Miss M on the verandah of her house, he had distinctly
seen a projection of the dog R pass along the road."

"Stop a moment," I said. "Did you not say that the
dog's name was Z?"

Annerly frowned slightly.

"Quite so," he replied. "Z, or more correctly Z R,
since Q was in the habit, perhaps from motives of affec-
tion, of calling him R as well as Z. Well, then, the pro-
jection, or phanogram, of the dog passed in front of them
so plainly that Miss M swore that she could have believed
that it was the dog himself. Opposite the house the phan-
tasm stopped for a moment and wagged its tail. Then it
passed on, and quite suddenly disappeared around the
corner of a stone wall, as if hidden by the bricks."

"What made the thing still more mysterious was that
Miss M's mother, who is partially blind, had only partly
seen the dog."

Annerly paused a moment. Then he went on:

"This singular occurrence was interpreted by Q, no
doubt correctly, to indicate his own approaching death.
I did what I could to remove this feeling, but it was im-
possible to do so, and he presently wrung my hand and
left me, firmly convinced that he would not live till mor-
ning."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "and he died that
night?"

"No, he did not," said Annerly quietly, "that is the in-
explicable part of it."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"He rose that morning as usual, dressed himself with
his customary care, omitting none of his clothes, and
walked down to his office at the usual hour. He told me
afterwards that he remembered the circumstances so
clearly from the fact that he had gone to the office by
the usual route instead of taking any other direction."

"Stop a moment," I said. "Did anything unusual hap-
pen to mark that particular day?"

"I anticipated that you would ask that question," said
Annerly, "but as far as I can gather, absolutely nothing
happened. Q returned from his work, and ate his dinner
apparently much as usual, and presently went to bed com-
plaining of a slight feeling of drowsiness, but nothing
more. His step mother, with whom he lived, said after-
wards that she could hear the sound of his breathing
quite distinctly during the night."

"And did he die that night?" I asked, breathless with
excitement.

"No," said Annerly, "he did not. He rose next morn-
ing feeling about as before except that the sense of drow-
siness had apparently passed, and that the sound of his
breathing was no longer audible."

Annerly again fell into silence. Anxious as I was to
hear the rest of his astounding narrative, I did not like
to press him with questions. The fact that our relations
had hitherto been only of a formal character, and that
this was the first occasion on which he had invited me
to visit him at his rooms, prevented me from assuming
too great an intimacy.

"Well," he continued, "Q went to his office each day
after that with absolute regularity. As far as I can gather
there was nothing either in his surroundings or his con-
duct to indicate that any peculiar fate was impending over
him. He saw Miss M regularly, and the time fixed for
their marriage drew nearer each day."

"Each day?" I repeated in astonishment.

"Yes," said Annerly, "every day. For some time be-
fore his marriage I saw but little of him. But two weeks
before that event was due to happen, I passed Q one day
upon the street. He seemed for a moment about to stop,
then he raised his hat, smiled and passed on."

"One moment," I said, "if you will allow me a ques-
tion that seems of importance—did he pass on and then
smile and raise his hat, or did he smile into his hat, raise
it, and then pass on afterwards?"

"Your question is quite justified," said Annerly,
"though I think I can answer with perfect accuracy that
he first smiled, then stopped smiling and raised his hat,
and then stopped raising his hat and passed on."

(Concluded on page 9.)

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in a multitude of shapes and sizes. Just a few selections:

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BOCK CABANAS POR LARRONAGA
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Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of Shareholders of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation was held at the Head Office of the Corporation, Toronto street, Toronto, on Friday, the 27th January, at twelve o'clock noon.

The President, Mr. W. G. Gooderham, occupied the chair. The Secretary, Mr. George H. Smith, was appointed Secretary of the meeting and read the report of the Directors for 1910, and the General Statement of Assets and Liabilities, which are as follows:—

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders the Annual Statement of the business of the Corporation for the year 1910, duly certified by the Auditors.

The net profits for the year, after deducting interest on borrowed capital, expenses of management, and all charges and losses, amounted to \$715,767.57. This sum, with the unappropriated profits as at December 31st, 1909, \$56,001.16, made the total available for distribution \$771,768.73, which amount has been appropriated as follows:—

Four quarterly dividends of two per cent. each on the Capital Stock	\$480,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund	250,000.00
Balance carried forward at credit of Profit and Loss	41,768.73
	\$771,768.73

During the year, Mr. W. H. Beatty, who has been a Vice-President since the organization of the Corporation, and President since 1905, owing to continued indisposition, tendered his resignation of the Presidency. The vacancy thus created has been filled by appointing the undersigned as President. Mr. W. D. Matthews has been appointed First Vice-President, and Mr. G. W. Monk Second Vice-President.

All which is respectfully submitted,
W. G. GOODERHAM,
President.

Toronto, January 16th, 1911.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

Liabilities to the Public.

Deposits and Accrued Interest	\$ 5,704,910 83
Debentures—Sterling—and Accrued Interest (\$2,199,208 14s 6d)	10,702,815 79
Debentures—Currency—and Accrued Interest	3,276,691 58
Debenture Stock and Accrued Interest (\$87,850 19s 11d)	427,541 51
Sundry Accounts	9,213 91
	\$20,121,173 62

Liabilities to Shareholders.

Capital Stock	\$ 6,000,000 00
Reserve Fund	3,500,000 00
Dividend payable 3rd January, 1911	120,000 00
Balance carried forward at credit of Profit and Loss	41,768 73
	\$ 9,661,768 73
	\$29,782,942 35

ASSETS.

Mortgages on Real Estate	\$27,014,165 33
Advances on Bonds and Stocks	722,600 92
Municipal Debentures, Bonds and other Securities	538,926 51
Office Premises (Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Saint John, Edmonton and Regina)	613,650 81
Cash on Hand and in Banks	893,598 78
	\$29,782,942 35

R. S. HUDSON } Joint General Managers.
JOHN MASSEY }

We beg to report that we have made an audit of the accounts, and examined the vouchers and securities of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation for the year 1910. We certify the accompanying statement is a true exhibit of the Corporation's affairs as shown by the books as at 31st December, 1910.

A. E. OSLER, A.C.A.
HENRY BARBER, F.S.A.A. (Eng.) } Auditors.

Toronto, January 16th, 1911.

The President moved the adoption of the Report of the Directors, which was seconded by the First Vice-President and was unanimously carried.

The election of Directors was then proceeded with and resulted in the unanimous re-election of Messrs. W. G. Gooderham, W. D. Matthews, G. W. Monk, W. H. Beatty, John Campbell, S.S.C. (Edinburgh), Lt.-Col. Albert E. Gooderham, J. H. G. Hagarty, J. Herbert Mason, S. Nordheimer, and Frederick Wyld.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board, Mr. W. G. Gooderham was re-elected President, Mr. W. D. Matthews First Vice-President, and Mr. G. W. Monk Second Vice-President.

Calvin Horne's Dream.

FRED TOBEY of Fort Fairfield left his horse standing in the upper part of the village, Monday evening. When he returned the horse had disappeared. Search was kept up without avail through until Friday night, when Calvin Horne dreamed that the horse was back of the cemetery, caught between two trees. He was so impressed with the dream that

Saturday at daylight he went to the spot, and sure enough, there stood the old horse with his load precisely as he had been left Monday evening. —Kennibec Journal.

A man sometimes confesses a weakness only to conceal a greater one.

Fishing for compliments seldom lands a husband.



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FIRING A 12-INCH GUN—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION.

This photograph was taken during target practice and at the moment of the firing of one of the 12-inch disappearing guns with which Fort Wadsworth, New York, is armed. The roar and concussion of the explosion of these pieces of ordnance are alike tremendous. To counteract their effects on the body, the soldiers are instructed to raise themselves on their toes and open their mouths.

About Eye Troubles

Many people have trouble with their eyes. Permanent injury may or may not be the result, but this is sure, that every day spent with painful eyes is in a sense a day lost.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Alterations, Examining Warehouse, Toronto, Ont." will be received at this office until 4:00 P.M. on Monday, February 13, 1911, for the work mentioned.

Plans, specifications and forms of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of Mr. Thos. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Postal Station F, Yonge St., Toronto, and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, January 21, 1911.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

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THE PEOPLING OF ONTARIO

Address by Mr. C. C. James, M.A., LL.D., Deputy Minister of Agriculture, before the Empire Club of Canada, on Jan. 26th, 1911. Mr. Castell Hopkins in the chair.

Mr. President and Members of the Empire Club:

Once in a while we have seen the prophecy made, by some ardent—perhaps over-ardent Imperialist—that the day will come when the centre of the British Empire will move westward across the Atlantic Ocean and find its location somewhere in Canada. I doubt, however, if any of us will live long enough to see that, however much we might desire it. There are others who have prophesied that ultimately the centre of Canada must also move westward, and the direction of Canadian affairs—the heads of the Government—will be transferred from the banks of the Ottawa River to the banks of the Red River. That is a question that concerns us perhaps a little more directly at the present time because it comes home more closely to us; and while it is a possibility, yet I think perhaps it, also, is not likely to occur within the period of our existence.

The West in its growth, development and its increase in population, in the development of its great agricultural resources in particular, has been attracting a great deal of attention, and some of us who are concerned with similar movements in the East, often ask the question, why is it these problems of the West appear to take up so much time and public attention, more than similar problems do in the East? Not long ago I asked a financial man of the city of Toronto his opinion of that, and he said the answer was very easy. "Eastern capital so largely interested in the West, and the development of the West so largely based upon credit, that the people of the East are directly concerned in the prosperity and growth of that country, perhaps even to an almost larger extent than in the growth and development of our own Province." Whatever may be the reason for it, I think we may clearly come to this conclusion, that it is our duty as citizens of the Province of Ontario to study first and foremost those questions which directly concern this banner province of the Dominion, and anything that has to do with the increase in the population, and in the distribution of the population within the boundaries of this Province—anything that has to do with the development of great industries, whether manufacturing industries or rural industries: These questions ought to be given by us very careful consideration, and that is one of the reasons why I thought it might interest you if I were to say a few things along the line of the growth and development, of the future possibilities, of the population of the Province of Ontario.

WE have heard of the rise, growth and development of our own Province, but the people of our own Province have as interesting a story as has ever been written about any other country, and if we were only to take the trouble and pains to look into that story we would find it not only interesting, but also find it a source of great inspiration to us. Just let me refer to two or three notes I have as to the facts concerning the growth and increase of the people of this Province. In the years 1783-4 we find the first trek into this wilderness, which then formed the western portion of the Province of Quebec. We are told by historians of that time that some ten thousand U.E. Loyalists left their homes across the line to come and form the first settlements in this western portion of Quebec. At that time there were four fortified posts on the frontier—Oswego, Cataragui (the present Kingston), Fort Niagara, and one on the River Detroit.

Naturally, coming into this wilderness country with foes on all sides, or at least those who were not disposed to be friendly, the Loyalists would take up land and settle down in as close proximity to each other as possible. So we find the struggles of the early pioneers of this country taking place about these four places; along the St. Lawrence River in the vicinity of Oswego, around the Bay of Quinte in the vicinity of Fort Cataragui, along the road that reached old Fort Niagara in the south-western portion of the Peninsula, and in the immediate neighborhood of Detroit. This left large gaps in between. At the time of the War 1812-14 will be with us very soon, and I to about 75,000 or 80,000 at the outside. The centennial of the War of 1812-14 will be with us very soon, and I doubt if there is anything that will help us appreciate the situation and what took place at that time so much as to clearly get into our minds that the entire population of the Province of Upper Canada then consisted of less than one-fourth of the people at present resident in the city of Toronto.

After the close of that war, which brought peace not only to this continent, but also to all Europe, there began a great movement into this province—the great British immigration, or trek as it is sometimes called. Beginning in 1814, when the returning regiments were disbanded, and had to be provided with homes, it kept on increasing continually away on down to the 40's, 50's and 60's, lasting even down to the time of Confederation in 1867. This movement across the ocean of the English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh, was, of course, materially assisted by certain economical conditions in the Old Land. We now come to that time, with which students of British history are familiar, when owing to the failure of the potato crop and new styles of farming introduced, etc., Britishers began to stream across to this great country. They came not only in thousands, but in tens of thousands, and, taking it over a long period, to hundreds of thousands. As they came into Upper Canada they began to gradually fill in those places on the frontier between the original four sections I have referred to, and then they began to fill up the townships to the rear.

Those were growing times for Canada. Sometimes, now, when there is a very large movement in this Province or some of the other Provinces, we refer to the enormous number and great tidal wave of humanity that is moving in; but taking the population relatively, I doubt if we have ever seen anything in the Province of Ontario to equal that movement of the British settlers who crossed the ocean in the 40's, 50's and 60's. These people contributed a very important element to the development of Upper Canada, particularly from an agricultural standpoint, and this is one that specially interests myself. They brought the old love for live-stock, and not only that, but they brought considerable numbers of live-stock with them, and they brought also into the development of Upper Canada, as it was then called, a new element and one to which this Province and Canada as a whole owes a great deal. That is the introduction of pure-bred stock, cattle, horses, sheep and swine; and if it had not been for the live-stock element at the back of our great agricultural industry, I am afraid that this Province of Upper Canada would long since have been bankrupt.



C. C. JAMES, M.A., LL.D.,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Ontario.

IN 1867 the rural population of the Province of Ontario amounted to 1,020,000, and the urban population to only 290,000, that is, there were in all the towns and cities in the Province of Ontario at Confederation nearly 100,000 less than there are in the city of Toronto alone to-day. From then down to 1886 there was a steady growth, not only in our rural population, but also in our town and city population; but when we come to the year 1886 we find that something new is introduced into the Province of Ontario, something which started a new era, and that was the completion of the C.P.R., which opened up immense areas of cheap agricultural lands to the west of the Lakes. The effect of this was very, very marked; at once there began that movement which has continued ever since, the farmers of Ontario going out West to develop Western agricultural lands, Western towns and cities; and there has grown up that great manufacturing industry in Ontario which has also reacted on the rural parts, drawing into the towns and cities our young men by scores, by hundreds, and by thousands. Add to this the adoption of the McKinley tariff, whereby the great bulk of our most valuable farm products were excluded from the United States, and you will have for consideration three facts in connection with the rural population which must be very seriously considered—the attraction of cheap lands in the West; the attraction of the local towns and cities through the development of manufactures here; and the exclusion of our best products from the United States market.

All these things came about the same time, and it is little wonder that when we come to the year 1886 we find that this rural population was at once checked, and that from then on down, gradually, it went, until about twenty years, in 1896-7, we find that the rural population in Ontario had lost not only all its natural increase, but about 100,000 in addition. Meanwhile, however, and just for comparison, if you will allow me, I will give you a few figures. I will not burden you with many, but to show you what a difference in growth then took place in country and town, I will just give you the figures of those years. From 1867 to 1886 the rural population increased by about 130,000, whereas the urban population had grown from 290,000 to 678,000, but by 1906 this rural population had dropped off 100,000, and the urban population had grown from 678,000 to 1,092,000. Now that brings us down to the present time. In 1906 or 1907, apparently, we reached the bottom of the swing so far as the rural population was concerned.

We are now on the up-grade; not growing very rapidly, it is true, but still making some growth. The average increase in the rural population in Ontario during the last three years has averaged about 3,000 a year—the average urban population between 40,000 and 45,000 a year. So at the present time we are face to face with certain conditions in this Province that require very careful study, and in fact more than careful study, very, very careful consideration on the part of those who have to do with the management and direction of affairs. The question is this: What is to become of the Province of Ontario within the next twenty or twenty-five years? Are we simply to drift or follow the lines of the least resistance? Or are we to endeavor to direct the growth of our people and try to assist in the development of the people along certain specific lines? Here is the question: Is Ontario to become a great manufacturing Province, or is it to become an agricultural Province, or is it possible to develop both interests side by side?

Ordinarily, one would say the development of the manufacturing of a country must necessarily bring about the development of the agriculture of the country; and, yet, if you will look at the history and development of a large number of the United States and of certain countries of Europe, you will find that it is a matter of great difficulty to develop these two great industries side by side. We have, perhaps, the best examples in the United States. We know, of course, there was a time there when agriculture and manufacture were inseparable, mainly because the manufacturing was of a domestic nature; but since manufacturing has been taken out of the home and put in factories the tendency has been to build up the large towns and to draw the population for these large towns chiefly from the country. The States that have developed their manufacturing industries to the greatest extent are not those which have developed their agriculture. The tendency in most countries is to concentrate efforts along one line or the other. In Europe, for instance, you will find the greatest agricultural sections are not great manufacturing sections, but there you will also find places where the two are growing up side by side.

(Concluded on page 9.)

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Horse Scotch Whisky is steadily confirming the accuracy of the foregoing statements, and the popularity of the brand is now an assured fact.—Adv.

AT a Christmas dinner in Washington a statesman, who had been much in the public eye, was called upon after the meal to make a little speech. He rose and began, "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey!"

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MUSIC DRAMA



Mr. James S. Metcalfe, the celebrated dramatic critic of New York Life, provides weekly advance information about the plays and players to be seen at the leading Toronto theatres. His "tips to playgoers" are written by a man without fear or favor.

A NEW YORK SUMMER SHOW.

The torrid temperature of New York during the midsummer months is supposed to have a taxing influence on the brains, unfitting them for the consideration of any but the very frothiest stage entertainment. This is a managerial belief, founded on experience. No matter what the success of a serious or semi-serious play, the first hot night knocks its box office receipts to nothing, and a wise management announces the closing of the season.

There is always, however, in New York, a public which in spite of roof-gardens, shore and country resorts, looks for entertainment in the theatre. The managers, knowing the condition of brains at that time of year, make ready something to fit the condition. This accounts for shows like "The Jolly Bachelors." The ingredients do not vary greatly from the "musical show" of winter, but it is essential that there should be omitted everything which could by any chance make an appeal to brain power.

"The Jolly Bachelors" then has plenty of catchy music, with "rag-time" the predominant feature. It has a plot and lines, but these are practically negligible quantities, the deficiency being made up by elaborate scenery, fine costumes, and most important of all, a profusion of chorus girls. The chorus-girl is to one of these entertainments what the character of Hamlet is considered to be to the tragedy of that name. The principal singers are not of importance if there be enough comedy and shapely chorus girls. Even the comedian, something of some value, if he is a good one, pale into insignificance alongside of the main attraction. Stella Mayhew, being an expert "rag-timer" will stand out in the present cast, but in the main "The Jolly Bachelors" will be found cheerful and frothy, but not in the least high-browed.

NEW ONE FOR ROSE STAHL.

When by the aid of an enthusiastic writer Rose Stahl's vaudeville sketch was extended into a three-act play under the title of "The Chorus Lady," the vaudeville artist became a theatrical star. By dint of her cleverness and the suitability of the play, she has retained the position, but always in the same vehicle. That has pretty well lost its drawing power, so she has had to have a new one prepared by Mr. Charles Klein, author of "The Third Degree," "The Lion and the Mouse," and the present New York success, "The Gamblers." I have not seen the new effect, and am not in the habit of voicing opinions at second hand, but I am assured by parties in interest that Rose Stahl's new role "fits her like a glove." Toronto will, before New York, have an opportunity to test the truth of the statement.

James S. Metcalfe

speech in which she voices the yearnings of the feminine heart. Her voice is a superb one for tragic utterance, with noble organ tones. She reserved herself for this effort and conquered her hearers with it. Though of lesser fame than these two artists, a heavier task fell on the shoulders of Miss Julia Dean, who played the erring younger sister. In fact, her talent is so obvious, that the fact that she came here practically unknown was astonishing. It appears that experience has chiefly lain in popular price stock companies in the smaller cities. She does credit to her rough and ready training, for in variety, skill and expressiveness, there are few actresses on the American stage who can equal her. In the mood transitions of the third act when the girl is in a spiritual torture chamber, she was remarkable. She gave an impression of mingled weakness and strength of one who though driven against the wall was still captain of her soul, that was truly moving. She is slightly deficient in voice control, but she atones for this by her intensity, intelligence and gracious femininity. Mr. Alfred Hickman was also capital in the thankless role of the selfish and dissolute brother of the girls. Mr. Douglas Patterson, formerly of Toronto, played two roles of widely differentiated character in a very able manner. It was a pleasure to see the small role of the old family servant played with a refined conception. The usual stage servant suggests a black face performer who has forgotten to put on his makeup. Mr. Elliott Dexter as the artist lover had dignity of bearing but a thick and muffled utterance. Mr. Oscar Eagles, in the role of the Comte's candid friend and philosophic adviser—a part in which George Arliss would have been ideal—was miscast. His *metier* is Western melodrama, not the continental problem play.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO has travelled far as a dramatist since he wrote "Sweet Lavender," but no work of his has proven such a money getter as this simple piece. In fact it proved so remunerative that it enabled Pinero to write to suit himself. A trivial affair in itself it has therefore really had something to do with the progress of the modern English drama, since its profits formed an endowment that enabled the playwright to engage in serious artistic work. It has also made a fortune for Mr. Edward Terry the veteran comedian, who has played the role of the drunken barrister, Dick Phenyl, some four thousand times. One other thing it has accomplished—it has furnished a club for veteran critics like William Winter, to bludgeon the later Pinero. Why didn't he go on writing rot forever they ask—only they don't call "Sweet Lavender" rot. Mr. Winter thinks it the greatest play of modern times because it is sweet and pure. It is an evidence of sweetness that the long arm of coincidence is stretched even farther than it is in William de Morgan's novel, "Somehow Good." Mr. de Morgan's coincidences are stretched over a term of years, but those of "Sweet Lavender" are crowded into ten minutes. It was quite obvious that Pinero with no sincerity but with a strong commercial sense, "went out after" the general public which does not care to think about things—the public whose heart is in the right place. He realized that this public didn't care about common sense or probability, but that it did care about syrupy sentiment. For my own part the love affairs of a seventeen year old chit who happened to be the daughter of a very superior janitress, possess no interest unless they involve serious consequences to herself and others. Then they become dramatic as they do in "Romeo and Juliet." The only interesting character in the piece is Dick Phenyl who has little or nothing to do with the plot. Whether Dick gets drunk, or Dick swears off, or Dick gets drunk again, hardly influences the action, but he does give an opportunity to Mr. Edward Terry to do a very amusing bit of character acting. Indeed in the hands of this actor he has been elevated from a purely subsidiary character into the prominent figure of the piece, though with very few changes he could be eliminated from the play altogether, and it would still be a play. Mr. Terry, who is a veteran of the old and obvious school, colors the character very highly, but succeeds in making plausible what is not probable. As a matter of fact a drunkard is not an unselfish person. It may even be taken as a general truth that unselfish men become selfish when they are drunk. Dick Phenyl, admitting all his virtues, would be a highly objectionable companion in real life and a man who could gulp liquor as fast as he does in one scene would be a raving maniac, rather than the astute person he purports to be. One has no intention of hinting that because of its false idealization of the drunkard the moral effect of the play is bad—though this argument would be as true and reasonable as the statements of the critics who hold that the later plays of Pinero are demoralizing. As Dr. Johnson said, he had no intention of going out to Hounslow Heath and becoming a highwayman merely because he had seen one on the stage. One is per-

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Bruno Steindel, 'Cellist

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MASSEY HALL

SATURDAY, FEB. 11th, 8 P.M.

Tickets 25c. and 50c., may be had at Woman's Suffrage Headquarters, 261 Yonge Street.



ROSE STAHL, the famous character actress who will be seen in her new play, "Maggie Pepper" at the Princess Theatre next week. Miss Stahl is a native of Montreal.

work by Mr. Stock was thus admirable, the actual playing of its notes by the performers in the orchestra was not less fine. The symphony is not—as modern symphonies go—of awe-inspiring difficulty, but the presentation of shifting moods, the alertness of attack, the necessity for the finest tonal gradation, make the presentation of such music far from being easy to bring about. That the efforts of the conductor and his players carried joy to every heart was made clearly manifest at the close of all the divisions of the work.

A charming musical in aid of the organ fund of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes was given on Thursday evening, January twenty-sixth, in the Margaret Eaton School of Expression. The programme, which was arranged by Mrs. Pettet and Miss Marie C. Strong, was carried out by Mrs. J. H. Mallon, pianist; Miss Helen Morrow, A.C.E. reader; Miss Julia O'Sullivan, violinist, and Miss Madelon Thompson, Messrs. J. D. Hayes and Barnaby Nelson, vocalists. The highly appreciative audience demanded several encores notably, Barnaby Nelson for his fine rendering of Stephen Adams' Nirvana, and Miss Madelon Thompson, with her pretty soprano and graceful bearing, in "The Little Dustman" (Brahms), as also Miss Julia O'Sullivan for her clever playing of the difficult Zigeunerweisen of Sarasate. The distinctness of enunciation in the rendering of the vocal numbers was an agreeable novelty. Miss Beah Twiner was a sympathetic and judicious accompanist.

The coming appearance, in concert, of Madame Luisa Tetrazzini at Massey Hall on Friday, March 3rd, has stirred up the enthusiasm of music lovers in Toronto. It was not without a deal of trouble and the passing of many telegrams and letters that arrangements were completed for one concert by the world's greatest coloratura soprano and her company. Madame Tetrazzini is making a tour of America, in which she will appear only forty times during this season. The tour, which began with four concerts in San Francisco and Oakland, where the receipts amounted to nearly \$40,000, extended to the Northwest, where the business was also phenomenal. What is called her eastern tour begins in Kansas City, February 6th, and will close in New York, where her contract ends early in April. She will remain in that city for one month, sailing for London, where she will resume her operatic work at Covent Garden. Toronto is the only city in Canada she will visit. Probably the greatest advertisement for the tour was the photograph all over the world, was that which the famous artist received when she sang in San Francisco on Christmas Eve for the poor people of San Francisco.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 28th, the pupils of Miss Mary H. Smart, of the Conservatory vocal staff, gave a highly successful recital, assisted by Miss Julia O'Sullivan and Miss Florence Spencer, pupils respectively of Mr. F. E. Blackford and Mr. F. S. Welsman. Miss Nan Goehs, high soprano; Miss Beatrice Telfer, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. Thos. Knowlton, contralto; Miss Doris Hoxby and Miss Irene Gillis, soprano; and Miss Annie Dyke, full mezzo-soprano, were the pupils of Miss Smart taking part in the excellent and well chosen programme, to whom appeared to much advantage in songs by Handel, Bach, Debussy, Elgar, Macdowell, Schubert, d'Hardelot, Sinding, and others. Miss Smart, who is deservedly popular as a vocal teacher, seems to be meeting with great success this season with her pupils, and was warmly congratulated on the success of the recital, which was attended by a large and critical audience.

In addition to several numbers in conjunction with the Schubert Choir, Madame Nordica will sing several solos at the concert of the organization on Feb. 20th and 21st. Her numbers at the first concert will be "Will You Come Home-ward," Sir Edgar Elgar; "Omaha Indian Tribal Melody," Wakefield Cadman; "Damon," Strauss; "Mandoline," Debussy; "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Handel; "Waldesgesprach," Schumann. At the second concert she will sing "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal," Quilter; "Ahi Love But a Day," Mrs. Beach; "Serenade," Richard Strauss; "Vielles Chansons," Bizet; "Mattianna," Leon Cavallo; "The Erlking," Schubert.

Mr. Arthur Blight announces his annual song recital to take place in the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, February the 23rd. He will be assisted by Miss Grace Smith, pianist.

The programmes of the annual concerts to be given at Massey Hall next week by the Mendelssohn Choir under Dr. A. S. Vogt, in association with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Frederick Stock conductor, will be as follows:—
Monday, Feb. 6th.
Short vocal numbers:—
Motet—Christmas Song...Herzogberg
Romance—My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land...Elgar
Epilogue—From the Banner of St. George...Elgar
Overture—In Der Natur...Elgar
Motet—Requiescant in Pace...Noble
Chorus—The Sea...Vogt
Chorus of Homage...Gerick
Madrigal—I Hear the Soft Note...Sullivan
Chorus for men's voices—Awake, My Love...Gerick
Chorus—On Himalay...Bantock
Fugal finale from Psalm XIII...Liszt
Orchestral numbers:—
Overture—In Der Natur...Dvorak
Symphony No. 5 in C minor...Beethoven
Overture—The Year 1812...Tchaikowsky
Tuesday, Feb. 7th.
The Manzoni Requiem—A Requiem Mass for solo voices, chorus and orchestra.
Composed in memory of Alessandro Manzoni, by Giuseppe Verdi.
Soprano Miss Florence Hinckle
Soprano Miss Janet Spencer
Mezzo-Soprano Mr. George Hamlin
Tenor Mr. Herbert Witherspoon
Bass This work was first produced at the Church of San Marco, Milan, in May, 1874, and was first sung in England at Albert Hall, London, in 1875.
Wednesday, Feb. 8, and Thursday, Feb. 9
The Children's Crusade—A musical legend in four parts, by Gabriel Pierné.
Adapted from the poem by Marcel Schwob; English translation by Henry Grafton Chapman.
Part I.—The Forthsetting.
Part II.—The Highway.
Part III.—The Sea.
Part IV.—The Saviour in the Storm.
Characters.
Allys, a Mother...Soprano
Mme. Chapman-Gould.
Alain...Soprano
Mme. Mabel Sharp-Herdon.
The Narrator...Tenor
Mr. George Hamlin.
An Old Sailor—The Voice from on High
Mr. Herbert Witherspoon
Bass Mystic Voices...4 Sopranos, 4 Altos
Eight Women from the Chorus.
Chorus of children. Chorus of men and women.
Associate conductor of children's chorus—Mr. A. L. E. Davies.

Thursday afternoon, February 9th.—Orchestral matinee under the direction of Mr. Frederick Stock. Soloist, Mr. Bruno Steindel, one of the most brilliant cello virtuosos of the present day. The symphony chosen for this concert is Tchaikowsky's "Fifth." Several important works which have not hitherto been heard in Toronto will also be presented on this occasion, including Bantock's "Pierrot of the Minute." Of a recent performance of the Tchaikowsky work Chicago the composer-critic, Felix Borowski, writes:—"The interpretation of the symphony was strangely moving; its measures were fraught with stirring passion, and although the director of the Tchaikowsky Orchestra has performed this particular creation of Tchaikowsky on previous occasions, he infused into the symphony at those times no such elasticity of conception, no such temperamental as he infused into it at this latest interpretation. If the reading of the

THE THEATRES

Next week at the Princess Theatre Toronto playgoers will have their first glimpse of "Maggie Pepper," a new comedy by Charles Klein, with Rose Stahl as a star. Miss Stahl was loath to relinquish "The Chorus Lady," which play her name was almost inseparably associated, but from all accounts the new play is a worthy successor to the former piece. She appears as a saleswoman in a large department store, and splendid scope is offered to her talents. The story of the play has to do with a young man, Joseph Holbrook, who has inherited a big department store in New York. But instead of giving the business his personal attention he has been running about in Europe. During all this time the store is being managed by John Hargen, whose lack of new ideas and creative ability have brought the concern to the verge of bankruptcy. When Holbrook returns to investigate, he engages the young man, played by Miss Stahl, in conversation. Mistaking him for a young clerk who is looking for a job, she gives him a few pointers, at the same time venting her anger about the way Hargen is conducting the business. This gives the young proprietor the necessary cue, and realizing the girl's strong business sense, he takes her advice and practically reorganizes the business. Mr. Harris has provided a very elaborate production and has surrounded Miss Stahl with a big cast, which includes Frederick Tresselt, J. Harry Benrimo, Grant Stewart, Beverly Sitgreaves, Beatrice Prentice, Herbert Ayling, Lee Kohinar, May Maloney, Eleanor Lawson, Jeanette Horton, Agnes Mary, Grace Carlyle, Lawrence Edding, Marie Hudson, Stuart Robson, Jr., Alfred Goldberg and Harry McClain.

Rose Stahl was born in Montreal, Que., October 29, 1875, and was graduated from the Convent Mont St. Marie, Congregation de Notre Dame, Montreal. Her father, Colonel Ernest C. Stahl, was a well-known newspaper man of Trenton, N.J., and through his influence she obtained an engagement with Charles Frohman, making her first appearance on the stage when she was 17 years old, at the Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, in a "stock" company; she remained here some time, gradually rising to prominent parts; in 1893 was touring with the late Daniel Handmann in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," next toured in "Men and Women," subsequently played lead in a number of stock companies, and during her varied career has appeared as Juliet and Camille; in 1903 "starred" for a time as Janice Meredith, subsequently appearing as Hope Lovejoy in "A Man of the World" with William Boncilly, made her first appearance in her celebrated role of Patricia O'Brien at Proctor's Music Hall, June 13, 1904, in a sketch then entitled "The Chorus Girl," appeared at the Palace Theatre, London, April, 1906, in the same part; on her return to America the piece was extended to a four-act play under the title of "The Chorus Lady," and produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 1, 1906. She is now starring in Charles Klein's play, "Maggie Pepper," which Henry B. Harris will present at the Princess Theatre next week.

Toronto theatregoers laughed themselves into a cheerful state of mind two weeks ago, when Mr. Lew Fields presented Marie Dressler at the Royal Alexandra. In "Tillie's Nightmare," they will have another opportunity for the outlet of their risibilities at this same playhouse next week, inasmuch as Mr. Fields is sending there "The Jolly Bachelors," which is billed as a "musical spectacle." Spectacularly the production is massive and exceptionally brilliant. The settings include views of a lawn, a fete, of the exterior and interior of a big drug store, of the outside of a college dormitory with two score students revealed in their rooms on three floors and of a three-decked ocean liner. Incidentally there is said to be a most realistic presentation of the flight of a crowded airship winging its way through a maze of clouds which overhang swiftly rushing waters. Heading the big company is the jovial comedienne, Stella Mayhew. Her singing of "coon" songs is said to be one of the delights of the performance. She has an unusually effective foil in Lucy Weston, a dainty English comedienne. Also there is Al Leech, long a vaudeville "headliner," Harold Crane, a former Toronto concert singer; Roy Atwell, Billie Taylor, Nat Fields, Norman Sharp, Florence Topham and Maud Gray. The chorus was drilled by that producing genius, Ned Wayburn.

In these days of slipshod, slurred speech on the stage it is somewhat of a relief to occasionally find some one whose pronunciation is scrupulously exact, and who brings out the sharp out-



STELLA MAYHEW, The American comedienne who plays a prominent part in "The Jolly Bachelors" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

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taboo for outside use, so when I sat down in the New York Athletic Club to write a few letters I withdrew my briar from its hiding place, only to find that neither members nor guests were allowed to use pipes. The American man began to appear in a new light. He had frowned on my gauzerie for sinning on Fifth Avenue, and now he warns me, with delicacy, too, that I am a social criminal if—in a man's club, remember—I dare to foul the air with the fumes from an old briar.

"I became quite interested in the problem, and found that in the University Club the pipe-smoker was banished to a 'pipe-room.' For the life of me I do not know what the meerschaum and the briar have done to merit this legislation, but it shows an unexpected fastidiousness, and I hereby warn all pipe-lovers that if they wish to save their souls in America they must not be seen outside with a much-loved mouthpiece."

A girl isn't exactly a bargain when she is 38 reduced to 24.

The selfish man looks upon life as a game of solitaire.

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The Ethics of Pipe Smoking.

FROM the vantage-ground of New York a note-taking Britisher undertakes to dispel some of the illusions nourished by his countrymen about things American. He is specially explicit about the customs of the court of my Lady Nicotine. As thus:

"Men in this country have their code of social right and wrong, and it finds a curious expression in rules as to pipe-smoking. I shall never forget how, soon after my arrival, I sought out Fifth Avenue and innocently smoked my pipe for half the length of it. During the other half the pipe lay concealed in my pocket; so many disapproving eyes had been directed my way, and I could not find another pipe to keep it company. "I thought probably pipes were

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for nervous people. Taken
at night, it acts as a harmless
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Calming and a nerve tonic—
nourishes and strengthens.
Palatable and without any
disagreeable after
effects.

PORTER

There was a fat round bed bug,
Lived long in warmth and ease,
He took a bite of Keatings,
And hence his obsequies.

KEATINGS: the worst thing in the world
for bugs. IT KILLS them. Stainless, odor-
less and harmless except to insect
life. Get the genuine from your
Druggist. Keatings (English)
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20, 25 cts.

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BACON
is the best Bacon

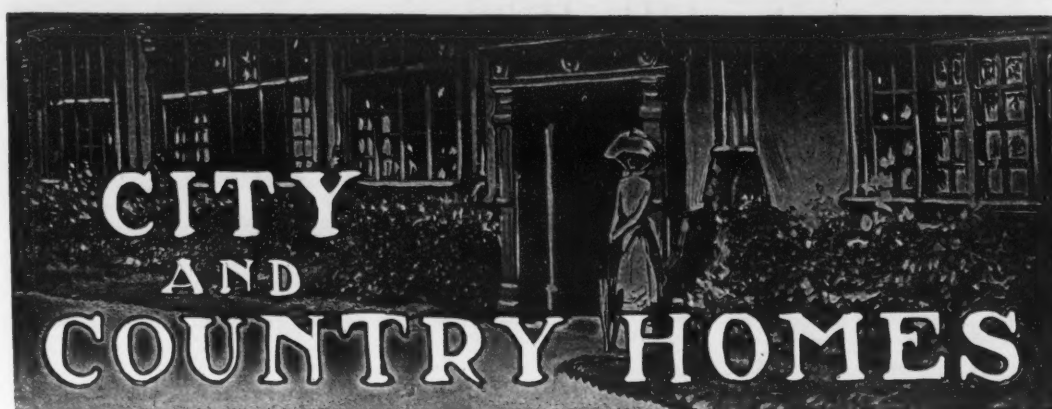
A MAN who had been caught in a raid on a gambling house was arraigned before a Magistrate. "What is your trade?" the Magistrate asked.

"I am a locksmith, sir."

"And what were you doing in the gambling den?" pursued the Magistrate. "What were you doing when the police entered?"

The locksmith looked up into the Magistrate's face with an expression of sublime innocence.

"Why, your Honor," he answered, "I was making a bolt for the door."



A Picturesque Toronto Home.

ONE of the most troublesome tasks of Canadian architects in domestic work is the designing of a home for a colorless site. Our cities and towns have grown so rapidly, that it is very often necessary for those who would build to suit their more aesthetic taste, to go to the suburbs to find the environs necessary to give the home the desired setting. To build within the limits of a city like Toronto to-day, means very often that the owner must be satisfied with a treeless lot on a treeless street. Queen's Park, however, is an exception in this regard, and in the summer months when the trees and foliage are at their best, it would be difficult to conceive of a centrally located district in any large city where nature has been more generously or where the natural features have been more reverently preserved. Of course, land values in this somewhat down town district of Toronto are quite high, yet the additional cost in this respect seems to be more than compensated by the beautiful old elms and oaks that have been permitted either by chance or design to hold their lofty heads to the breezes, and that make this thoroughfare one of the most ideal residential streets in Toronto.

In this connection herewith is shown a photographic



Corner in drawing-room, residence of W. T. White, 39 Queen's Park, Toronto, showing detail of fireplace and adjoining bay. Geo. W. Gouinlock, Architect.

reproduction of the residence of Mr. W. T. White, 39 Queen's Park, as it is seen at the height of the summer season. Situated back from a beautifully kept hedge such as one is wont to see in old England, and nestling behind two old oaks of the forest, this house gives an adequate idea of the natural features which abound in the immediate vicinity.

The exterior walls are built of red brick laid up in white mortar joints; and the design, with its prominent bays and deep verandah and balcony, is such as to admirably fit in with the splendid advantage which the site offers.

Home-made Pottery.

AS a pottery producing method, casting from plaster molds is often derided by the ultra-artistic as lacking in individuality when compared with the work of the thrower. This is only relatively true, because, except in rare instances, when the artist is embodied in the thrower, the work of the latter does not reach us as it leaves his hands. In America the thrower is not infrequently, though erroneously, called a turner. The thrower takes a lump of clay which he places in the centre of a revolving disc and then by the skillful manipulation of his fingers or a few rude tools the clay, obedient to the pressure and direction he gives to it, assumes the desired form. It is probably the most beautiful process in any of the industrial arts. But the piece as it leaves his hands is not suitable for an article of commerce. It shows the marks of tool and fingers. So when it is sufficiently dry it passes into the hands of another workman, the turner, who places it on a horizontal lathe and with a sharp tool turns it smooth and even, and the result as it reaches you is no longer the individual expression of the thrower, but a piece of "thrown and turned" ware. Many pieces from their shape cannot be thrown on the wheel and molds are then resorted to. These molds were originally made of metal, later of pottery and finally of plaster of paris.

The first requisite to make a mold for a cast piece is a model. This may be of any material strong enough to resist the pressure of the plaster. If the shape is to be created, the model can be carved by hand from a block of plaster, or made from templates on a revolving rod. Formerly the molds themselves were carved by hand. Do not fail to remember that on account of the shrinkage a mold twelve inches high, if the shrinkage is one-eighth, will yield a piece ten and a half inches when fired.

The simplest is the one-piece mold, applicable only to a few shapes wider at the top than at the bottom, and having no projections on the sides to interfere with the mold's "drawing."

On a well greased plaster bat, a piece of glass or wood, place your model, top downward. Surround this with a piece of thin zinc or iron, such as is used to make stove pipes, or a strip of oil cloth serves equally well, tie it well together with a stout cord, and plaster round the bottom and joints with clay so as to prevent leakage of the plas-

ter. The frame should be higher than the model and allow about the same space, according to the size of your model, for the side of your mold. Mix the plaster, having first well greased every part, and delay pouring as long as possible, as it should be thick enough so that it will just pour smoothly and fill until it is flush with the top of the frame. A two-piece mold is not much more complicated. Some pieces are best made in diagonal, some in horizontal parts.

So that the two parts shall not move, a lock is necessary, and this can be made by rolling a morsel of clay into a sphere, cutting it in half and placing the halves, moistened with a little water, on the built-up clay. Four or five of these buttons should be so placed, or on a plaster bat cut over several sizes of these hemispheres, and this serve as a mold. Fill the depressions with clay and smooth down to the surface of the plaster. By pressing a damp knife on them they are easily removed. Proceed as directed for the one-piece mold and this will give you the first half of the mold. Reverse the model. Remove the clay, fix your frame (not forgetting to grease the plaster), pour plaster to the top of the spare and this will give you the other half of the mold.

The only difference between a two and three-piece mold is that the bottom of the latter is made separately.

So below the bottom of the model an extra piece must be provided from which to form the foot. This can be made of almost any material, clay answering very well, but it must be removable. In form it is a truncated cone, the top the exact size of the bottom of the mold, the bottom a little wider.

Although a little troublesome to make, thin plaster slabs cut to the outline of the model, to replace the building up with clay, give a perfectly smooth surface, a great desideratum in molds, as cleaning after use is reduced to a minimum. These must be well backed with clay so as to withstand the pressure of the plaster. Surround with a fence and make the two halves as before explained. Having obtained these, reverse the whole, take out the false bottom, cut notches on the bottom of the two halves and having fixed the fence so as to project from one to two inches, according to the size of the piece, it is then ready for making the mold for the bottom.

Before using, these molds must become thoroughly dry. This being attained, take a large brush or sponge and paint over with slip the whole surface of the inside of the mold. If the halves are perpendicular tie tightly with strong cord. The notches are not sufficient to hold them.

Your slip should be fairly thick and without lumps. It is best to strain it into a large jug or can through a colander. I find an ordinary watering pot a convenient utensil. Having your mold properly fastened and painted inside, the slip in good condition, pour the slip steadily into the mold until it is quite full. The plaster will absorb some of the water, indicated by the fall of the slip in the mold. Fill this up as many times as is necessary until sufficient thickness of clay has formed on the sides of the mold. This is ascertained by taking a tool or piece of soft wood and scraping away a morsel of the clay at the top of the spare. Having arrived at this take the mold in your hands, being careful to handle it so that bottom mold does not move, and empty out the slip that remains. Put it aside to dry, and in a few hours the "cast" piece can be removed from the mold. Turn it upside down and take off the bottom mold, lay it on its side and remove the two halves, being careful to lift straight, or the edge of the mold may scar the piece. Place the clay piece on a plaster bat and allow it to dry.

When dry enough to handle, with a sharp knife cut off the spare and trim evenly, and also trim down the seams, smoothing to a finish with a silk sponge. Keep this free from clay by constantly rinsing it. Do not use the sponge more than you can help, relying more on the knife.

If you cut out a section of one of these cast pieces you will see an absolutely uniform thickness, whilst the plaster was checked because the mold could not be kept full the whole of the time. So necessarily the one-piece mold being made without a spare will be a little thinner at the edge. Cast pieces shrink more than those made by hand, but will stand a harder fire.

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\$2.00	\$1.00
Regularly \$1.75 and \$1.85 per yard, for.....	English Balmoral Carpets
\$1.35	Regularly 90c. and \$1.00 per yard, for.....
Wiltons	75c
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Beautiful carpets and endlessly durable. Regular \$2.75 quality, for.....	
\$2.25	
Regular \$2.25, \$2.40 and \$2.50, for.....	
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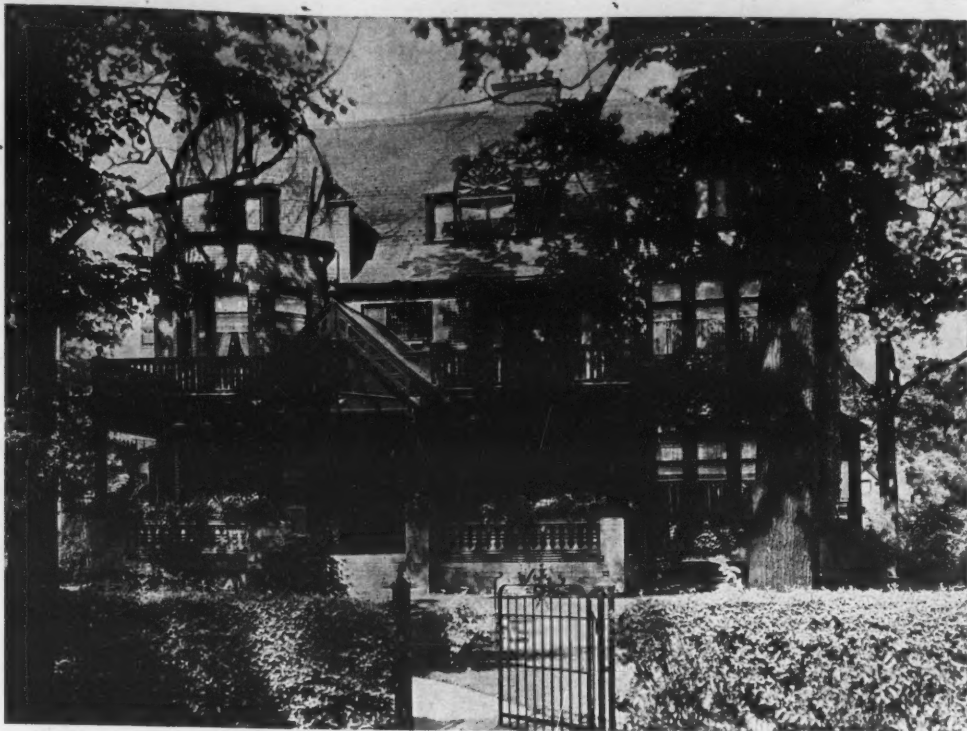
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WHEN Speaker Cannon and former Congressman J. Adam Bede of Minnesota met at the Capitol they fell into a discussion of the recent Republican defeat in the congressional elections. "No importance to it," said Bede, emphatically. "It's just like the accident that happened to the Northern Pacific out in Montana when the road was first built and before Montana was well settled. The telegraph line wasn't through and the people at St. Paul used to wait until the trains came in to learn the news along the line. One day a landslide occurred in Montana and a train finally reached St. Paul three days late. They asked the conductor what was the matter. 'Oh, nothing important,' he said. 'Half a mile of the scenery out in Montana fell down.'"



Residence of W. T. White, 39 Queen's Park, Toronto. An attractive brick house which is designed to fit in with the natural features of an interesting site. Geo. W. Gouinlock, Architect.

THE PEOPLE OF ONTARIO

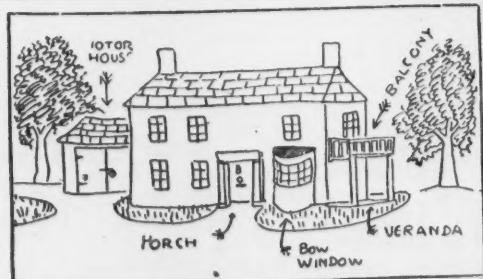
(Continued from page 5.)

Now what is to be the future of Ontario? The first thing, perhaps, will be to look at its natural advantages, and we have only to look at them to see that we have here in this Province advantages for manufacturing enjoyed by few other places on the North-American continent. We are just coming into the era of cheap electric power. We are coming to that time when manufacturing will depend to a large extent upon the cost of power, and we are passing from the condition of being dependent entirely upon coal to the utilization of water-power. One has only to mention St. Mary's River, the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Trent—to say nothing of the almost unlimited water-power that will be opened up in Northern Ontario by the new railroads that are being constructed—to prove that here in this Province we have unlimited water-powers awaiting only development.

I venture to make this prophecy that you will see within the next ten or fifteen years a great development in eastern Ontario. We in western Ontario have always rather felt that there is a superiority in the western over the eastern part of this Province; but if we study this question from the standpoint I have just referred to, we can come to only one conclusion, and that is that in eastern Ontario in the next ten or fifteen years there will be a development such, perhaps, as the west did not know in its palmiest days. Take the River Trent—one of the water-powers I mentioned, and starting at Balsam Lake, at the head of that system—we have there a sheet of water higher than Lake Superior. The fall from Balsam Lake to the mouth of the Trent exceeds in height the St. Mary's, Niagara Falls, and all the rapids of the Niagara River. We have, therefore, the facilities for the development of our great manufacturing industries, and there is no question about it, that as the West grows and increases and spreads out there is going to be a great expansion of manufacturing here in the Province of Ontario.

But what concerns some of the rest of us is what, at the same time, is going to become of the development of our agricultural resources and our agricultural population? We come, then, right at that point, to what is one of the most important and serious questions before the people of this Province to-day. Men who live in the towns and cities frequently complain about the shortage of labor. Again and again we are compelled to bring out cheap labor for manufacturing. But if the manufacturer is up against it for his manufacturing, the man who is working upon the farm and developing the agricultural resources of this country is "up against it" to a far more serious extent. This drawing away of our population to the West, and this luring of the cheap laborer of the country into the towns and cities, has drained the farms of this country so that one wonders there are any people left in the rural parts, the agricultural portions, at all.

THE situation began to show itself so seriously some three or four years ago, that the Department of the Government to which I am attached and which has supervision of immigration and colonization work, felt that it was absolutely necessary for something to be done to attract, if at all possible, more farm laborers to this country. There had been up to that time a very vigorous campaign carried on by the Immigration Department, and they had been attracting large numbers to this Province;



This is the rough idea for his new house which Mr. Jones gave to his architect.



And this is the idea which the architect then gave to Mr. Jones.

but the lure of the West had been too much, and all were passing by our doors to the cheap lands of the West. And when to the Dominion Immigration endeavors was added the campaign carried on by the Western land companies and the transportation companies, you will see that there was very little for the East to hope for from that movement. The result was that an extra effort was put forth to try and see if we could not attract immigrants directly to this Province from the Old Land.

Then was commenced, about 1907, a very active campaign in the Old Country to try and attract people to this Province. Out of that has come an organism, a fairly complete system in the Old Land, with head office of the management on the Strand, London. We located on the Strand, in London, because that street is the most important street in the whole world, I suppose. Now we come across people again and again who say: "Why, it is an easy matter, you ought to bring out people in tens of thousands to Ontario and the other Provinces." Of course, people who talk in that way have had no experience in the matter as to what conditions we find in the Old Country. Here we have the rural parts of Ontario crying for men; have our manufacturers from one end of the country to the other crying out for more help; and we go to the Old Land in preference to any other country, because we think that stock is the best to introduce into this land. What do we meet with there? We meet with every other Colony competing for the same article. We meet there agents from Australia, for instance, who say to a man and his family: "We will take you to Australia, put you down on a farm, that farm will have a house and barn, implements and stock, and it will not cost you one cent, now, and you will have from thirty to forty years to pay for it."

That is competition which is pretty hard to meet. They are not all offering these inducements, but they are coming pretty close to it. There is not a great surplus of agricultural labor in the Old Land—changes have been taking place there similar to what we have had in this country. You will find here large areas formerly given over to the growing of corn now given up to hay and pasture, and the farm-hands drifting away, as a consequence, to the towns and cities. Figures show that there are 1,000,000 people less working on the land in the Old Country to-day than there were thirty to forty years ago. So the class of people we want most are not anxious to come out here, and they are the very people the Old Country wants and is trying to keep, and the very class of people that South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and the States are anxious for and are offering the most flattering inducements to. There is a great big question there, that I would like to lay before you the issues involved in that; we are endeavoring to develop the natural resources of the Province of Ontario. To do that we must have people—we must have people of the right sort—we must locate them and distribute them where they can develop and where we can educate them and train them.

If we bring 10,000 people from the British Isles and locate them in Ontario, either in Old or New Ontario, we add that 10,000 to our population. If we send them into Northern Ontario, we have got to build colonization roads for them, and it costs much more to administer law and furnish schools; and with that comes the location and development of the people on the land or in towns and cities, all of which costs money; and as we increase the people, and as we make them more efficient—so that they can earn more and spend more—the result is that up goes the financial revenue of the Dominion Government, but that not a cent goes into the coffers of the local or Provincial Government! Everything that a Provincial Government does along the line of education, along the line of colonization, along the line of equipment, is simply placing, so to speak, a heavier burden upon its own resources. Now, there are some Provinces struggling even more than Ontario along these lines—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and parts of the Province of Quebec—all have these same problems.

It is essential from a national standpoint that our lands—these cheap fertile lands—should be occupied, and that they should be occupied by people of good British stock who can be trained and developed along the best lines, so that they will become most efficient.

These needs are largely met and managed by the Provincial Government, but they require money, and it would seem to be in the best interest of Canada as a whole, in some way or other, the Dominion and Provincial Governments could co-operate so that the funds of the one could be utilized by the other in this very important work. In short, the Dominion has the money—the Provinces the facilities. Now, if we look to the development of Canada as a whole, it ought to be possible in some way to develop a line of work whereby our great natural resources could be developed; and, particularly, help given to the people who are developing these resources in their equipment for carrying on that work. We are proud, sometimes over-proud, of the natural resources of our country; sometimes perhaps we overestimate the great resources of this Province and of the Western Provinces. Whatever mistakes we may make along those lines, there is no question that above all the natural resources of Canada, whether of timber lands or mines, the greatest are the men, women and children who occupy the country.

NOVELS IN NUTSHELLS

(Continued from page 4.)

"However," he continued, "the essential fact is this: On the day appointed for the wedding, Q and Miss M were duly married."

"Impossible," I gasped, "duly married, both of them?" "Yes," said Annerly, "both at the same time. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Q—"

"Mr. and Mrs. Q," I repeated in perplexity. "Yes," he answered. "Mr. and Mrs. Q—for after the wedding Miss M took the name of Q—left England and went out to Australia, where they were to reside."

"Stop one moment," I said, "and let me be quite clear—in going out to settle in Australia it was their intention to reside there?"

"Yes," said Annerly, "that at any rate was generally understood. I myself saw them off on the steamer, and shook hands with Q, standing at the same time quite close to him."

"Well," I said, "and since the two Q's, as I suppose one might almost call them, went to Australia, have you heard anything from them?"

"That," replied Annerly, "is a matter that has shown the same singularity as the rest of my experience. It is now four years since Q and his wife went to Australia. At first I heard from him quite regularly, and received two letters each month. Presently I only received one letter every two months, and later two letters every six months, and then only one letter every twelve months. Then until last night I heard nothing whatever of Q for a year and a half."

I was now on the tip-toe of expectancy. "Last night," said Annerly very quietly, "Q appeared in this room, or rather, a phantom or psychic manifestation of him. He seemed in great distress, made gestures which I could not understand, and kept turning his trouser pockets inside out. I was too spellbound to question him, and tried in vain to divine his meaning. Presently the phantom seized a pencil from the table, and wrote the words, 'Two sovereigns, to-morrow night, urgent.'"

Annerly was again silent. I sat in deep thought. "How do you interpret the meaning which Q's phantasm meant to convey?" "I think," he announced, "it means this. Q, who is evidently dead, meant to visualize that fact, meant, so to speak, to deatimize the idea that he was demonized, and that he wanted two sovereigns to-night."

"And how," I asked amazed at Annerly's instinctive penetration into the mysteries of the psychic world, "how do you intend to get it to him?"

"I intend," he announced, "to try a bold, a daring experiment, which, if it succeeds, will bring us into immediate connection with the world of spirits. My plan is to leave two sovereigns here upon the edge of the table during the night. If they are gone in the morning, I shall know that Q has contrived to de-atrualize himself, and has taken the sovereigns. The only question is, do you happen to have two sovereigns? I myself unfortunately have nothing but small change about me."

Here was a piece of rare good fortune, the coincidence of which seemed to add another link to the chain of circumstance. As it happened I had with me the six sovereigns which I had just drawn as my week's pay.

"Luckily," I said, "I am able to arrange that. I happen to have money with me." And I took two sovereigns from my pocket.

Annerly was delighted at our good luck. Our preparations for the experiment were soon made.

We placed the table in the middle of the room in such a way that there could be no fear of contact or collision with any of the furniture. The chairs were carefully set against the wall, and so placed that no two of them occupied the same place as any other two, while the pictures and ornaments about the room were left entirely undisturbed. We were careful not to remove any of the wall paper from the wall, nor to detach any of the window panes from the window. When all was ready the two sovereigns were laid side by side upon the table, with their heads up in such a way that the lower sides or tails were supported by only the table itself. We then extinguished the light. I said "Good night" to Annerly, and groped my way out into the dark, feverish with excitement.

My readers may well imagine my state of eagerness to know the result of the experiment. I could scarcely sleep for anxiety to know the issue. I had, of course, every faith in the completeness of our preparations, but was not without misgivings that the experiment might fail, as my own mental temperament and disposition might not be of the precise kind needed for the success of these experiments.

On this score, however, I need have had no alarm. The event showed that my mind was a media, or if the word is better, a transparency, of the very first order for psychic work of this character.

In the morning Annerly came rushing over to my lodgings, his face beaming with excitement. "Glorious, glorious," he almost shouted, "we have succeeded! The sovereigns are gone. We are in direct monetary communication with Q."

I need not dwell on the exquisite thrill of happiness which went through me. All that day and all the following day, the sense that I was in communication with Q was ever present with me.

My only hope was that an opportunity might offer for the renewal of our intercommunication with the spirit world.

The following night my wishes were gratified. Late in the evening Annerly called me up on the telephone.

"Come over at once to my lodgings," he said. "Q's phantasm is communicating with us."

I hastened over, and arrived almost breathless. "Q has been here again," said Annerly, "and appeared in the same distress as before. A projection of him stood in the room, and kept writing with its finger on the table. I could distinguish the word 'sovereigns,' but nothing more."

"Do you not suppose," I said, "that Q for some reason which we cannot fathom, wishes us to again leave two sovereigns for him?"

"By Jove," said Annerly enthusiastically, "I believe you've hit it. At any rate, let us try; we can but fail."

That night we placed again two of my sovereigns on the table, and arranged the furniture with the same scrupulous care as before.

Still somewhat doubtful of my own psychic fitness for the work in which I was engaged, I endeavored to keep my mind so poised as to readily offer a mark for any astral disturbances that might be about. The result showed that it had offered just such a mark. Our experiment succeeded completely. The two coins had vanished in the morning.

For nearly two months we continued our experiments on these lines. At times Annerly himself, so he told me, would leave money, often considerable sums, within reach of the phantasm, which never failed to remove them during the night. But Annerly, being a man of strict honor,

never carried on these experiments alone except when it proved impossible to communicate with me in time for me to come.

At other times he would call me up with the simple message, "Q is here," or would send me a telegram, or a written note saying, "Q needs money; bring any that you have, but no more."

On my own part, I was extremely anxious to bring our experiments prominently before the public, or to interest the Society for Psychic Research, and similar bodies, in the daring transit which we had effected between the world of sentience and the psycho-astric, or pseudo-etheral existence. It seemed to me that we alone had succeeded in thus conveying money directly and without mediation, from one world to another. Others, indeed, had done so by the interposition of a medium, or by subscription to an occult magazine, but we had performed the feat with such simplicity that I was anxious to make our experience public, for the benefit of others like myself.

Annerly, however, was averse to this course, being fearful that it might break off our relations with Q.

It was some three months after our first inter-astral psycho-monetary experiment, that there came the culmination of my experiences—so mysterious as to leave me still lost in perplexity.

Annerly had come in to see me one afternoon. He looked nervous and depressed.

"I have just had a psychic communication from Q," he said in answer to my enquiries, "which I can hardly fathom. As far as I can judge, Q has formed some plan for interesting other phantasms in the kind of work that we are doing. He proposes to form on his side of the gulf, an association that is to work in harmony with us, for monetary dealings on a large scale, between the two worlds."

My reader may well imagine that my eyes almost blazed with excitement at the magnitude of the prospect opened up.

"Q wishes us to gather together all the capital that we can, and to send it across to him, in order that he may be able to organize with him a corporate association of phantasms, or perhaps in this case, one would more correctly call them, phantoids."

I had no sooner grasped Annerly's meaning than I became enthusiastic over it.

We decided to try the great experiment that night.

My own worldly capital was, unfortunately, no great amount. I had, however, some £500 in bank stock left to me at my father's decease, which I could, of course, realize within a few hours. I was fearful, however, lest it might prove too small to enable Q to organize his fellow phantoids with it.

I carried the money in notes and sovereigns to Annerly's room, where it was laid on the table. Annerly was fortunately able to contribute a larger sum, which, however, he was not to place beside mine until after I had withdrawn, in order that conjunction of our monetary personalities might not dematerialize the astral phenomenon.

We made our preparations this time with exceptional care. Annerly quietly confident, I, it must be confessed, extremely nervous and fearful of failure. We removed our boots, and walked about on our stocking feet, and at Annerly's suggestion, not only placed the furniture as before, but turned the coal scuttle upside down, and laid a wet towel over the top of the wastepaper basket.

All complete, I wrung Annerly's hand, and went out into the darkness.

I waited next morning in vain. Nine o'clock came, ten o'clock, and finally eleven, and still no word of him. Then feverish with anxiety, I sought his lodgings.

Judge of my utter consternation to find that Annerly had disappeared. He had vanished as if off the face of the earth. By what awful error in our preparations, by what neglect of some necessary psychic precautions, he had met his fate, I cannot tell. But the evidence was only too clear, that Annerly had been engulfed into the astral world, carrying with him the money for the transfer of which he had risked his mundane existence.

The proof of his disappearance was easy to find. As soon as I dared do so with discretion, I ventured upon a few enquiries. The fact that he had been engulfed while still owing four months' rent for his rooms, and that he had vanished without even having time to pay such bills as he had outstanding with local tradesmen, showed that he must have been de-materialized at a moment's notice.

The awful fear that I might be held accountable for his death, prevented me from making the affair public.

Till that moment I had not realized the risks that he had incurred in our reckless dealing with the world of spirits. Annerly fell a victim to the great cause of psychic science, and the record of our experiments remain in the face of prejudice as a witness to its truth.

Prince Freydonn Malcolm Khan of Persia is visiting Boston. Prince Malcolm was born in London, graduated from Eton School, and with his three sisters was brought up practically in England, as his father was for twenty-one years Persian Ambassador to Great Britain. The late Prince Malcolm Khan was known as "the Reformer of the Empire," and the family was one of the few native Christian ones in the empire.



TOWARDS THE RAPPROCHEMENT.
Crown Prince of Germany (in India, writing home): "Dear Papa, I am doing myself proud. These English aren't half bad fellows when you get to know them."—Punch.

PRACTICAL POLITICAL ECONOMY

XIII—Free Trade in Great Britain and Protection in Germany; a comparison

The Rivalry of Two Great Nations—Population—Superiority of German Agriculture—The Great Textile Industry—British Capital—Seventeen and a Half Billion Dollars Invested Abroad—The Working Classes of the Two Countries—Wages and Hours of Labour—The Flood of the German Working Man—German Technical Education.

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By PROF. STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT is idle to deny the national rivalry of Great Britain and Germany. Alike in the arts of industry and war, they stand against one another. Nor is it possible to represent this rivalry as one of peace and good-will. The future, let us hope, may some day make it so, but in the meantime it is a rivalry of grim earnestness. On the relative successes of these two competitive nations their national wealth, and possibly their national existence, may one day be staked.

The two countries pursue, as we have seen, different trade policies, and represent entirely different theories of the state. Let us try, therefore, to put together in outline, a comparison of their present status, in regard to some of the most important elements of national strength and progress. We must not suppose for a moment that such a status is altogether dependent upon trade policy, or is to be looked upon entirely as the result of it. We may state with certainty that trade policy is, after all, only one of the minor factors of national progress. Far more important are natural resources, and the national capacity and characteristics of the nation. Trade policy is far too frequently spoken of as if it alone were responsible for the whole position of a nation.

A comparison of this kind to be effective must, of course, take account of growth as well as present position. Speaking broadly, everybody knows that British industry moved forward with great strides in the opening of the free trade era, and that, of course, the rate of advance could not possibly be permanently maintained. Germany has made a similar rapid advance in the initial period of its industrial growth, and in rate of progress has far outstripped the rate of progress of Great Britain. In many instances this may not mean much. A young man whose sole fortune is \$25.00 may double his worldly possessions in a week—a feat which would not be possible for Mr. Rockefeller.

But first and foremost we want to compare the two nations as they stand. Which of them is the stronger? Which of them at the present moment has the greatest industrial power, and contains the greatest elements of national wealth?

Take first the question of population. The United Kingdom has 45,000,000 inhabitants. Here it is outclassed; Germany has 65,000,000 people. Moreover the German population grows faster than the British. Its increase is now one million per annum. The emigrants out of Germany number nowadays only about 30,000 people each year (one quarter of what they were 20 years ago), and are more than offset by the immigrants into the empire. From the establishment of the empire, until 1905, Germany's population increased 50 per cent., and Great Britain only 32 per cent. Emigrants out of the British Isles exceeded the number of newcomers in 1908 by nearly 50,000. If one counts only people of British origin the excess was over 90,000.

In the total volume of its trade Britain stands well ahead of Germany. For this and other comparisons we may best select the year 1908, since that is the last year for which statistics, over a wide range of commerce and production, are available. The total of British trade in this year was \$5,245,000,000 and German \$3,739,000,000. Of this trade British exports amounted to \$2,280,000,000, and German \$1,720,000,000. Germany, on the other hand, sells to the British people more than it buys from them. German exports to Great Britain amounted to \$190,000,000; British exports to Germany to only \$163,000,000. With the exception of the year 1907 there has been of late years a standing balance of trade in favor of Germany (as the expression is) of about \$20,000,000.

THE position of the two countries in respect to the industries may be summarized as follows: In the iron and steel industry, Germany now stands second in the world (next to the United States) in the production of pig iron, of which it made 11,805,000 tons in 1908, as against 9,056,000 made by Great Britain. British exports of iron and steel reached \$187,000,000, as against the German export of \$180,000,000. British exported machinery was valued at \$155,000,000, German at \$104,000,000. In the production of coal England stands well ahead of Germany—261,000,000 tons as against 147,600,000. But of the amount produced, Great Britain exported 65,000,000 tons, and the export of coal is economically a rather dubious process, having something of the appearance of living on capital, unless one looks upon the supply as inexhaustible. In agriculture Great Britain is completely out-

distanced. This means nothing to the free trader. He assigned agriculture to the broad plains of the Mississippi and Saskatchewan. The German does not think in these terms. He considers agriculture a necessary basis of national life, and points proudly to the fact that Germany, with its high tariff on farm products, supports an agricultural population of 19,000,000 people. It raised in 1908, 139,000,000 bushels of wheat, as against the 52,523,000 bushels of Great Britain. Of the other grains, rye, oats and barley, Germany raised 794,000,000, as compared with the 170,000,000 British bushels. The Imperial Government has estimated that 91 per cent. of the German soil is fit for production and that the empire has 65,000,000 acres of highly arable land.

In the great textile industries (with the exception of silk) England is still well in the lead. The British cotton export in 1908 was worth \$470,000,000 and the German only \$84,000,000. The British woolen export was valued at \$140,000,000, and the German only at \$65,000,000. But there is a German export of silks of \$191,000,000. In the chemical industries the German technical education and the application of theory to all grades of practical work—a thing more or less despised in England—the German Empire leads the world. Its exports of chemicals, dyes, etc., reached \$135,000,000 in 1908, as compared with the \$80,000,000 from Great Britain. On the other hand, Great Britain has its unique form of industry in the export of new ships, valued at \$50,000,000 in 1908. Moreover, the German mercantile marine, composed in 1908 of 4,571 ships, with a net tonnage of 2,790,000, cuts with a poor figure beside the 14,692 ships and 11,168,000 tons of the British merchant fleet. British fisheries, which employ 106,000 people and turn out a product of about \$60,000,000 a year, are far ahead of the German, in which only 32,000 people are employed, with a product of about \$5,000,000.

British financial strength, as seen in the statistics of national wealth, banking and investment, stands well ahead of Germany. The German investment of money outside the empire, which is now estimated at \$4,000,000,000 looks large until one puts it opposite the colossal figures of the British investment in the colonies and foreign countries, which amounts to \$17,500,000,000. Nor does this mean that Great Britain, having invested its capital during the days of its unchallenged supremacy, is now living on the proceeds. The investment still goes on. During the three years 1907 to 1909, Great Britain loaned \$2,500,000,000 of capital to the colonies and the outside world. Great Britain has largely built, and is still building, the railroads of the United States, for which it has lent \$3,000,000,000, and the railroads of Australia and Canada. It has financed Egypt and the Turkish Empire. To Argentina it has loaned \$1,340,000,000. "Great Britain," wrote an American journalist recently, "is making money, vast amounts of it, out of all the rest of the world washed by the seven seas."

When one turns from the consideration of actual conditions to view the growth in the past, it must be admitted that Germany has been making colossal progress. In the quarter of a century from 1880 to 1904, while British exports increased only 23 per cent., German exports increased 54 per cent. During the same period the export of British manufactured goods increased only 9 per cent., and that of German manufactured goods 61 per cent. This progress is especially noticeable when we consider what are called the protected markets, that is to say the markets of the great industrial countries, surrounded by a tariff. Taking the average trade of the years 1905 to 1908, we find that Germany now leads the world in selling to these countries. Her annual average export was valued at \$877,000,000 and that of Great Britain at \$668,000,000. Tremendous also has been Germany's progress in specific lines of industry since the establishment of the empire. The census of manufactures taken in Germany in 1895, the last official reckoning, showed that the number of people engaged in industry and mining had increased thirty per cent. since the estimates made in 1882, and those engaged in trade and transport no less than 49 per cent. The product of German coal mining, which at the beginning of the empire stood at 29,000,000 tons, reached in 1908 148,000,000 tons. The amount of pig iron produced in the empire has increased in the ratio of ten to one. The building of iron ships scarcely existed in Germany thirty years ago. The contract given in 1887 for the first German built ocean liner was viewed as a patriotic but hazardous experiment. Germany now builds all its own ships and sells also to other countries. Apart from the Imperial Navy, a tonnage of 391,000 was built in 1906. There has been the same tremendous expansion in the textile trades, and in the chemical and paper industries. German paper factories now use more than a half million tons of wood pulp yearly and employ some 80,000 people. The chemistry industry employs 150,000 work people, and has an export of aniline dyes alone worth \$30,000,000 a year.

LET us turn from this to consider the status of the German working man, for here, after all, is the real touchstone of national policy. On no subject has there been so much confused controversy and partisan writing as in the comparison of the British and German working class. The German working man has been represented by a certain section of the British Press as a hard-driven and oppressed creature, eking out a starvation wage by the consumption of black and nauseating bread and meat products of doubtful origin. No attention need be paid to such lurid accounts as these, but if we may believe the testimony of the reliable and impartial writers of the time, the German workman is probably not quite so well off as his British rival. His hours are somewhat longer, and the amount of commodities which his wages will allow him to purchase not quite so great. Hours of labor in Germany may be said, on the authority of British official documents, to be from eight to twelve per cent. longer than in England. Most German working men are employed 59 to 60 hours a week. Those in England from 49 to 57. There does not appear to be much difference in the amount of money spent on rent. The dwellings of the English working class contain, as a rule, four or five rooms; those of the German working class appear to be slightly less commodious in the number of rooms, but quite as large in the space occupied. German industrial workers commonly inhabit a flat of two or three rooms in a building containing several tenements. An average weekly rent in England for four-roomed premises is esti-

mated at \$1.00. The sum paid in Germany probably differs to the extent of only one per cent. On the other hand, the English working man's rent includes his local taxes, while the German working man, though he pays no water rate, as a rule must pay a municipal income tax. The sort of bread generally eaten in Germany is grey, not black, and is made from a mixture of wheat and rye. Its cost averages about 11 cents for four pounds, which is more than the English laborer pays for his bread made from wheat flour and costing 10 cents for four pounds. Prices for food and fuel are estimated to be from 20 to 40 per cent. higher in Germany than in England. The Englishman pays 4 cents for a pound of sugar, the German 4½ cents. Butter of average quality used by the working class in England costs 27½ cents per pound, and in Germany a cent or two more. Beef of average quality costs in England 13½ cents a pound, and in Germany at least two cents more. There is the same difference in the price of mutton, pork and bacon. The English working man pays for one hundred-weight of coal from 19 cents to 25 cents; the German working man pays anything from 21½ cents to 33 cents for the same weight. On the other hand, milk, an item of great importance, costs in Germany only 5 cents a quart, as against 6 cents in England, and potatoes also are usually somewhat higher in price in the latter country. We must add to this that the amount of potatoes and milk consumed by working people in Germany is about double that which is used in England. It is estimated that the German laborer, all considered, spends a lower fraction of his income on food than an Englishman does. The lowest class of laborers, those receiving from \$5.00 to \$6.00 a week, spend in Germany 62 per cent. of their wages on food, and in the United Kingdom 66 per cent. Some typical rates of weekly wages may be quoted as follows: English bricklayers \$9.75, German \$7.25; English carpenters \$9.50, German \$7.25; English ordinary laborers in the building trades \$6.50, German \$5.50; English ordinary laborers in engineering trades \$5, German \$5; English compositors \$7.50, German \$6.25.

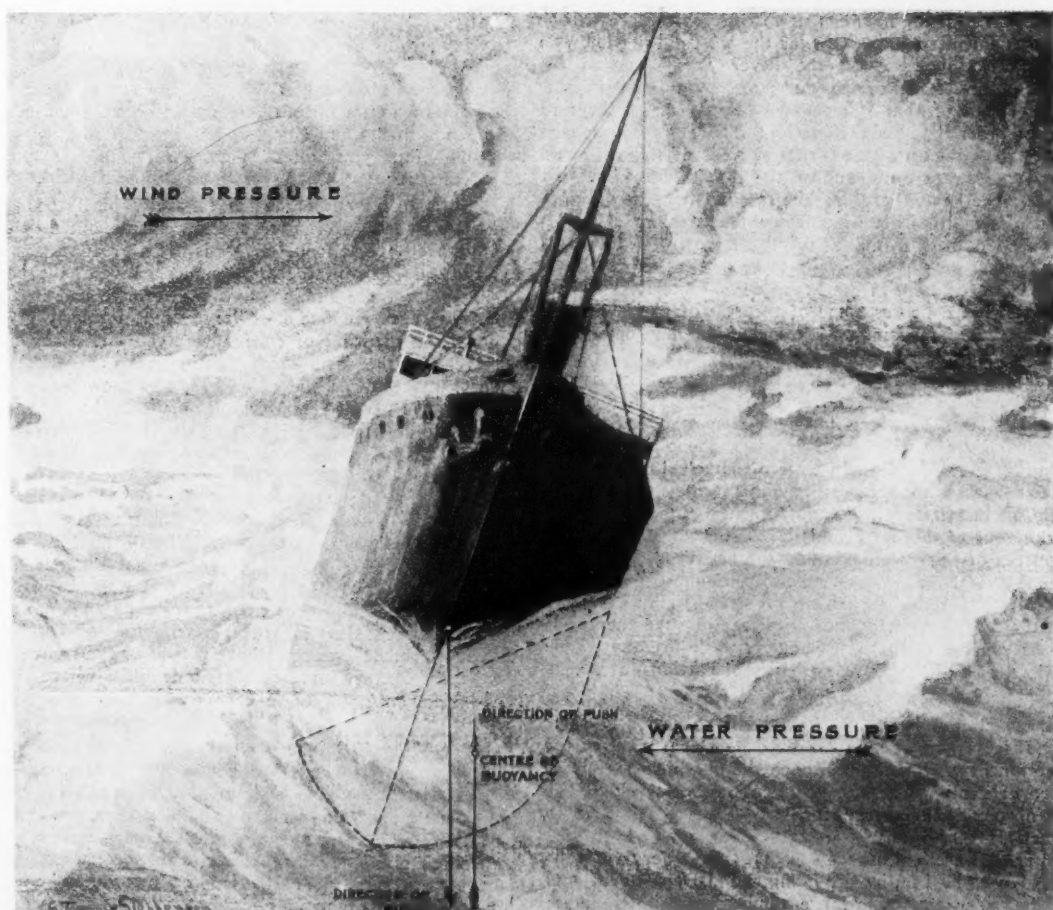
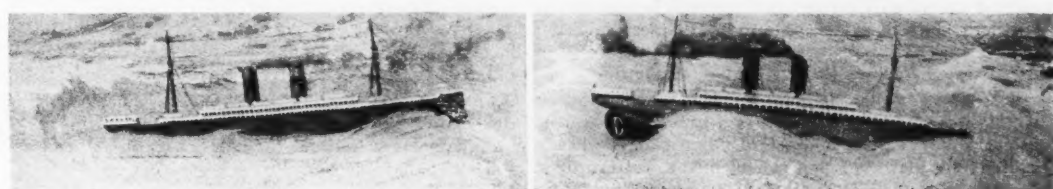
One superior advantage in efficiency the German workman undoubtedly enjoys. Over the whole of Germany there are facilities for technical education quite beyond what exists in England. Employers and workmen are at one in Germany in thinking that education is a short cut to excellence. In England the system of education in practice still wears upon it the marks of its mediaeval and clerical origin. It is an excellent thing for a man whose business in life it is to think, or to write, but an inferior training, if not a hindrance, for the man whose business it is to act and to earn his living at a trade.

Everywhere in Germany there is a system of public education, which includes not merely the usual training in the elementary branches of knowledge, but a technical training as well. Schools of commerce, industrial schools, and continuation industrial schools attended by young men already at work at a trade, are combined with agricultural schools and higher technical institutions for all branches of the scientific professions.

Taken all in all, then, it may be fair to say that England is still the economic superior of Germany. Her consolidated financial resources are certainly greater, her trade with the outside world is larger and still moves forward at a continuous and steady pace. In population, of course, Germany is the larger, but in industrial power, as in fighting forces, Great Britain at the present moment is the superior of the two. Certain points, however, merit the careful consideration of persons interested in the future development of the two nations. One is emphatically the relative position of agriculture in the two countries. The British people fill the workshop at the expense of the neglected soil. Another point is the superiority held by Germany in reference to the protected markets. Last, and greatest, is the question whether the British Government ought not to try by a revision of its educational policy to imitate what has been done, and is being done by Germany for the special training of the industrial classes.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Gold Democratic ticket in 1896, says that he is happier than anybody in the world. Once Governor of Kentucky, and now in his eighty-eighth year, he was an honorary guest at the governors' conference in Louisville. "I wish I could have kept out of politics all my life, and probably I would have been a rich man," he said. "But I am happier than anybody in the world as it is. I am living in the same log cabin that I was born in, on my farm, in old Hart County. The cabin is one hundred and three years old. My father built it, and it is in as good a state of preservation as any one could wish. I raise my own tobacco, and I have a fine mint-bed."

Alfred Craven Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia, is one of the few who are to be classified as scientific explorers. He was born in Philadelphia in 1875 and still has a residence in that city, but his search of unknown places for unknown things has taken him to almost every geographical division of the globe. India and its neighboring empires and provinces and the islands of the southern seas have been most attractive to him.



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HOW VESSELS MAY LOSE THEIR BUOYANCY.
The ship in the upper left-hand corner is too heavy in the stern and in danger of being swamped by following waves; that in upper right-hand corner is too light in the stern, and heavy seas are easily shipped.

Concerning the Rolling of Ships and their Buoyancy

THE first consideration in the construction of any ship is that it should float on the water. When a body floats it displaces a quantity of water equal in weight to its own weight, but the volume of water displaced will be less than the bulk of the object. If the volume of water displaced is small compared with the bulk of the object, very little of the object will be immersed, consequently it will float high. If by altering the general form so as to increase the size and not the weight the object will have greater buoyancy.

On any floating body two constant and equal forces act—gravity exerting a pull downwards counteracted by buoyancy exerting a pressure upwards.

An object floating freely on the water might roll over and over in any direction. To obviate this in the case of a ship length has been given which only allows pitching—rise and fall at the two ends of the vessel to a limited extent.

To prevent undue rolling sideways or complete capsizing of a vessel it is necessary that the vessel should have stability. Scientifically, "the stability of a ship is the effort which she makes to return to the upright position after being inclined, due to her weight acting downward through the centre of gravity and the effort of her

buoyancy acting upwards through the centre of buoyancy, which two forces act as a lever."

This stability is one of the greatest problems to the contractor of steamships. Naturally the centre of gravity should be low, and the hull must be of such a form that when the vessel rolls to one side the centre of buoyancy shall move sufficiently far to that same side for the forces of buoyancy acting upwards to right the vessel.

Through mistakes made in the design of vessels, or the bad storage of cargo, ships are liable to many dangers. If light in the stern the propeller may come out of the water, with the great danger of being broken, and heavy seas would be shipped forward. If too low in the stern when running before a storm breaking waves may fall on board and so continually swamp the vessel.

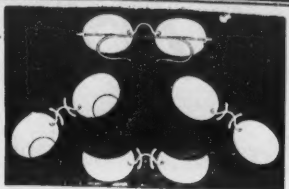
The case of a ship rolling is very complicated; she may be too heavy—that is, there comes a moment in the roll when the upward force of buoyancy no longer tends to right the ship but instead exerts its force in pushing the ship still further out of the perpendicular, with the result that the vessel capsizes. Again, a vessel may roll too quickly or too slowly. In either case she will strain herself, and if the strain be very bad, spring leaks and become quite unseaworthy. To roll in time with the waves is also a grave fault as a steadily increasing rocking motion is set up, with the result that the vessel may finally turn right over.

A well-built vessel carefully loaded does not point its bow at the sky one moment and then plunge it under the waves, but appears to move with the water, and in rolling rolls rather more slowly than the waves themselves.



THE LATE SIR JOHN AIRD, BART.

Born in 1833, he joined his father at an early age in the contracting business, in which he became famous, his greatest work being the construction of the Aswan Dam on the Nile. He was only eighteen when, in 1851, he was entrusted with important work connected with the first of world's fairs, for which the Crystal Palace was constructed in London.



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BIRTHS.

CORK—On January 25th, 1911, at Collingwood, Ont., the wife of S. L. Cork, manager of the Traders Bank of Canada, a daughter.

Journalism in Cactus Centre.

DOWN here in Cactus Centre we ain't much on splittin' hairs; In the fancy shades of language we are puttin' on no airs, But we're shy one young reporter—it was strange how it occurred—Who mused up a brilliant future when he chose jest one wrong word.

He hustled local items for the "Stockmen's Weekly Star"; He was young and plum ambitious, and he made friends near and far; He never knocked nobody, but he allus tried to boost, And we thought he'd make a wonder on the journalistic roost.

But he wrote, with good intentions, as most every one allows, "Our townsman, Pecos Johnson, has gone South to rustle cows"; He meant to say that Pecos was a roundin' up his brand, For he didn't know that "rustle" meant to thieve in Cattle Land.

When Pecos Johnson read it he put on an extry gun, And he came to town a-frothin' with his bronco on the run; The reporter got a warnin' and he hopped a cowboy's beast And he started navigatin' for the calm and distant East.

We got old Pecos east when he'd busted up the press, And had shot holes in the sanctum and had made the type a mess; And we'd like a bright reporter who is broke to Western slang—No more such babes shall monkey with our newspaper shebang! —Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

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Two experienced salesmen for city. Must be men of established probity who are competent to meet and interview the most select clientele; to such salesmen a lucrative and permanent position is assured. Apply personally or by letter to Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, 41-43 Queen street west (opposite City Hall), Toronto.



A N E C D O T A L

"It is a tremendous undertaking to get a new play accepted and produced," once said the late Clyde Fitch to a friend. "So many are written and so few ever see the light of day. An English playwright with a gift of humorous exaggeration illustrated this fact to me once. He told me how he submitted a play to a celebrated actor and how in the course of conversation the actor remarked: "Don't you think it is growing chilly in this room?" "Yes, it is rather," the young playwright admitted. "Then the actor rang a bell and a servant forthwith appeared. "James," said the actor, "this room is rather cold. You may put three more manuscripts on the fire!"

HE was under the influence when he wandered into a barber shop, and after being shaved sat down in the bootblack's chair. "How do you get paid? Wages?" he asked. "So suh," answered the bootblack, "I work on a pubcentage—sixty pubcent's mine." "Shicksty p'cent." "Yes, suh." "F you take in a hundred dollars you keep shicksty?" "Yes suh." "F you take in a thousand, you keep shicks hundred?" "Yes, suh." "An' hundred thousand, you keep shicksty thousand?" "Yes, suh." "My, my," said he in a puzzled manner, "what're you goin' t' do with so much money?"

A CLEVER bit of electioneering dodgery was devised by an agent who had been forbidden to corrupt the electors. He called a meeting and attended with his pockets full of gold. "I have to inform you gentlemen," he began, "that there is to be no bribery on our side during this election. (Hear, hear). For my part I do not intend to give away a penny piece. (Uneasy silence). But I am afraid there are some d—d rascals in this room, and that presently they will lay me on the table and take 'one sovereigns out of my pockets. The next few minutes he spent upon the table.

DANIEL O'CONNELL in replying to an opponent, was lead once to phrase his remarks strongly. "Order, order!" exclaimed the Speaker, pounding with his gavel. Again in a minute or two, did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not wish him to be put out of the debate, so they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat tails.

Now, it is a very dangerous mat-

Michel!" whined the boy. "He was to have met me here, but he hasn't come." The policeman, of course, accepted the explanation and let him go, whereupon the boy retreated twenty paces, struck a derisive attitude, and yelled, "And whom did you mean by 'the booby'?"

A YOUNG attorney not noted for his brilliancy recently appeared in court to ask for an extra allowance in an action which he was so fortunate as to have been retained in. The court not discovering anything at all unusual, complicated, or extraordinary about the litigation, in-

man could hardly believe his eyes. He tore in a taxicab to Tallis Street. He burst in on the editor like an explosion. "Why didn't we have a story of the fire?" he asked. The new editor looked calmly through his spectacles, and replied: "What was the use of printing anything about it? Everybody in town was there to see the whole thing for themselves."

A N old couple came in from the country with a big basket of lunch to see the circus. The lunch was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed a crowded



A SUBTLE BEAUTY.
"Young Halloran seems to have a great admiration for your daughter, Mrs. McCarthy."
"Sure 'twas the same wid me when I was a gerri, Miss. Ah, manny's the brave young heart was broke by my face!" —Punch.

quired of the young man: "What is there about this case that you seem extraordinary?" "That I got it," blandly and innocently replied the youthful aspirant for fees.

THE occupant of the fourth-floor flat was looking through the pages of the dictionary the agent was trying to sell him. "No," he said, closing the book and handing it back. "I don't want it. It's twenty years behind the times. It defines 'janitor' as the 'caretaker' of a building. He's the caremaker!"

OF his Cambridge days a dignitary of the Church of England tells this story: He always wore a white tie, and when he got his fellowship, full of pride, he went to call upon the master of his college. He rang the bell, the door was opened, and he was about to present his card, when the footman, who had

street the husband held out his hand and said, "Gimme that basket, Hannah." The poor old woman surrendered the basket with a grateful look. "That's real kind o' ye, Joshua," she quavered. "Kind!" grunted the old man. "I wuz afeared ye'd git lost."

IT is related of the president of a famous college that at one time he allowed his wife to persuade him of the uselessness of fire insurance on household goods, and he allowed his policy to lapse. But, better judgment asserting itself, he finally renewed his insurance. The same day a fire in his wife's rooms destroyed some of her dresses, which the professor enjoyed as a good joke.

In due time the president of the insurance company wrote President Blank this letter:

"DEAR MR. BLANK. We enclose check for \$500, paying your fire claim under our policy B6007.

"I note in passing upon these papers that the policy went into effect at noon, Dec. 10, and the fire did not occur until 3 p.m. Why the delay?"

TWO miserable-looking hoboes called on the dean of a medical college and proposed that he purchase their bodies for the dissecting room, as they were on the verge of starvation and had not long to live. "It is an odd proposition," hesitated the dean.

"But it is occasionally done," suggested the spokesman, eagerly. "Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?" "Over in New York," replied the spokesman, "they gave us \$40."

TWO Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go supperward, Sandy said to Jock: "Jock, mon. I'll go ye a round on the links in the morn'." "The morn'?" Jock repeated doubtfully. "Aye, mon, the morn'," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a round on the links the morn'." "Aye, wee'l," said Sandy. "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get marriet in the morn'."

A N old man, applying to an English village minister, was offered the position of grave-digger, with a remuneration of so much a grave.

"Will I get steady work?" he asked anxiously.

"Steady work," shouted the minister, "why, with steady work you would buy the whole village out in one week."

SOME strange queries come into a newspaper information bureau. The and the answers are not always easy,

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Are you wearing underclothing that is uncomfortable, ill-fitting, part cotton, that does not keep the body at a uniform temperature.

Better discard it and get an outfit of

Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear

It is the truest economy and will save you many a doctor's bill.



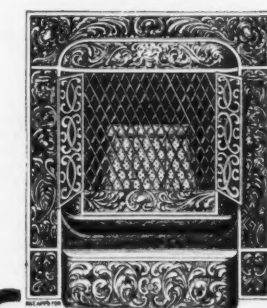
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but one of the funniest was this: answered the reporter, who had once "Say, is this The Evening Times information bureau?" inquired a voice at the other end of the wire. "It is," "Oh, pshaw" came regretfully from politely answered the reporter. "Any- thing we can do for you?" "Well, I want to know who was it killed Abel?" "Why, his brother, Cain," was Goliath. Thanks."

The Bookshelf

"Pragmatism and Its Critics." A defence of a system of thought, by A. W. Moore, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago. Published by The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

WHEN Professor William James, of Harvard University, died some few months ago, he was recognized as having made the greatest contribution ever given by an American to the great cause of philosophic thought. Even those who did not accept the tenets of the system proclaimed by Professor James, pointed out that his work had been an endeavor to bring philosophy into the domain of conduct and workaday life, and as such they gave it the highest praise and ascribed to it a very powerful and valuable influence. He had tried to make philosophy a useful and understandable thing to the ordinary man; and the ordinary man, in gratitude for the intention, if not entirely for the achievement, gave him a respectful attention that few philosophers have received in latter years.

Now Professor James is dead, and his friends and followers are passing on and keeping pure the message which he preached to men. Professor Moore, of Chicago University—home of many sensational developments in thought, wise and otherwise—is one of the latest and most prominent to do this. In the present volume he endeavors to answer some of the host of objectors and objections that have sprung up since Pragmatism has become a subject of almost popular interest. But Professor Moore would have done well to have followed the beautiful lucidity of style of Professor James as well as his philosophical tenets. It must be confessed that Professor Moore is not likely to be generally hailed as having helped to make philosophy anything but a bogey to the ordinary man.

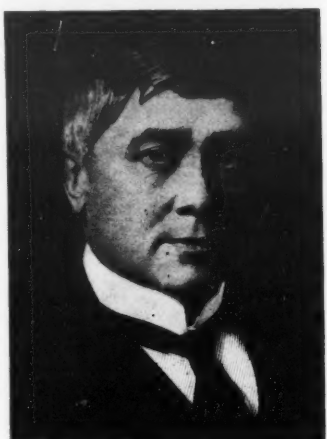
In the opening volume, Professor Moore makes a good distinction. He points out that in calling Pragmatism "a new name for an old way of thinking," Professor James meant that while it was an old way of thinking in science and practical life, it had not been the conscious and avowed method in philosophy. In this respect, therefore, Pragmatism was neither old nor universal. To quote Professor Moore:

"The present Pragmatic movement began in a discussion of the nature and function of thinking in 'experience'—or, if we prefer the more cosmic term, in the 'world.' In that discussion the Pragmatist's thesis was and is, not that experience is nothing but conduct; but that all thinking—that is, reflective, deliberative thinking—is a mode or a stage of conduct. And by 'conduct' the Pragmatist means action which is seeking to maintain and develop that which is satisfying or 'valuable,' or to get rid of that which is dissatisfying and worthless."

Here the language is a little difficult, but the meaning is fairly clear—which is more than can be said for a great deal of this small but very erudite volume. The following extract is worth quoting at length, as showing what may happen to a movement for the popularization of thought when it falls into the hands of the friends of the original thinker. Professor Moore is using as illustration the case of a tooth, an ache, and the idea connecting the two. He says:—

"Let us consider further the situation before and after the idea. We have agreed that before the idea the tooth and ache are 'objectively' connected. Indeed, in one sense there is too much connection. They are so merged that mutual reference and mutual control are impossible. What is needed is a certain amount of disconnection, of disentanglement, and of re-articulation. If we wish to say that before the idea the tooth is the 'cause' of the ache, after the idea it certainly is something more. The moment the pain is referred to the

tooth the tooth ceases to be merely the cause of the pain. Indeed, it then begins to cease being the cause. It now begins to be the cause of the pain's cessation. From being a mere condition of the pain, it begins to be through the ideating process a condition of not-pain. As Hegel would say, it is now *aufgehoben*, and passes into its opposite. Here, indeed, is the source of Hegel's riotous dialectic, but here also is the principle for the control of that riot. For Hegel, this passing of a thing over into 'its other' is just a peculiar and ultimate effect of thinking. Think about anything, and presto! it begins to become something else. And so it does. This, indeed, is just the pragmatic thesis. But what it becomes depends on the problem and interest. Let us suppose that there were no desire to get rid of the pain, and that in some way—



MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
From a recent portrait of the famous essayist and dramatist whose "Blue Bird," will soon be seen in Toronto.

as an act of an 'ideational instinct'—the pain should be connected with the tooth. What transformation of the tooth or pain would there be? Nothing would be *aufgehoben* in this case. The whole dialectic would be stopped in its tracks. Is it not clear that the reason that there is a dialectic of thought is because at bottom thought is a part of the total process of an efficient desire and effort to effect a change in experienced values?"

Evidently this is not a book for the ordinary reader. He who runs may not read this.

"The Golden Web," a mystery story. By Anthony Partridge, author of "Passers-By," "The Kingdom of Earth," etc. Illustrated by William Kirkpatrick. Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

THIS is called a mystery story, inasmuch as it deals with documents bearing on the possession of a gold-mine in South Africa, the death in a fight of the man who holds them, their theft by the sister of his slayer, their being taken from her by force, and finally the compromise which brings the book to a more or less happy conclusion. But this story is told with a great deal more of restraint and attention to probability than is usual in this class of work.

The hero is one of the younger members of the financial set in London—Deane, a man of great force of character and ability, who has risen to be the head of one of the richest mining corporations. To him comes a former associate with a deed which purports to give him the title to the richest mine the corporation owns. He makes threats and brandishes his parchment, whereupon Deane promptly has him thrown out of his office. But he knows the damage that can be done with such a paper on the stock exchange, and he arranges with a broken-down associate of both himself and the other to get the paper. Rowan tries to do so, quarrels with Sinclair, and in the struggle kills him unintentionally. He is tried, found guilty, and condemned to death, but reprieved through Deane's influence. Then his sister appears on the scene. She obtains possession of the document by stealing it from the belongings of the dead man. She then makes a bargain with Deane that he shall marry her. He makes the agreement unwillingly, but he is soon fascinated by her and really falls in love. But in the meantime a niece of Sinclair turns up with a former mining partner, and they finally obtain possession of the document by taking it by force from Miss Rowan. Then begins a bitter fight, which is full of interest and incident. But it all ends up comfortably enough, as good mystery stories should. This one is worth while, for those who enjoy the relaxation which comes from reading of crime and the swift events that accompany it.



Sir Alfred Austin, England's Poet Laureate.

"The Paternoster Ruby." A detective story, by Charles Edmonds Walk, author of "The Silver Blade," "The Yellow Circle," etc. Illustrated by J. V. McFall. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

THEY say that rubies have gone out of fashion. But this does not apply to detective stories. There they are in as great demand as ever for murders, dashing robberies, and all the fashionable forms of crime. They enjoy an even greater vogue than big diamonds. It's all in the color. There is something mysterious and terrifying in the blood-red glow of a great ruby, that makes it peculiarly suitable as the motive for a thrilling plot. Besides, all great rubies in fiction have been the eye or the heart or some other vital portion of a Hindoo god; and this gives the author a beautiful chance to introduce a number of picturesque brigands or fanatics from the Orient.

The present story—which is told in the first person by Swift, the detective—gives a rather new treatment of the familiar old theme. There is a conflict between Wall Street giants, one of whom holds the ruby. He is murdered, and almost every character in the book is brought under the baleful suspicion of having tapped the old gentleman on the coco with an iron candlestick. The last one to be accused is the other Wall Street magnate. He even thinks he did so himself. But the detective knows better. And after sleuthing around for another chapter or two he manages to convince the said magnate that he didn't do it at all, and that the old man wasn't killed with the candlestick anyway. He also discovers that the ruby wasn't stolen, for the very good reason that it wasn't there to steal. Very clever fellow, the detective! If he had worked a little longer he might have shown that the old man wasn't dead after all. But fortunately he stopped before he thwarted the reader's desire for gore. It is a somewhat complicated story, but it is a fairly good specimen of the kind of story in which aged magistrates are killed for their possession of sacred rubies—real or otherwise.

"The Cathedrals of Northern France." By T. Francis Bumpus, author of "The Cathedrals of England and Wales," etc. Illustrated from photographs and sketches. Published by T. Werner Laurie, London.

THE cathedrals of northern France have perhaps been oftener written up and pictured than any other set of buildings in the world. But theirs is the beauty which age cannot wither nor custom stale. One therefore, extends a very hearty welcome to this latest attempt to translate their grandeur and poetry into words and pictures for the benefit of the ordinary reader of books. Mr. Bumpus has done his work very well. In his sketches of the various cathedrals with which he deals, he gives enough of their history to enable one to get an understanding of the circumstances from which they sprang, and enough concerning their architecture to enable the layman to appreciate their beauty with more knowledge and place them in their proper position in the development of Gothic architecture. Altogether it is an interesting and useful book.

"Priest and Layman." A Christian Science novel, by Ada Carter, author of "The Seamless Robe," etc. Published by T. Werner Laurie, London.

THIS book, which is an attempt to show Christian Science at work in the lives of men and women, has all the beautiful lucidity of style and coherence of method which distinguish Mrs. Eddy's masterpiece, "Science and Health." After a very weird allegorical introduction, the story opens in an island of the South Pacific. It starts with a clergyman but ends with a doctor. Both gentlemen love the heroine, who is a sort of younger Mary Baker Eddy; but she is one of those bright spirits that can never come down to anything so brutal as matrimony. And they are quite satisfied with the state of affairs. The doctor is a wonder at doctoring, and he saves the life of the King—the King of England in a slight disguise. But the Doc finally comes to realize that medicine is all wrong. Here is the dialogue in which he announces his discovery to the heroine. "Gabriel, you spoke to me once long ago of a new philosophy, of which my father learnt a little while before he died."

"Yes," she answered softly, then waited again while David's eagerness was stilled by the sudden hush in her voice.

"That new philosophy," he said, "I know it now. The better way, the

way of holiness, the way of health, is the way of life; never, never the way of death."

"Its name?" she asked, and now the world for her was filled with silence and it seemed that she had waited thus for years.

"Its name?" he said. "Oh, Gabriel! It has many names. Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Prince of Peace."

"Its name to-day?" she asked, and now her voice was deep, even a little stern. Then once more she waited while the world for her lay still as the blue of the sky or the calm of a motionless sea.

"To-day," David answered softly, "to-day, its name is—Christian Science."

"Dear!" That was all that Gabriel said, but she crossed the room, then lifted her hand and rested it on his head, almost her only method of caress."

Dear! Dear! Now what do you think of that!

Tom Folio

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Leipzig is the largest publication centre in the world. More books and periodicals are printed there than anywhere else, and more people are engaged in making and using printers' supplies than in London, New York, Berlin, or Paris. Out of a total of 30,718 books, that were published in the German empire last year, 11,219 were printed and issued in Leipzig, and 3,722 music books and pieces of sheet music. Many of the orders came from England, France, Austria and other countries, because the mechanical work can be done in Leipzig much cheaper than elsewhere. More than half of the transactions in books take place at the Leipzig book fair, which occurs every year at the jubilate, the first week in Easter, when booksellers and publishers from all parts of Germany assemble to compare and balance accounts and to make contracts for the next year.

Contemporary efforts in this country and England to found societies for fostering a love of poetry recalls the fact that a similar attempt was made in France in the sixteenth century. Five young men, attending a college in Paris, all of good family and from homes of culture, deliberately banded themselves into a society to refashion the poetry of their country and reform its literature. They called themselves the Pleiade.

To a correspondent who sought permission to write his biography, George B. Shaw replied: "Don't! A life of me, if true, would be unfit for publication. If false, it would be a drug in a market already overstocked with lies. On the whole, though I discouraged your recent resolution to devote your life to doing good, I do not see that you need rush so violently into the opposite extreme as to turn biographer."

Paul Heyse, the German novelist, who has won this year's Nobel prize in literature, is recognized as a master of his art in his own language. He has been a writer for sixty years. "L'Arrabiata" was his first and one of his best stories. "Vetter Gabriel" and "The Heart Divided" are among the leading favorites with his readers. His one drama, "Mary of Magdala," was translated by William Winter and produced by Mrs. Fiske.

Byron can claim another enthusiastic admirer in Frederic Harrison, who puts the case for that poet thus: "Tens of thousands of cultivated men and women in Europe and in America delight in Byron, while they have never heard of Keats and never read a line of Wordsworth; and some fastidious critics tell us that is because Byron is 'obvious.' Byron is obvious in the sense of not being obscure; indeed, Horace or Pope is not more perfectly intelligible and direct. But it is not poetic mastery to be able to construct enigmas in verse; and it is one of the fads of our time to vaunt the 'industrial' interpretation of 'metrical cryptograms.'" Another of Mr. Harrison's literary verdicts is concerned with Meredith's poetry. "Nature had denied him an ear for music in verse, to which he seems insensible, just as Beethoven's deafness never permitted him to hear his own magnificent symphonies. For all this subtlety and originality, Meredith's verse is unreadable by reason of its intolerable cacophony."

Anatole France is reported to have given this view of Tolstol, the reformer: "If his ideas, although founded on a conception of religion still strong in the Slav and Anglo-Saxon races, contain a renewal of humanity's ideal, if they are the presentment which a man of genius has of the tendencies of humanity, then this Utopia may bear great fruits. For even if it cannot be carried out ideally, it is a beautiful tendency, which will show men the way to go."



THE GOLDEN WEB, by Anthony Partridge—A mystery story of more than usual skill and interest.

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JIM HANDS, by Richard Washburn Child—A New England factory hand tells the story of himself and his family.

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Racing in 1910.

DURING the road racing season of 1910 no less than 106 different drivers took part in twenty-one contests, and of these only eighteen were winners. This roll of honor includes Mulford, Tetzlaff and Zengel, with two each, and Dawson, Aitken, Bruce-Brown, Dave Buck, Bill Endicott, Grant, Fancher, Gellaw, Gellard, Herrick, Hearne, Knipper Livingstone, McKeague and Padula, with one each. Besides Chevrolet, de Palma, Hanshue and Robertson, the list of also-rans includes Fleming, Harroun, Nazzaro, Oldfield and Wagner, men who usually look upon as winners when they come to the tape.

Mulford did not win his title as champion driver of the year without competition. Indeed it was possible that Joe Dawson ought to be given a higher ranking than the one with which he is credited. Dawson's work was gilt edged throughout the season, and had he been in a bigger car, Mulford would have had to look to his laurels. In most of the events in which Dawson participated he was forced to go out of his class, and yet he managed to run second to Grant in the Vanderbilt in his little Marmon, beaten only by a matter of 25 seconds. The difference between Mulford and Dawson is best explained by the fact that where Mulford in most cases was able to run well within the powers of his car, Dawson had to open his throttle to its limit, and travel all out in order to hold his own in the fast company in which he was travelling. The Indianapolis lad, who was one of the speedway stars of the season, is undoubtedly one of the greatest of American drivers and one whose work should be closely watched in the future.

Tetzlaff, who is entitled to a high ranking, is an unknown quantity. While he won two races in California, in record time, still it must be admitted that the competition he had on the Pacific Coast was not of the class against which Dawson and Mulford competed. Outside of Bert Dingley, there wasn't a driver at Los Angeles who had ever before been heard of in other sections of the country. While due credit should be given Tetzlaff for his grand work, it is the opinion of the critics that he is hardly entitled to very high ranking among the other drivers as yet. David Bruce-Brown, winner of the Grand Prix, is a youngster of great promise. He drove only twice in 1910, but his work at Savannah, when he followed out a carefully planned schedule, shows that he is to be reckoned with hereafter.

Harry Grant should be well satisfied with his one victory, for the Vanderbilt win represents the ambition of Grant's life—to capture the American classic twice, and to do it twice in succession, and in the same car. Therefore Grant probably does not feel at all humiliated because of his defeat at Elgin and Savannah, where on both occasions he met with mishaps which put him out of the running early in the fray.

Taking the drivers who achieved fame in the small-car races, the past season developed Bill Endicott and Eddie Hearne as pilots of ability. Bill Knipper had already won his spurs, and therefore it is not surprising that he should have won the Tiedeman Cup as easily as he did. Undoubtedly he would have added to his laurels and won the Massapequa Cup at the Vanderbilt meet had it not been for an accident which occurred when he had the race well in hand.

Al. Livingstone should not be forgotten in reviewing the work of the pilots of 1910, for the death of this rising star at Atlanta undoubtedly robbed the racing world of a driver who was rapidly climbing to the top. Indeed, it is a question if Livingstone should not be ranked third to Mulford and Dawson for the season. He won the Illinois Cup at Elgin, and performed brilliantly the following day, when he was second to Mulford in the Lozier in the Elgin National race itself. He had hard luck in the Vanderbilt, and had planned to go to California and participate in the Santa Monica events, where undoubtedly he would have been a big factor because of his skill and daring. Also, he probably would have driven at Savannah, where he would have had another chance to add to his fame.

Racing in 1910 resulted in the death of more celebrities than in the

previous season. Livingstone was not the only one to pay the penalty for his daring, for the mortuary list also contains names of several other well-known drivers. Tobin De Hymel, a lad of great promise, met death in a track-race at San Antonio after he had shown he was in line for great honors in the driving world. De Hymel had driven in the Vanderbilt and in the Fairmount Park races. In the latter he had performed most consistently, getting third place, and great things were expected of him in the future. Another to cross the great divide was W. H. Sharp, manufacturer of the Sharp-Arrow, who died as a result of injuries sustained in training for the Grand Prix at Savannah. Tom Kincaid of the National Team met death on the Indianapolis Speedway.

The Motor League Meeting.

THE Annual Meeting of the Ontario Motor League took place at the King Edward Hotel on Tuesday. Mr. Wm. Stone, the retiring president, occupied the chair. A large number of out of town members were present, including a special delegation from the Hamilton Automobile Club. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Paul J. Myler, Hamilton; 1st Vice-President, F. E. Mutton; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Trethewey; Directors, Wm. Stone, Wm. Dobie, T. A. Russell, Noel Marshall, J. C. Eaton, Oliver Hezlewood, H. B. Wills, J. Curry, L. B. Howland, Frank Roden, Morse Fellers, C. H. Fleming, G. Frank Beer, A. C. McMaster, Walter H. Coles, H. McGee, Dr. P. E. Doolittle, R. B. Holden, L. A. DeLaplante, Dr. A. A. MacDonald, Frederic Nicholls, H. H. Williams, Frank A. Rolph, J. A. Walker, L. L. Anthes, George S. Matthews, Brantford; W. J. Fair, Kingston; W. L. Doran, Niagara Falls; F. F. Miller, Napanee; G. M. McGregor, Walkerville; W. T. Marlatt, Oakville; H. Corby, Belleville; Lt.-Col. W. G. Hurdman, Ottawa; George S. May, M.P.P., Ottawa; H. G. Ketchum, Ottawa; J. M. Young, Hamilton; G. Lynch Staunton, H. L. Frost, M. J. Overell and S. B. Cunningham, of Hamilton.

According to the President's report the League had a very successful year. The membership increased from 749 to 1,200. The Treasurer's report showed substantial balance carried forward. Reports were received from affiliated clubs of Hamilton, Ottawa, and Kingston, all of which showed remarkable growth during the year.

The President referred in his report to the coming Automobile Show in the Armouries. It was stated that this show would be of particular interest to the general public, as it would show for the first time in Canada how motor cars were being adopted for military purposes. The Governments of France, England, and the United States and other countries had expended considerable sums in this direction. The military authorities in Canada were very much interested, and demonstration would be given of the uses of automobiles for military purposes in equipment and defence in Canada for the future.

The report dealt with a great many miscellaneous matters including legislation and good roads. The League was exerting itself to the utmost to promote the good-roads movement, not only because it was to the interest of motorists that there should be good roads, but because it was one of the most important movements, affecting all classes, before the public at present. Motorists, by special interest which they had in good roads and through their organization, were in a position to render a real service to the Province as a whole. He hoped that each member would use his influence in every possible way to further this work.

Very important work along these lines had been accomplished by the League last year. In regard to legislation matters, the President reported that the League had devoted its attention to encouraging careful driving by all motorists. Motorists had been advised by the League of the existing regulations of the Motor Vehicle Act, including all incoming tourists, of whom there were upwards of 3,000 during the year, and in every way the League strove to encourage careful driving and observance of the law.

On the other hand, the Directors considered that the speed limit of 15

miles an hour was not reasonable where there were no other vehicles on the road. They felt that the most reasonable provision would be to make the onus of negligence rest on the driver of the car in case of any accident, and to raise the speed limit.

The meeting accepted a report of the Sign Committee presented by the chairman, H. B. Wills, that an appropriation of \$2,500 be made for the erection of road direction signs throughout the Province. These signs will be erected in the early spring. The material will be gathered by men who will cover the routes selected on motor cycles.

The Care of Your Car.

IF a man can gracefully steer a machine he is considered an expert chauffeur, yet every day some part of his favorite machine is being neglected. Automobile motors of to-day are as simple in construction as it has been possible to make them, and every part is of vital importance. It was put there for a purpose and performs its own particular function, therefore needs attention from time to time.

There are motors of two types, the close and loose fitting pistons. In the former the piston rings are only used to aid in the compression and power of the car, and a very light oil should be used in the motor proper. In the latter the piston rings are entirely depended upon for power, and heavier oil should be used.

Then we come to clutches and transmissions. These sometimes occupy the same cavity, and the clutch in this case is always of the multiple disc type, but where they occupy separate chambers the gears should have heavier oil than the clutch. We have the cone leather-faced clutch which requires the frequent appliance of neatfoot oil upon the face to keep the leather soft and pliable. There are also the dry plate multiple disc and the expanding and contracting ring clutch. The former needs practically no attention and is only repaired by replacement of worn parts. The latter should be oiled daily with oil of a medium consistency and frequently adjusted by the set screw. These features are of vital importance and cover most types of cars. If the following automobile "daily calendar" is observed it would be found that the expense of keeping an automobile will be reduced to a minimum.

Monday.—Fill crank case with oil to oil level. Fill with gasoline and water. Oil valve stems, rocker arms and commutator (if dual system). Screw down grease cups (two turns) on commutator and water pump gear. While oiling inspect fan belt, water pump and connections, wiring to commutator and magneto spark plugs and terminals.

Tuesday.—Oil fan, spark and throttle mechanism. Inspect carburetor and screw down all grease cups.

Wednesday.—Put oil in crank case.



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Thursday.—Fill with gasoline and water. Oil brake rods, also shafts on rear axle. Screw down grease cups on brakeshaft, rear axle and spring seats.

Friday.—Oil starting crank. Screw down all grease cups on front springs, front axle and steering cross rod. Pack connections on fore and aft rod if necessary. Screw down grease cups on water pump and commutator gears. Inspect steering connections and front springs for loose nuts and bolts.

Saturday.—Inspect body and fender bolts. Put two or three table-

spoons full of kerosene in each cylinder to cut carbon. Oil steering wheel, spark and throttle control levers and brake levers. Oil in crank case, gasoline and water.

Sunday.—Fill lamps. Screw down all grease cups on springs. Examine prest-o-lite tank, test storage battery.

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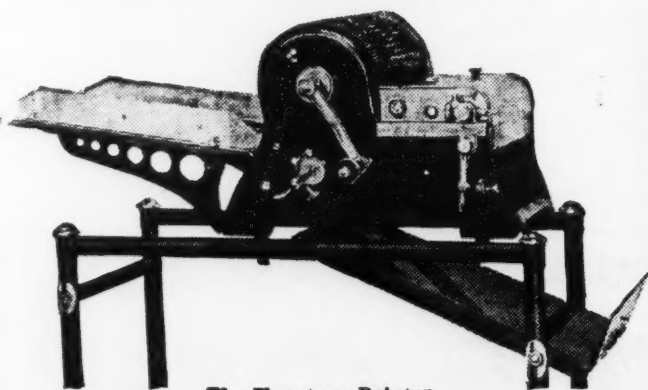
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THE Flexotype is a rotary printing press for the office. It does two classes of work—multiple type-writing and direct printing. Its work is as good as that of any printer.

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(To be continued)

MEN'S WEAR

DURING the past few weeks interesting correspondence has been published in the daily papers in regard to the increasing tendency on the part of our male population to have more observance for comfort in their everyday dress than the strict dictates of fashion allow—in other words, alleging that men are becoming slovenly in matters of attire. The following interesting commentary on the subject appeared in "Country Life."

Some days ago a correspondent wrote to a contemporary bemoaning the vast change that had come over the dress of the modern man. He had been to the park, to dinner parties, to the theatres, and other haunts of the man of fashion, and found that a great change had taken place. We ought to explain that he had been absent from England and returned to it after a period of year. We are sure that everybody will agree as to the alterations being made, even though they are not much in sympathy with the tone of complaint in the communication referred to. What are the articles of dress that have been discarded or revolutionized?

There is, first, the tall hat which irreverent youth knows by the name of the stove pipe. The correspondent must be a very old man if he remembers a time when there were not many mutterings of rebellion against this headgear. Its advocates, to be sure, contended that, in spite of its appearance, it was comfortable; but the answer was that the skill of the hatter had prevailed over the ugliness and discomfort suggested by the shape. The readiness with which it was laid aside when encouragement to do so was given in high quarters showed that at the best there had existed only a lukewarm zeal for the high hat. It was replaced by the bowler; but this contrivance of stiff felt is not considered as comfortable as it might be, and at the present moment the ingenuity of the hatter is directed towards producing a luxurious cap that may be used instead of a hat. For, as the hat has come down in popular esteem, the cap has gone up. We remember when it was considered wear only for a working man, and it was difficult to obtain one that cost more than eightpence or half-a-crown at the outside. But the zeal and ingenuity of the hatter have changed all this, and now, at any of the West-End shops, expensive and, we must add, comfortable caps are on sale. It is evident, therefore, that the masculine mind has, in the matter of headgear, steadily pursued the ideal of comfort as opposed to the feminine mind, which, regardless of comfort, has expressed all its extravagance in hats that seem continually widening their area. Next in the category of the well dressed man stood the frock coat, the tall hat and frock coat being, so to speak, wedded together for certain functions and appearances. A few years ago it was considered an atrocity for a man to appear in a frock coat and a low hat; and, indeed, it was an atrocity. But the man with the low hat got rid of it by changing his frock coat into a short jacket. There are thousands of men in the London of to-day who go about shamelessly in this attire of a short coat and low hat who a matter of ten

or fifteen years ago would have blushed to have been seen in the street without the stovepipe and frock coat.

Still more shocking to the dandy of the old school is the revolution in shirts that has been accomplished. Thirty or forty years ago there was nothing a well-dressed man prided himself more on than the scrupulous cleanliness of his linen, and in order to maintain that pure white color he did not mind changing his underwear two or three times during the day, to say nothing of that final change which was made for dinner in the evening. But to-day the starched linen shirt seems to have fallen on evil times. Very few people wear it if they can avoid doing so, and every day the number is increasing of those who have substituted for it an unstarched, soft, colored shirt. It would hardly be true to say that this alteration is a return to simplicity, as shirtmakers have vied with one another in the endeavor to produce a soft colored shirt that combines beauty with a luxurious comfort which the white starched shirt could not possibly yield.

To some extent, perhaps, golf is responsible for these changes. At any rate, practice at the game familiarized many who previously had been wedded to the white shirt with the increased comfort that could be obtained from a colored one, and though for a time the latter article was rigorously kept for the course or the playing field, it has with insidious treachery undermined the position of its linen predecessor; nor is there any chance, as far as can be seen, of the modern man returning to the more formal wear of his early days. He has come to see that he can be happier by laying aside those articles which used to be conventionally prescribed. It is pathetic to read his description of the man in evening clothes. "Turn-down collars, with black ties and even colored waistcoats were to be seen." This even colored waistcoats is written in the very eloquence of "horror," but it only prepares for something worse to follow. "I noticed," goes on the writer, "one individual wearing black boots with brown uppers." Here he seems to have become speechless, although he subsequently revived sufficiently to lay down the law with a kind of magisterial scorn. "One would have thought it quite unnecessary," he says, "to point out that evening dress consists of a swallow-tailed coat, white or black waistcoat, trousers of the same material as the coat, a white tie, white kid gloves and patent leather Oxford shoes." It reads as if he believed there was a law of the Medes and Persians ordaining that masculine members of the human race, as long as rivers fall and wind blows, to use an old expression, should in the evening don a swallow-tailed coat. He evidently thinks that to go into polite society without this garment is sufficient to cause a confusion of Nature; yet, all unconsciously, he supplies the key to his own riddle when he admits that the evening jacket is comfortable. Comfort cannot exist side by side with worry, and the end and ideal of the dress of to-day is that it should be comfortable.

For Men who Really Care How They Look

W.T.R.

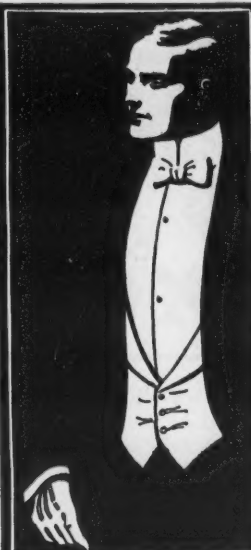
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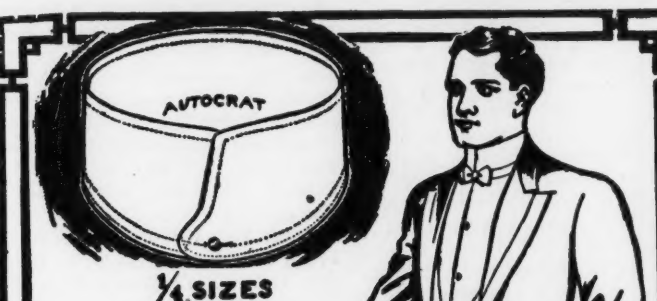


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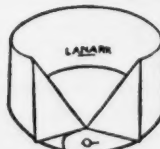


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vation of life. It should be mainly realistic, and should try to picture the manners, vices, and follies of the times. It should have a definite, conventional, happy ending.

Tragedy is derived from the experience of life. It should have a definite, unhappy, conventional ending. It should not be realistic. It should be mainly imaginative. In spite of the great work of Ibsen, I am inclined to say that there is no such thing as realistic tragedy. I am speaking, of course, of the two great classic forms. But modern Englishmen and Americans can scarcely be called classic—at any rate, at present—and I am afraid aspiring dramatists must be content at present with giving their audiences something less than classic masterpieces.

A TORONTO AEROPLANE.

THE first aeroplane to be built in Toronto is now under construction for H. B. Willis, director of Ontario Motor League, by Mr. Louis Rea, who has made a special study of aeronautics. The machine will not be completed for some months. Arrangement has just been made by the manager of the coming Automobile Show in the Armouries, by which the machine will be in the show, and Mr. Rea will carry on the construction of it during the Show. This will, no doubt, prove of great interest to every one interested in the new science of aviation.

THE hour was one a.m. Inside the dimly lighted hallway stood Mrs. Dorkins with a grim smile on her face. The front door was bolted. "John," she said, in cutting accents, "you have been dissipating at the club again!" "Maria," spoke a voice outside, rapidly, clearly and distinctly, "he blew lugubriously on the blooming bugle!" Instantly she unfasted and opened the door. Mr. Dorkins had not been dissipating.

The Budding Playwrights.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES is surely the most genial subject ever tackled by the American interviewer. Under reasonable conditions, he is always approachable, and rare are the occasions when he is not ready to talk about that craft of playwriting in which he has attained such distinguished success. In his latest interview he actually gives away the secret of his vocation: "If a young dramatist came to me and asked me what books he should study to find out how to write a play, I would tell him: 'Study Aristotle's Poetics.' His three or four great leading rules are a perfect guide in writing a permanently successful play." In the classification of plays Mr. Jones adopts a simpler tabulation than that favored by the wordy Polonius:

As a matter of fact, there are only two great kinds of dramatic art, comedy and tragedy.

Comedy is derived from the obser-



ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM,

The famous pupil of Franz Liszt, who will give a centenary piano recital in honor of his master at Massey Hall on March 15.



His Majesty's Guards

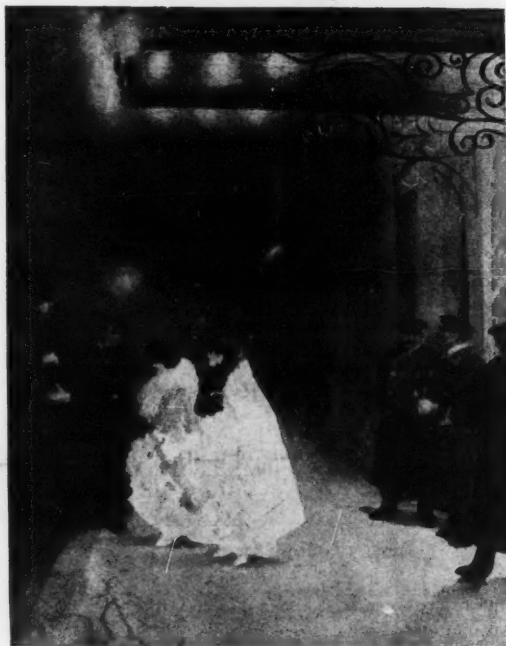
are asking for "NOBLEMEN" Cigars. Captain the Hon. Douglas-Pennant writes from the "Guards" Club, Pall Mall, London, Eng., and asks the price of "NOBLEMEN" Cigars, delivered London, Eng.

There's a reason for the inquiry. It is summed up in one word, "QUALITY."

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"NOBLEMEN" size, two for a quarter. S. DAVIS & SONS, LTD., MONTREAL.
"FANTELAS" size, 10c. straight. Makers of the Famous
"CONCHA FINA" size, 3 for 25c. "PERFECTION" 10c. Cigars.



After the Play



HE concert or the dance, you'll find the pleasure of the evening will be greatly enhanced if a Taxicab awaits you at the door. ¶ How much better this than having to take your chances with the waiting crowd that rush the cars—elbowing, pushing, and jostling to get on. ¶ Injured feelings, a torn dress, or having to hold a strap all the way home spoils the evening's pleasure. ¶ In a Taxicab, you can travel to the theatre and back in the same exclusive comfort and convenience as the owners of private cars. The same complete service is yours for a moderate fee. ¶ A Taxicab enables you to escape crowded cars, crowded streets, and to travel always in comfort. Saves expensive gowns, saves time, saves body and mind. Travel safely and pleasantly. Try the Taxicab way. ¶ Phone Main 6921 and you'll have a Taxicab at your door in a very few minutes in charge of a capable and civil driver.

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Bank exchanges in the United States during Dec., 1910, ran weekly about \$500,000,000 less than a year ago, the decline equalling about 15 per cent. It cannot be said on the basis of these figures, however, that the country's general trade is 15 per cent. less active than a twelvemonth ago, for of one week's decline in

clearings from 1909, \$400,000,000 was contributed by New York city alone, and the decline here, in turn, was chiefly due to the great reduction from 1909 in Wall Street activities. Eliminating the exchanges due to operations of the financial markets, it is possible that the net decline in clearings has been little more than 5 per cent.

An Old World Diary.

NEW impressions and stories of some of the brilliant literary and social figures the England of a hundred years ago are given in the diary of John Herman Merivale, which has just been rescued from the obscurity of a privately printed book. Merivale was a magazine writer, a versifier, and a translator, but his service for us lies in his fortunately preserved memories of his acquaintances who were greater than he. In these pages we meet Sheridan, who, though brilliant during his second bottle, after his third was only a bore. We are still more strongly reminded of the important place which drinking held at that period by the action of Lord Northampton, when, as Master of the Rolls, he begged the King's permission to have morning instead of evening sittings, on the ground that he was in the habit of getting drunk in the afternoon and therefore could not trust the justice of his decisions made later in the day. One hopes, for the sake of those depending upon justice as dispensed by him, that the permission was promptly given. His reason was certainly a sufficient one. The elder Disraeli lived "in a magnificent house (for an author), surrounded with books and new publications," and gave Merivale "a most civil and flattering reception" upon the occasion of a call. He was, however, "incredibly, almost ludicrously, dull in conversation, perpetually aiming at something like wit, and attempting to tell a story in which he uniformly fails in a manner burlesque enough to make a stage character." It was here that he first met Lockhart, editor of the Quarterly Review, with whom also he was not favorably impressed. He repeats a story told by Richard ("Conversation") Sharp of a nation in which a candidate for high political honors had to prove his fitness for office by examining the sun through a telescope and pronouncing it triangular. His picture of Coleridge is more detailed.

He soon took his chair and began to hold forth *ex cathedra*. He brought downstairs with him the folio edition of Baxter's "History of His Life and Times" as a sort of text to preach from, and at first began to eulogize the book and its author. The former bore witness to the value he appears to set upon it from the number of registers inserted in almost every page. The author he designated as the most eminently entitled of any character he knows to the blessings of the peacemaker. From Baxter the strain of his argument flowed almost imperceptibly into metaphysics and most abstruse mysteries of religion.

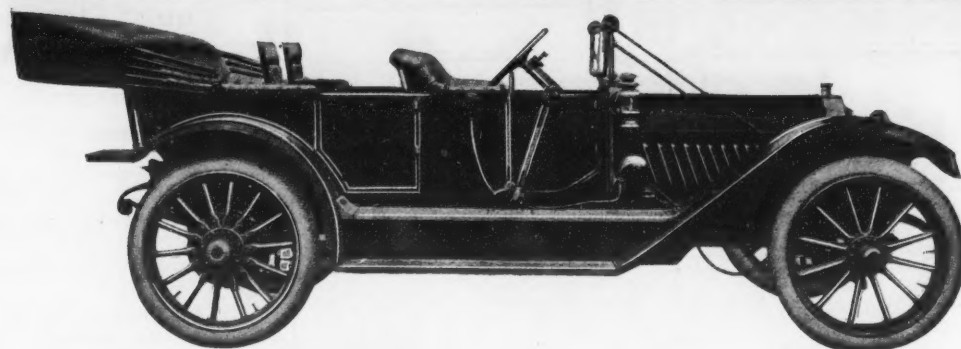
A later visit, while renewing Merivale's astonishment at the seer's flow of language, brilliance of imagery, and exalted powers of eloquence, left him doubtful whether his obscurity was or was not due to a lack of clearness in his ideas. Merivale's feelings concerning Edward Irving were mixed. As an orator he exceeded his highest expectations. "I certainly never witnessed such a combination of all the qualities of an orator in such high perfection. Countenance, gesture, voice, all grand and imposing in the highest degree. Frequency and force of imagery equal to Jeremy Taylor, and, above all, an inspiring note of conviction." In private he was less impressive. Merivale met him at Basil Montague's, and Irving, although a guest, acted as if himself the host, accepting the visit as to himself; he admitted also that he had hardly read a word of Byron's "Vision of Judgment," although he had denounced it from the pulpit. "I did not see enough to form a judgment," says Merivale, "but what I did see was," once more, "not favorable."

The First German Railway.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the first railway was introduced into Germany. The experiment was naturally on a modest scale from Ludwigsbann joining up Nuremberg to Furth. The six kilometers of seventy-five years ago have increased to-day to 60,000 kilometers, a kilometer being five-eighths of a mile; and it is claimed that Germany to-day possesses the finest railway system in Europe. The first locomotive used on the Nuremberg-Furth line was named the Adler and was made under the superintendence of Stephenson in England. It cost £860.—London Globe.

A Hint to Will Makers.

MRS. CYRUS BROUSE, of Northumberland, Dauphin county, divided a plot of ground 240 feet square among her four sons. The plot was divided into four equal parts and the location of each designated on slips of paper to which strings were attached. The sons are Reuben and Frank of Northumberland and Thomas and Earl of Sunbury, and each drew a slip designating his share. All are satisfied, and two contemplate



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This, the latest production of the Oldsmobile designers, claims the enthusiastic attention of experts and public.

Beyond all that has gone before, and beyond anything produced this year, it is the crowning achievement of the automobile industry to date.

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It has an aluminum body—a body designed on finer lines than any car we've seen.
The cylinders have 5-inch bore, and 6-inch stroke—of course you realize there are six of them.
The motor is a real triumph of automobile mechanism; and it develops all the power needed to move this big, imposing car at as fast a speed as its owner may desire.

When you see one of these truly regal cars on the street or in the country, you'll realize that the man who owns one has made a wise choice. Nothing quite so handsome or quite so efficient will be seen in Canada this year.

But do not wait until you see one on the streets—we extend a wide-open invitation to all interested in motoring, to come, here and now, to see this car that we're so proud of.

Price, with full equipment, including auxiliary seats, special quality top, high grade wind shield, warmer, 100-mile speedometer, and demountable rims, \$6,500.00.

When you are at our Garage do not fail to examine the Oldsmobile Autocrat. This is a four-cylinder car constructed along the same general lines as the "Oldsmobile Limited," and at its price, \$4,550.00, is about as sound a motor car proposition as you can find.

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building on their properties in the spring.—Philadelphia Record.

In Covington, Georgia, the mayor offered free marriage licenses and wedding fees as Christmas gifts.

It is one of the mysteries of life how two men can make a bargain, and both get the worst of it.
Actions speak louder than words. A judgment is always worse than a mere dun.

Some people are only contented when they have more than they can possibly use.

SOURCES ST LOUIS

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Nor would you care to be deprived of his more serious and equally intensely interesting articles on economics.

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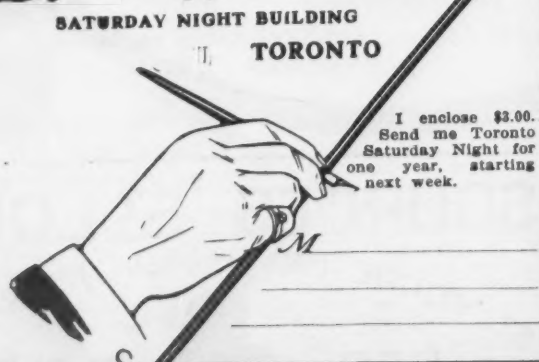
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TO the colored man who made application for work he listened and awaited the finish of the tale of the applicant's qualifications for the job, then stalled in this manner: "Well, I'd like to give you the place, but I'm afraid I can't, for you tell

me you are married. I have special reasons for wanting to give this position to a single man." "Why, boss," exclaimed the willing worker, "if dat's de on'y trouble, Ah kin git a divorce between now an' when you-alls ready foh me to start in."

Tales of London's Public Houses

[All Rights Reserved]

A PUBLIC house hardly seems to be the sort of place where one might expect to find happenings of a romantic nature, but all the same the writer knows of some occurrences in the liquor trade which read as if they belonged more to the domain of fiction than of fact.

Here is one which it would be hard to find a parallel to outside the covers of a novel or a book of fairy tales. Some twenty years ago there was a hardworking Jew in the East End of London, who followed the occupation of leather dressing, and by dint of great self-denial managed to save a matter of fifty pounds or so. With this he somehow succeeded in getting accepted as tenant of a small beerhouse in the neighborhood of Lower Hill, and nursed the ambition of working up the trade so that he might perhaps clear two or three pounds a week for himself. But the poor Israelite soon found that to achieve success as a publican something more than the mere ability to "put a head" on a pot of beer is necessary, and at the end of a twelve month he was worried to the verge of desperation by importunate creditors in the daytime, and his sleeping hours were one long hideous nightmare of what would happen when he and his family were turned into the street. The strain at last became so great that he could stand it no longer; but instead of turning his thoughts to suicide or America, as a man with less backbone would have done, he called a meeting of his creditors, and addressed them somewhat after the following fashion: "If everything I have were turned into money it would not realize one tenth part of the amount which is due to you. If you drive me into bankruptcy the little there is will be swallowed up in costs, and none of you will get a single farthing. Now I don't believe that there is one of you who is not of the opinion that I would pay you every cent I owe you if I could, and, this being so, I'll put it to you that your interests don't lie in the direction of smashing me up so that I can't trade, but rather require you to help me to make some money so that I can pay you. What I suggest then is that you should all of you let your present debts stand over, and, further than that, give me more credit to an equal amount. I didn't know enough of the trade to keep me out of the wet when I first came into this house, but I am certain that I can make it pay well now if I am relieved of monetary worry."

It sounds like the wildest of fiction, but it is nevertheless a fact that the creditors were so impressed by the man's frankness, not to call it cheek, that they actually did as he asked, and he made a fresh start.

Matters improved a little, but they were in anything but a satisfactory state, and there seemed but little prospect of the creditors' extraordinary confidence being justified, when one afternoon when there wasn't a single customer in the house, and the landlord was in a very gloomy frame of mind, an old man came into the bar, and got into conversation over his drink with the desponding publican.

It was just at the time when the tremendous boom in London licenses was commencing and "free" houses were being bought up at all sorts of fancy prices by competing brewing firms, and the visitor, announcing himself as the freeholder and licensee of a fully licensed house in Bermondsey that had been in his family for generations, said that he intended to retire, and was then on his way to a firm of public-house brokers to give them instructions to sell his house.

The landlord listened somewhat listlessly at first, but presently a wild idea came into his head, and he became all attention. His bank balance at the time was not worth a couple of ten pound notes, and yet the Napoleonic idea had taken possession of him that he would himself buy the house on the chance of selling it again before he had to pay for it. The customs of the trade do not allow much time for engineering a financial operation of the sort he had taken on, inasmuch as a considerable deposit has to be paid down at the time of striking the bargain. When they got to talking of terms, however, there was no doubt in the Jew's mind that he could sell at a profit in the course of a few hours, and it being then after banking hours, he had no hesitation in striking a bargain and giving the old man a cheque for five hundred pounds as "deposit."

This done he pleaded an appointment, and left the old man in the bar talking to the landlady, whilst he himself rushed round from one brewery to another to find the money to meet the cheque he had given when

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My address is _____

Yours truly

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it should be presented the next day. Strange as it may seem to anyone who does not know of the competition among breweries at that time he not only succeeded in getting the five hundred pounds to meet the cheque he had given, but before the day came when he had to take possession of the house, and pay the remainder of the purchase money he had arranged to borrow the whole of it from the brewery on mortgage. Six months later he sold the house, and cleared a profit of no less than twenty-four thousand pounds.

With this capital he bought and sold public houses, mostly at a profit, but sometimes it must be confessed at a loss, in a wholesale manner, and when the writer first met him he had generally about a dozen houses on his hands at any time. By 1903 he had become a very wealthy man and then, in the full tide of his prosperity, he took all his money out of public houses and all investments connected with intoxicants and put it into land and house property. On his telling this to the writer the latter asked him if he had done that because the teetotalers had converted him. "Yes," he replied, "they have converted me—to the opinion that the licensing trade has seen its best days, and is now a good business to get out of." How many licensed victuallers and brewery shareholders now wish that they had been as far seeing.

Another man, also well known to the writer, transformed himself in the space of three years from a barman without any capital whatever to the landlord of four large houses which he had rebuilt and embellished

at enormous cost, of course by charging the licenses with loans from breweries and distillers. In another three years he was a barman again, having in the meantime made his appearance in the Bankruptcy Court with liabilities running well into six figures.

In a certain street, not a mile from the Houses of Parliament, there is a palatial "pub," which boasts of a saloon bar in which there is a chandelier which cost three hundred guineas, with furniture and fittings to match. This house replaced a little tumbledown public that had probably stood there for a century or two, and the man who built it on such a magnificent scale was counting upon attracting custom from several large blocks of flats either actually being built or projected in the locality; but he made a most serious miscalculation, for the flats when finished were occupied by a class of tenant which has no use for public houses, and at the present time that house does not make enough to pay the outgoings, nor is there any probability of its ever paying.

Much of the money spent so lavishly in the "nineties" on the improvement of public house property seems to have been more or less wasted, for in hardly any cases has it attracted sufficient extra custom to justify the extra capital put in, and in many cases which occur to the writer's mind the so-called improvements, by turning cosy little "pubs" into flaunting gin palaces, have actually turned custom away, and caused many people who were in the habit of taking a pipe and a glass in public houses of

the old-fashioned sort to refrain from going into licensed houses at all.

Even in the absence of any alteration in the present licensing laws the outlook, owing to the enormous overcapitalization of the trade, is not an encouraging one either for brewery shareholders or license holders.

Cactus Centre's Jingo.

A FELLER blowed among us, from across the Texas way. He claimed to be a cowboy, but war-talk was his lay; He'd harp upon the chances of a big war with Japan 'Till he had us plannin' battles and enlistin' to a man.

He sure was most convincin' when upon his special line; He had the strength of navies and the fightin' units fine; We clean forgot our poker, and the run of drinks was light, When we sat around and listened to this jingo talkin' fight.

But the stranger got to fussin' with old Chinese Jim one day, And the Oriental slapped him, and jest took his gun away, Whereupon Bear Hawkins murmurs: "Boys, I sure am plum surprised That this imitation Hobson ever got us hypnotized."

So we organized a Peace Club, and we all swore to the pact, And to shoot the jingo's boot-heels was our first official act; And he faded o'er the cactus in the fallin' shades of night, And we know the joy of livin' now that no one's talkin' fight.

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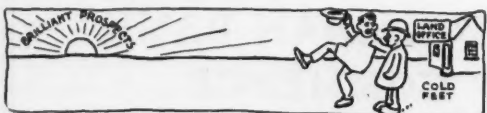
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THERE is much interest amongst those interested in the fishing trade in Eastern Canada over the news of Mr. Fielding's negotiations with the United States, by which he succeeded in getting fish placed upon the free list. The tariff which has been imposed by the United States has worked out to the great disadvantage of the Canadian fish trade. This trade has almost been at a standstill, so far as the Maritime Provinces and the Province of Quebec are concerned. Possibly because of the discouragement, large financial institutions have not up to the present taken any great interest in the business. In fact, it was only during the past season that any considerable effort seems to have been made to organize and systematize the catching, marketing and selling of fish. Several re-organizations or consolidations of companies took place in 1910 with a view to establishing the industry on a more scientific basis. The consolidations referred to were all companies already engaged in the fishing business. In addition to this, an attempt is being made to bring to a successful conclusion endeavors which were begun, several years ago, to systematize the business in the lower River St. Lawrence and in the Gulf.

During the year, the Maritime Fish Corporation, with a capital of \$1,000,000, was formed. It was a consolidation of seven companies, being the Whitman Fish Co., Canso, Canso Cold Storage Co., Short & Ellis, Digby, Howard Anderson, Digby, Pioneer Steam Trawling Co., A. H. Brittain & Co., Montreal, and part of the Atlantic Fish Co., business, Lunenburg.

The accompanying map will probably best illuminate the situation. At the present time, for instance, the concern just referred to has its steam trawlers engaged in fishing at the Sable Island Bank. American trawlers are operating on St. George's Bank. But at certain portions of the year the latter are compelled to travel considerable distance in order to get their catch of fish. From the map it will be seen how conveniently located the various banks are to the Canadian shores, whereas the American fishermen are located a considerable distance away. The enormous advantage enjoyed by Canadian fishermen, was set off in the past by the tariff against the importation of Canadian fish into the American markets. Canada, however, has always been a large exporter of fish to the United States. At the same time Canadian fishermen had only a free entry to the Canadian market, and even here, owing to the long distances, they were confined very largely to the Eastern portions of Canada for the sale of fresh fish. Aside from this, the total population of Canada is less than ten millions, so that in getting free trade in fish with the United States they immediately obtain access to a market of one hundred millions. As in the case of Canada, a very considerable portion of this is cut off from Atlantic fishermen because of long distances, but at their very doors are the cities of Portland, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, besides a score of inland cities which will give them a bigger market right along than they have ever had in the past.



THE Maritime Fish Corporation has its two principal stations at Digby and Canso, and at the former station owns a plant which is capable of smoking 40,000 lbs., or one thousand boxes of haddies per day. It has been able in the past to ship a very large portion of these into the United States, even with the three-quarter cents per lb. duty against them. The head offices and executive department is at Montreal.

As an instance of how highly regarded are these fishing banks at the door of Canada, it may be of interest to say that last year thirty-five French steam trawlers were operated on the St. Pierre Bank. These fish were cured at the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, which are owned by France, and thence shipped to the home market.

Another large fish company in the East is Robin, Jones & Whitman of Halifax, which firm was also re-organized sometime ago, it having taken over the export end of the Atlantic Fish Company. This company exports an enormous quantity of fish all over the world. It has stations situated all the way up the Gulf and along the Gaspé shore. It purchases an enormous quantity of fish from the fishermen. A new development which is more especially interesting to Canadians is the organization of the Eastern Canada Fisheries, Limited, with a capitalization of \$1,000,000. This concern has purchased the Magdalen Islands lying out in the Gulf. It is the intention of the company to systematize the fishing in the vicinity of the islands.

AT the present time fishing and packing at the Magdalen Islands and vicinity is carried on in the most primitive manner. The Dominion Government statistics for the past year show a catch of the value of some \$500,000, but by using modern equipment such as the company proposes, and by engaging in the cod fishing, which is to-day completely neglected, the fishing experts who have reported on the company's project, state that the volume of business will be only limited by the number of boats and men employed by the company. It is also stated that all kinds of fish are to be had in the vicinity of the islands. The company already has buildings erected on the islands for the handling of fish, valued at about \$100,000. It will also have warehouses, freezers and offices at Pictou, N.S. Apart from the possibilities of the fish trade, the company also expects to derive a very considerable revenue from the development of the Magdalen Islands as a summer resort. Besides this are some very valuable deposits of manganese and gypsum, and certain kinds of commercial sand—but that has nothing to do with the present story. The stock of the concern has been underwritten, and the manager is carrying on the work of development vigorously.

Further up the Gulf, or almost in the river, is Seven Islands. This is the station of the Canadian Fisheries, Limited, a concern which was recently formed for the purpose of organizing the fishing business, along the north shore of the river and Gulf, more especially. The

station was formerly owned by the Quebec Steam Whaling Company. When the Canadian Fisheries were first mooted, it was intended to carry on not only a fishing business, but also the business of wharf catching. Subsequently, negotiations were entered into with a Norwegian Syndicate by which the whaling department will be entirely in the hands of Norwegian whalers, who are generally regarded as the most expert whalers in the world. The Canadian Fisheries Company will retain an interest and will make use of the plant at Seven Islands in curing, smoking and packing fish. The company is still in the process of formation.

The probabilities are that other re-organizations and other flotations than those mentioned above have taken place, but these will be sufficient to indicate the attempts which are being made to develop the fisheries in the Province of Quebec and in the Maritime Provinces. That such development is very necessary is evident from extracts from the last annual report of John J. Cowie, of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, in which he says:

"The fisheries of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Quebec are, at present, and for that matter, have been for many years, in a somewhat stagnant condition."

"In the annual report of the Fisheries of Canada, the boast is continually made that our fisheries are the most extensive in the world; and rightly so, for of all the

presenting the investment in plant, and the second the yield of fish:

Provinces.	Plant.	Yield.
Nova Scotia	\$ 5,014,909	\$ 8,081,111
New Brunswick	2,346,467	4,676,315
Prince Edward Island	568,828	1,197,557
Quebec	1,097,767	1,808,437
Ontario	1,147,075	2,177,813
Manitoba	318,540	1,003,385
Saskatchewan	29,981	173,580
Alta-Yukon	20,513	196,216
British Columbia	6,823,852	10,314,755
	\$17,357,932	\$29,629,169

Of the above yield, \$12,792,243 was the value of the exports, the remainder being doubtless absorbed by the home trade. It is interesting to observe, however, that in the year 1910 the exports amounted to upwards of \$15,000,000, while the value of the imports was \$1,800,000. Of the total of nearly \$13,000,000 in value exported in 1909, and of the \$15,000,000 in 1910, only \$3,000,000 went to the United States in 1909 and less than \$5,000,000 in 1910.

I HEAR that the Dominion Coal Company is installing a washing plant. Presumably, much of the impurities which have hitherto been consumed in the furnaces of our factories, or been vomited forth from hundreds of chimneys, will hereafter remain down east in the vicinity of the mines. Doesn't it seem a little late in the day to begin installing washing plants? Not but what we will



CANADA'S FISHERIES IN THE ST. LAWRENCE AND GULF.

many ways in which bounteous nature has blessed this wide Dominion, in no way has it been more lavish than in the wealth of good fishes with which she has filled Canadian seas.

"But while this is perfectly true, and although the capture and consumption of sea fish have increased enormously with the demands of a greatly increased population for a cheap and palatable food, both in Europe and North America, especially since the age of steam, with its improved railway and steamboat facilities for the conveyance of fresh sea fish to large inland towns, and while Canada has reason to be proud of the annual value of its present fish production, it is perfectly clear from the records kept that we are not taking 'all advantage of the wealth of fish in the teeming waters that wash our eastern shores.'"



ASSISTANCE by Government, in the matter of transportation, has been given the fishing industry of Canada by payment of one-third of the heavy express charges on fresh fish shipped direct from the coast to inland points in Quebec and Ontario, the object being to enable Canadian fishermen to compete with the United States in the long haul. Since the inauguration of the system, the import of the U.S. fish to Canada has been greatly reduced, and shipments within Canada increased.

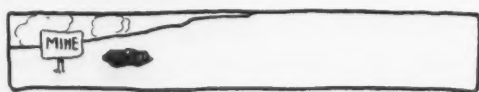
A well informed merchant confidently expresses the opinion that owing to this assistance in the matter of express charges, it will be found that imports of fish from the United States during the year 1910 were cut in half. The following figures will show how the business on the east coast has been hanging fire: Column "A" refers to the total yearly value of the fisheries of Western Canada, seal hunting excluded; "B" shows those of Eastern Canada, and "C" shows the grand total value of the fisheries of the Dominion.

	Table A.	Table B.	Table C.
1900	\$ 6,353,560	\$14,283,679	\$21,557,639
1901	9,954,854	10,045,124	25,737,153
1902	7,400,317	13,970,196	21,959,433
1903	7,470,272	15,125,713	23,101,878
1904	8,603,372	14,593,588	25,516,439
1905	13,036,234	15,855,611	29,479,562
1906	9,911,763	15,804,051	26,279,485
1907-08	8,902,901	16,279,356	25,499,349
1908-09	9,303,600	15,854,356	25,452,085
1909-10	13,727,038	15,615,485	29,629,169

This total of nearly \$30,000,000 represents an industry which, it is confidently stated, is only beginning to be developed in a systematic manner. The supply of fish along the coast waters of Canada is illimitable, and those who know make the statement that it is the finest in the world, both as respects quality and quantity. At present about 100,000 men are employed in the industry, about 70 per cent. of them being on vessels and boats.

The following tables show comparisons between the different provinces for the year 1909, the first column re-

all be glad to get the advantage, even at this late day, but how does it come that they were not installed before? I am assured, however, that they were not, and that a very large proportion of the dirt and dust with which our western atmosphere and scenery have been befouled and bespattered would have been eliminated had the present policy been inaugurated before. Readers of these columns will remember that the coal men of the Maritime Provinces recently asserted, in a letter written to combat reciprocity in coal, that the product of their mines was so "volatile" that the sanitary laws of the New England States would not permit the factories to use it. The only conclusion, naturally, was that Canadians had to keep up a tariff barrier so as to exclude from Canada coal which could be used under good sanitary regulations and so penalize themselves to use the dirty home product. The introduction of washing plants at this juncture leads one to reflect that so long as people are content to put up with an inferior article and place the superior under a handicap, they will assuredly get the inferior. But as soon as they show a certain amount of appreciation and hold out their hands for the superior, the producer of the inferior will raise the standard of his goods, if such can be done. I wonder if the threat of reciprocity on coal has not had a good deal to do with influencing the home coal company to "buck up" and try to give us a better article.



WHAT shall be the lesson from the passing of that misshapen product of deception and inequity, the Farmers Bank?

Let there be an end of bragging over the Canadian banking system. We are told that the crookedness of individuals cannot be charged against the system, and that the Farmers Bank and other similar episodes took place not because of the system, but in spite of it. This seems an inadequate reply. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is an apt quotation and a true one, although my Biblical lore may not be in every sense literal. The quotation expresses a great truth, and one which we would do well to take to heart.

The Canadian financial world, outside of circles immediately interested in banking, is expressing in round terms its criticism. The majority is fully convinced that there is something very much the matter with Canadian banking. As a matter of fact, it is known that only two or three of the general managers are not hostile to the suggestion. A not unusual view among them is that it is none of the business of the public what goes on in the general manager's office.

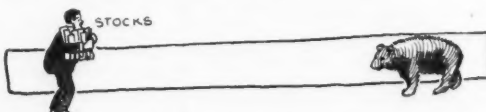
Such an attitude would be a perfectly correct one in any institution engaged in any ordinary line of business. But when one considers all the functions of a bank, it is evident that the public has certain rights in this matter. To begin with, no bank not having the hall mark or approval of Government could possibly occupy the position

of confidence which is necessary to enable it to carry on a remunerative business. The banks get a pretty good bargain from Government, and Government may surely make independent inspection one of its terms. Over and above all that, the banks are owned by their shareholders, and these would no doubt generally favor any suggestion which would promise greater security for their investment. In reality, the shareholder is the greatest sufferer in a bank failure, and hence should be the most eager to introduce any system of inspection which would protect him. Unfortunately, the smaller shareholder has but little say in the matter, although in a failure he loses practically his all, whereas the larger shareholder frequently suffers little or nothing from his loss. At any rate, it may be taken for granted that no system of outside inspection will be welcomed by the general managers.

The suggestion is made that the responsibilities in connection with checking up banks and preventing irregularities shall be assumed by the Bankers' Association. The great weakness in this suggestion is that the Association is an instrument of the general managers. After all, it is the general managers who have been the culprits in all these failures. We want something to check up the general managers, and it is open to question whether an association controlled by the general managers would do this most effectively. Otherwise, there are strong reasons for favoring inspection by the Bankers' Association.

After comparing the American banking system so frequently with the Canadian, to the disadvantage of the American, it may sound a little heterodox to make the suggestion that we might learn a little from certain proposals being made in connection with the revision of the American Bank Act. One of the features is that, in connection with certain boards which it is proposed to form, it is distinctly provided that a number of the directors are not to be chosen from among bankers, but are to represent industrial, agricultural, commercial and other interests. Of course, the whole system is different to ours, but doesn't there seem to be considerable value in that provision by which the purely banking man is not to have matters all his own way, but is to have his action curbed by men having equally important though somewhat different interests?

It is rather incongruous that a dozen general managers have the power to do pretty much as they wish with an enormous proportion of the finances of this country, and that their power should be almost absolute from one end of the Dominion to the other. According to the last bank statement, the savings entrusted to our twenty-eight banks amounted to nearly \$550,000,000. Most of us are contributing a portion of this. It is not our intention to present the banks with this amount. We merely place it with them for safe keeping. It seems to me we have some interest in the matter, and that it is not the height of impudence to ask for the right to send our deputy or our appointed accountant to look over the premises occasionally, and check up the assets to see if our \$550,000,000 is there. This concentration of power in the hands of a few general managers is enormous, though quite possibly it is unavoidable. The general managers are usually chosen from amongst the very best men available; but there have been mistakes—there have been mistakes. However, their character is not up for question. It is only a question of business. With remembrances of the banking experience of the past few years refreshed by recent events, I think it is not too much to expect that, in the Bank Act now in course of preparation, the Government shall take into consideration the causes of failure and withhold its hall mark of reliability where it cannot also provide a means of assuring that the value is there.



MUCH of the time of the Dominion Parliament has been taken up with many fiddling topics, a serious discussion of which would hardly do credit to a tattering circle in an old ladies' home. Aspiring legislators seek to do everything save something that would be of some use to the community. There is a class of mind which constantly dwells upon compulsion of some sort or other as the aim and end of all good government. It seeks to compel others to do something they don't want to do, or to refrain from doing something they want to do. The author of such legislation is usually the individual who does the most talking about the offensive laws of Russia or Germany or some other country which he probably knows little enough about. He is entirely oblivious of the fact that he, with his restrictive measures, is doing his best to Russianize or Germanize a country which heretofore has been reasonably free from the interference of Government in everybody's business. Apropos of this subject, Parliament has passed a law interfering with the right to enforce the terms of contract—at least that is the essence of the matter as described in the newspapers. I understand, however, that Sir Wilfrid and Sir Alan Aylesworth opposed the proposed legislation. And now we have further interference, only of an even more petty type. This time it is proposed to make tipping illegal. One cannot help wondering if the supporters of the Interest Bill will swallow this or not. Just think of it—Parliament listens while someone proposes that we are not to be allowed to tip the porter, the cabman, the servant or the waiter. Not that we particularly want to tip them—but just think of being prevented from tipping them! and in a country which the author of this bill would probably call free. If anyone has a more tyrannical proposition to bring forward he had better bring it along this session, as Parliament is apparently willing to do anything just now. And all this time, matters of importance are being neglected.

Economist

A contract has been let for a new railway from St. Anne de Beaupre to the mouth of the Saguenay, 160 miles.

Fire has destroyed the office of the Ontario Iron and Steel Co. at Welland, Ont. The fire was finally got under before buildings adjoining were damaged. The loss is small.

Montreal Light, Heat & Power has increased its dividend from seven to eight per cent. per annum.

What is a Bond?

We have issued a booklet which clearly explains what a bond is, and also explains the difference between bonds and debentures, mortgages and other investments. It will be sent free of charge to any person interested.

We offer and can thoroughly recommend the first mortgage gold bonds of a Canadian Railway, which bonds have been purchased by many prominent banks and insurance companies.

The road is closely affiliated with the Canadian Northern Railway and is managed under the supervision of that company's officials.

Ask for Circular N-3.

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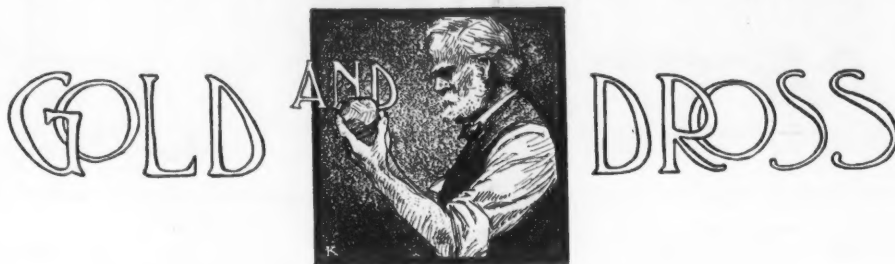
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HERE'S a case where Gold and Dross runs up against a conscientious man—the result of whose common honesty will most probably be to save from risk the money of a woman whose knowledge of business and finance is in all probability confined to her ability to spell both words properly.

Under the name of "An Old Subscriber" this woman communicated from Guelph with Gold and Dross on the subject of purchasing shares, which she had been offered at par—in the Gordon Pulp & Paper Company. She was attracted by the good names on the directorate, and you could tell from her letter, it would have taken very little to cause her to put \$1,000 into the company. Wishing to secure a financial statement, the editor of Gold and Dross wrote Mr. T. A. G. Gordon at Dryden, and here is what Mr. Gordon says in his reply:

The company tried to carry through a large deal with limited capital and finally got into poor shape. I would not advise anyone to buy the stock at present, as the company is being reorganized, and until this is completed it is difficult to say whether the stock is of any value or not. It likely will prove valuable, but it is too uncertain a quantity for a woman to invest in pulp and paper mills which are not yet operating.

If Gold and Dross had to deal with men like Mr. Gordon, there would be small need for Gold and Dross.

H. A. W., North Bay: I do not know Chief Matash Mine. Who is the president?

Having prospected the public, the great army of Porcupine promoters is now busily engaged in developing the public, with a view towards mining the same, in the end. This much is pretty clear from a general survey of the advertising situation. The full-page era has set in, and ten, twenty and thirty cent shares in "gold mines" are being offered to whoever will buy. The Globe of January 11 has a large spread advertising the advantages of shares in the Porcupine Gold Mines, Ltd., at fifty cents per share. The authorized capital of the Porcupine Gold Mines, or the Pearl Lake Gold Mines—both names are used in the newspaper—is \$2,500,000. Now, if you will allow your eye to regretfully leave the large type at the head of the ad. and worm its way slowly through the very minute type at the bottom of the ad. you will find that (1) Of the share capital of \$2,500,000, \$2,000,000 is being paid outright for the properties, comprising three claims in Tisdale.

Having paid out all the share capital save \$500,000, the teasy fine print also tells us that while no amount has been paid as commission, the directors are authorized to pay a commission not greater than 25 per cent, upon the amount realized upon sales of stock. The Pearl Lake Company first hands over \$2,000,000 to Alice J. Cartwright et al. for the claims. This leaves \$500,000 worth of shares in the treasury of the 500,000 shares of stock left in the treasury after the claim owners get their chunk, only 200,000 are to be sold. These shares, sold at 50 cents each, would bring in \$100,000. Payment of 25 per cent. commission on the sale of the shares would reduce the amount coming to the treasury by \$20,000, leaving some \$80,000 in the treasury to pay all expenses, install machinery and stand the strain of development. Gold mining is a very expensive thing commercially, and it is just as expensive as a relaxation. It looks as if the owners of the claims were prepared to concede shareholders something, but not much. Fancy attempting serious mining of gold—if it's there—in Porcupine on a capital of \$80,000! This is the kind of mining that Canada does not want.

Montreal, Jan. 7, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I am anxious to get your opinion about two mines, in which I have an interest, to guide me in my further actions, namely, Havilah Gold Mines and Temiskaming mines.

M. L. W.

The purchasing of mining shares by the general public is at best a good deal of a gamble, and it is one in which a woman has no business to engage. Havilah Gold Mines I believe to be nothing but a losing proposition. Temiskaming is quoted around 74 and I do not think it will ever do wonders for you. You might write more fully.

Mildmay, Jan. 10, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I would like to have some information regarding the Myers Gas Generator Company formed in Buffalo a short time ago—about one year.

H. W. L.

The capital of this company is \$1,000,000, which appears to be quite large enough, to say the least. The President, Charles H. Myers, is an inventor. The company plans to manufacture and sell gas engines on a large scale, and I understand they also control a gas producing compound. They are still, I believe, quite active in selling stock, and I think I would let them sell it to those having a better chance to investigate than you have. The company is still in an experimental stage, and the purchase of shares is attended with considerable risk.

Sunderland, Jan. 9, 1911.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Will you be good enough to inform me of the value of International Tool Steel Company stock?

H. W. L.

It is certainly not at this time an investment purchase. Why not get in touch with a first-rate financial house and secure their list of offerings. Look at the names to right and left of you on this page.

A Reader, Kincardine, Ont.: Stock of the Massey-Harris Company, Toronto, is not listed, nor does the company publish its dividend rate. Holders of the stock—I think the issue is confined to common stock—are never over-anxious to part with it, and you might have some difficulty in securing any. The company appears to be in very fine shape, and I would call the buying of this stock a good investment purchase. The capital of the company is, I think, some \$8,000,000.

Hamilton, Jan. 7th, 1911.

Editor Gold and Dross:

I would be pleased to have your opinion of the real estate proposition set forth in a pamphlet I am sending you, published by the Lonnquist-Mason Co., Lethbridge. Mr. Mason was conducting sales here last spring. Could you give me their firm reputation and that of Mr. H. T. Cherry, who is trustee of this property, located at 210 Portage Ave., Winnipeg?

I do not think the Board of Trade of Lethbridge, Alta., quite favors the form of advertising used by the Lonnquist-Mason Company. The large circular they send out contains a number of photographs of buildings at Grassy Lake—the land they are now disposing of—but the fact is that said buildings are on one side of the railway track, while the lots people are asked to buy are on the other side of the track. I am informed by J. W. McNicol, Secretary of the Lethbridge Board of Trade, that although the advertisement in question is certainly optimistic, there is no misstatement of fact contained in it, which, by the way, is saying a good deal nowadays for a real estate ad. dealing with Western lots. Looks as if this Lonnquist concern, so far as their circulars go, were pretty near all right.

A. F. H., Ingersoll, Ont.: There is no double liability attaching to shareholders of a fire insurance company in

Canada as there is to shares of a Canadian chartered bank. I always question the purchase of shares of a fire company just starting out, unless you are quite satisfied that the management will be both honest and capable.

Yorkton, Sask., January 17th, 1911.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Kindly give me what information you can regarding the Wawanesa Mutual Fire Insurance Company, doing business in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The Standard Trusts Co., of Winnipeg, prefer other companies in their loans.

F. O. L.

This is a small mutual company and the position appears, for a small concern, to be fairly good. Reports are to that effect.

Parkhill, Ont., Dec. 31, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Will the Interurban Electric Co., Ltd. (formerly Stark Electric), ever be able to pay interest on their bonds? They operate in West Toronto.

D. C. W.

I am informed that the income of this company is now at the rate, or has been for two preceding months, of \$7,000 a month and that the situation appears to be improving. A company official tells me the original issue of bonds was made subject to the condition that upon the expiry of two years arrears of interest might be met then by the further issue of bonds. The two years is up in June next, when the further issue will be made. The payment of interest, with a company like this, is of course only a matter of development and in time the bond interest should be taken care of.

Says the Financial World, New York: Anticipating that there will be a rush to invest in Porcupine mining shares just as soon as the snow in this new Canadian camp melts, J. Thomas Reinhardt, argus-eyed and always on the alert to be the first to reach an eager public, takes time by the forelock by coming out now with a new Porcupine mining promotion. His proposition is the Porcupine Central Mining Company. It has 1,000,000 shares and an ambition as great as its capital to exploit a few mining claims on other people's money.

Forty cents a share is what is asked for the shares. Such little idiosyncrasy as placing a value of \$400,000 right at the start on 15 claims, on none of which so far even a spade of ground has been turned over, receives slight notice from Reinhardt. In fact, he is not concerned over such a problem as a conservative capitalization. The desire lying closest to his heart is to sell stock and get the commission. The little experience he had with Minnie MacKenzie, who sold him the shares, stock was sold as high as \$6 a share, although it has been shown that the company's treasury did not receive any more than one dollar per share. The difference was Reinhardt's profit. In the hands of Reinhardt this latest proposition is likely to have sharp quills on it which will leave a bad sting for those who reach out after this Porcupine.

Re Golden Rose Mining Co. I am informed by the president, Edward J. Townsend, that the property is situated on the east side of Emerald Lake, in the Temagami Reserve. The iron ore body, says the president, is in the form of a reef of magnetite of good quality running nearly east and west through the property and said to be 66.50 iron. Gold is also said to be contained in the rocks. The intention is to erect a mill, and stock, I am told, is selling at par, \$1 per share. The president says everything is entirely on the level in every respect. It may be pointed out that the company has paid the president the sum of \$260,000 in paid-up shares for his interest in one claim, and \$10,000 to another for the remaining interest. In addition, \$40,000 has been paid for a forty acre water lot claim. All this is handed over in shares, paid-up. The company's capital is \$500,000, of which \$310,000 goes to pay for the properties. There appears ground there for some criticism.

The statement has been made that Mackenzie & Mann, after looking into this proposition, offered a large sum of money for it. Now, ordinarily it is no one's business whether these gentlemen intended to become interested in this property or whether they did not, but when agents and others use the alleged fact to strengthen their own arguments, one is justified in testing the truth of the statement. I am in receipt of a letter from Sir Donald Mann, in which he states that, so far as he knows, the property has never been brought to the attention of Mackenzie & Mann, and they never offered to purchase it at any price.

Following is a list of Douglas-Lacey stocks of which one Winnipeg man is the proud possessor. Can anyone tell whether any of these companies are still in existence, as the owner is anxious to know?

Vignaga Gold Mine.
Auriferous Consolidated Mining Co.
Union Consolidated Oil Co.
Union Consolidated Refining Co.
Standard Smelting and Refining Co.
Gold Tunnel Mining Co.

Sarnia, January 23, 1911.

Editor Gold and Dross:

I am a subscriber to your valuable paper and have been very much interested in reading your advice on investments. I would like your advice on reliable stock investments. What do you think of bank stock, such as the Dominion or Commerce or Merchants?

W. G. M.

Shares in any of the three banks you mention are sound investments. It may be possible that you are not aware that under the Bank Act a double liability attaches to the shares of a Canadian chartered bank, so that in case of financial disaster shareholders are liable to double the amount of the par value of their shares. In my opinion, however, the position of the average bank shareholder will improve from now on. It is to the interest of both the shareholder and the banker to have some method of outside inspection introduced, and I think the Finance Department at Ottawa will inaugurate inspection of this nature in the near future, or will evolve some system of oversight whereby the real owner of a bank—the shareholder—will not be so dependent on what the bank chooses to place before him in the way of figures, as he has been in the past.

A correspondent sends in the following:

I noticed a query last week re the Dan Patch Electric Railroad, and would say that anyone would be more than foolish to put his good money into that "paper line," as it only exists on paper and I am quite satisfied it will never get beyond that stage, as an electric railway cannot be built on hot air, and that is about all the "would be magnates" possess. I have not the data at hand just now to give particulars regarding the same, some of the cities in the Western States. The shares are selling but it is one of the dozens of proposed lines to run between a price that they should command only after the line was built, and it had proved itself to be a dividend earner.

H. C. E., Prince Albert: The Nipissing Copper & Silver Mines, Ltd., had an apparently unlimited amount of stock to sell, but returns to shareholders have so far not only been limited, they have been nil. The company was incorporated some five years since—or possibly even six years—and so far all they have done with it is to get the assessment work completed. Kindly join the procession of those wiped out in the Cobalt disaster.

Many take part in the gold rush, and quite a few walk back.

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MONTREAL FINANCIAL

HOW THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC CONSERVES ITS RESOURCES.

MONTREAL, FEB. 2, 1911.

THE Hon. P. S. G. Mackenzie had an exceedingly pleasant task to perform in presenting the annual budget of the Province of Quebec on the 24th ult. This is more than can be said of the sensations of the average Provincial Treasurer, or, for that matter, of Governmental Treasurers of any kind, as the day of their annual examination approaches. No matter how good a financial statement a Government may be able to report, it is certain to come in for very severe criticism from the Opposition. This, of course, is as it should be. Mr. Mackenzie's report, however, escaped very severe handling, probably because of its excellence. In fact, Mr. Mackenzie made the claim that the year 1909-10 was the most satisfactory financial year that the Province had experienced since the Confederation. The following is the gist of the statement:

Ordinary Receipts..... \$6,571,944
Ordinary Expenditures..... 5,480,590

Surplus..... \$1,091,354

Owing to the fact that the Province of Quebec leased its timber lands for ten year periods only, and that at the conclusion of the ten year period, on the first of September last, the rentals and stumpage dues were largely increased, the lands and forests department is of peculiar interest. According to the report, the receipts increased to the extent of \$109,520 during the year, this increase, however, not being on account of the change at September 1. There is every reason to suppose that the increase on this account during the coming year will be very great.

The Treasurer made the following forecast of the total receipts and expenditures of the Province during the fiscal year 1910-11:

Ordinary Revenue..... \$6,472,651
Extra and Ordinary Expenditure..... 6,308,425

Surplus..... \$ 164,226

Speaking of the lands and forests, he said the actual receipts in 1909-10 were \$1,150,747, this being \$73,247 over the estimate. He assumed that for the coming year the receipts from the same source would be \$1,410,000, which would be an increase of upwards of \$250,000 more than the past year.

A most excellent economic lesson is taught in this increase from the lands and timber department. The Province of Quebec, since the 1st of September last, began charging a rental of \$5 per mile on timber lands, and a royalty of \$1.60 per thousand feet on pine, and \$1.05 on spruce. From the increase in rental alone an increase of \$140,000 in revenue is anticipated. Nor was the Provincial Treasurer impressed with the view that the increased royalty or stumpage dues would in any way affect the aggregate annual timber production. He assumed that the lumbering operations for the present season would reach \$1,000,000, being an increase of \$300,000 over the revenue from that source.

No small amount of opposition was aroused amongst Quebec lumber men regarding the increase in the rentals of timber lands and the stumpage dues on timber which came into effect at the first of September last.

Many of them declared that they could not possibly operate at a profit, and that the policy of the Province in increasing these rentals every ten years, would result in limited operations and in capital being driven out of the Province. That such claims were not substantiated must have been manifest to those who understood the situation. Nevertheless, it is reassuring to have Mr. Mackenzie's statement on this point. Should his estimate of increased revenue from the source mentioned prove correct, it will only be another demonstration of the value of practical conservation in the matter of the natural resources of the country. One only needs to reflect that last year such and such a quantity of timber was cut, and for this a certain sum was paid in rent to the Provincial Government, as owner; and then he has but to compare this revenue with the revenue derived from a similar quantity of timber cut at the advanced rentals to realize what an enormous revenue may be derived in the future from the annual resources properly administered. At the same time he may reflect upon the enormous sums lost to the country in the past owing to mal-administration of the peoples' heritage through permitting private interests to have access to it at too low a price.

Although the report just referred to is the second which has been presented by the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, it is really only the first which applies to his administration. He has only been Provincial Treasurer for one year, having succeeded to the office about the end of 1909 upon the resignation of the Hon. W. A. Weir. It may be remembered that Mr. Weir resigned the office, after three years' service, upon being appointed a Judge of the Superior Court.

The Hon. Peter Samuel George Mackenzie, B.C.L., K.C., has been living mainly at Quebec since he became Provincial Treasurer. Previously he lived at Melbourne, just across the river from Richmond, Que. He was born out in the Northwest at a time when buffalo robes could be had for a dollar, and welcome. His birthplace was Cumberland House, and the date was 1862. However, it is doubtful if he remembers very much of the Great West, as it was back at that early date—48 years ago. In fact, he had already attended the High School in Montreal, the St. Francis College, and McGill University, and had taken his law course, and was called to the Bar by the time he was twenty-two years of age, so that there was really very little time left wherein he could have made the acquaintance of the Far West.

Mr. Mackenzie is well known in the vicinity of his old home, at Richmond and Melbourne, and in fact almost throughout the whole Eastern Townships. He was elected to the Provincial Legislature in 1900, and since that time has had a firm hold on Richmond County, his re-election in 1904 and 1908 having been by acclamation. It is said that he has the confidence of the entire electorate and that the opposition was wise



Hon. P. S. G. Mackenzie.

in refraining from putting antagonists into the field against him at recent elections. He was made a King's Councillor about seven years ago, and has for years enjoyed one of the best practices in the vicinity of his home.

The Provincial Treasurer was a good student as a youth, and has continued more or less a student ever since. He has paid much attention to educational matters, and has always been interested therein. Some four years since he was created a member of the Council of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec, and in addition to this he is a trustee of the Corporation of Bishop's College University, of Lennoxville, Que. As an old student of McGill University, he is also a member of the University Club, of Montreal.

Mr. Mackenzie has certainly kept up his reputation for cleverness and honest, hard work in the report of his first year's stewardship of the finances of the Province of Quebec. His forecast for the coming year shows that he is fully persuaded that he will be able to show a surplus on the year's operations. The Province is rich in water falls, timber lands and other natural resources, and with these properly administered the Province should never need to worry over the sufficiency of its annual revenue.

Drug Shares at Premium.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada 6 per cent. first preference shares of £1 each are now quoted on the London market at a premium of 12½ per cent., the present price being £1 2s. 6d.

Canada Permanent Statement.

SOME rather striking contrasts impress themselves on one after a perusal of the annual statement published as the result of business for 1910, by the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation. Although the capital of the company is nominally \$20,000,000, the paid-up capital is but \$6,000,000, while net earnings for 1910, after allowing for losses, expenses of management, interest on borrowed capital, etc., amounted to the sum of \$715,767.57. This sum, added to \$56,001.16, being unappropriated profits from 1909, gave \$771,768.73 available for distribution. The gross earnings, in other words, for seven years would more than wipe out the capital liability. Besides paying dividends of 8 per cent.—an increase of 2 per cent. since 1907—another \$500,000 has been added to reserve, making that item now stand at \$3,500,000, which is over 58 per cent. on the total capital liability to shareholders. Mr. W. H. Beatty has retired as president of the company, but remains on the board. The board elected W. G. Gooderham, president; W. D. Matthews, first vice-president; and G. W. Monk, second vice-president. A full report is published elsewhere in these columns.

The Power of Compound Interest.

HERE is a simple rule for finding the number of years in which a sum of money will double itself at compound interest. Divide 69.3 by the rate per cent., and add to this .35. Thus at 3 per cent. we find the number of years by dividing 69.3 by 3, which yields 23.1, to which we add .35, making the time 23.45 years.

At 3 per cent. simple interest it takes 33¼ years for money to double itself. And so you will find that compound interest has a very great advantage over simple interest in doubling power, the ratio of one force to the other being for all ordinary rates of interest about as 10 to 7.

This power of compound interest may be illustrated in another way. Three young men save \$50 each a year for 40 years.

A, being a very cautious youth, puts his money in a strong box at home. At the end of 40 years he has saved \$2,000.

B places his money with a banker, who says he will allow him simple interest at 3 per cent. At the end of 40 years he has at his credit \$3,230.

C deposits his money in the Post Office Saving Bank at 3 per cent. compound interest, and at the end of 40 years he has \$3,883 at his credit.

But D has discovered a still more excellent way. He pays his money to the Dominion Government for the purchase of a Canadian Government Annuity. He is now aged 20, and the Government say to him that if he dies during the 40 years of saving his estate will be as well off as C's estate, for it will receive back all that he has paid in, with 3 per cent. compound interest, and if he survives to age 60 he will receive from the Government an income of \$500 as long as he lives.

At 3 per cent. C's \$3,883 would, if he spent a portion of his capital each year, give him \$500 a year for less than nine years, and at 70 he would find himself without a penny and in debt if he had no other means of support. This is worth thinking about, and you may obtain further information on the subject of your Postmaster or by addressing the Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa.

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INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

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RESERVE FUND, - - - - - 12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - - - - 259,311.08

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Paid-up Capital - \$6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 4,999,297
Deposits Nov. 30, 1910 - 54,719,044
Assets - 71,600,088

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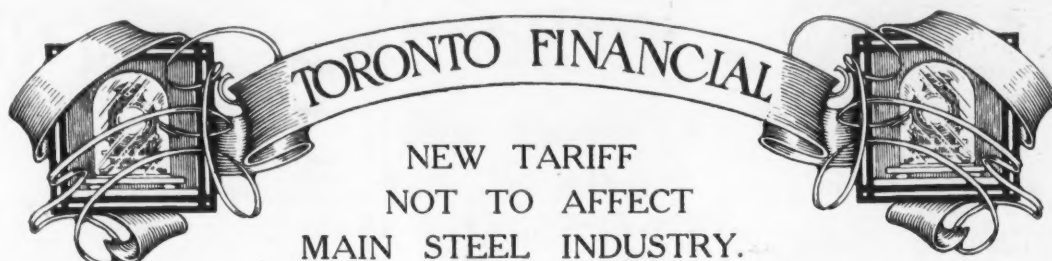
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The American Smelting and Refining Co. for six months shows net earnings to have increased \$241,000 over the same period in 1909. Enlarged construction expenses wiped out this gain, however, so that after the dividends were paid there remained a surplus of \$90,000 less than that of a year before.



NEW TARIFF NOT TO AFFECT MAIN STEEL INDUSTRY.

TORONTO, FEB. 3, 1911.

SO far, at least, Toronto business men have received particulars of the proposed reciprocal United States-Canadian tariffs without any great manifestation of hostility. Protests have been voiced here and there against the policy of freer trade relations between the two countries, but Mr. Fielding has allowed the pruning knife to be applied so skilfully that it seems no common ground for opposition to the schedules has been taken by what might be called the manufacturing majority.



Col. James Mason.

Colonel James Mason, a Toronto director of the Dominion Steel Corporation, is of the opinion, after an analysis of the figures published as the Washington-Ottawa platform, that so far as he can at present discern, the tariff changes will blow right over the head of the steel industry in Canada. Colonel Mason thinks the bounties might have been left on wire rods, and it would not be surprising to see these bounties reapplied, supposing the United States and Canada finally adopt the scales now published. The slight cut made in the slack coal duty could not be regarded, he thought, as important. Mr. J. H. Plummer, president of the Dominion Steel Corporation, is of much the same view. The opening of the American market to the Canadian steel business meant nothing, Mr. Plummer said, and while the reduced coal duties might mean a loss to the company in coal sold during slack times, in the busy seasons this probably would not be felt.

The milling and grain men, who make their headquarters in Toronto for the most part, appear undecided as to whether the new duties will hit Canadian grain hard or whether, on the other hand, the markets will broaden as a result. One prominent milling man is quoted

in strong opposition to the reduced tariffs, on the ground that the result must be a competition on the part of the United States for the export trade, resulting in harm to the Canadian business in this direction. It must be remembered that in the eyes of the miller of Canada the export business looms large, not only in the present, but for the future. Vast and expensive mills have been erected at strategic points to cater to this trade, and tariff cuts resulting in a free mingling of the finest Manitoba grains with the somewhat inferior U.S. grades to the detriment of millers in this country, would be looked upon with disfavor by possibly the majority of Canadians. But even in the grain and milling situation, there appears to be no very clear cut and common basis of opposition, enough at least to cause on their merits the overthrow of the tariff scales agreed on by the representatives of both countries. Before the time comes for any legislative ratification, the fruit men of the Niagara peninsula may move in a body on Ottawa to express what they think of the matter.

There is just one voice which so far has not been raised in public one way or another, to support the schedules or to condemn them, and that is the voice of him for whose ultimate benefit the whole thing has been worked out—the consumer.

No one expects anything else but opposition from a manufacturer who sees the profits on his protected products in danger of decrease and who, beyond this, fears possibly that if the cuts are carried further, the very integrity of his manufacturing position may be threatened. It is perfectly natural for him to endeavor to get along with as little competition as possible, and to take any steps that occur to him, within reason, to maintain that position. But primarily the tariff revisions were not made for the benefit of the man of business as such, but for the consumer. Of course, every business man is also a consumer, and the theory of the proposed reductions is that while an individual may suffer in one direction, he will probably gain in another. At present it appears as if the reciprocal arrangement entered into tentatively would later on be, for the most part, confirmed.

PORCUPINE—THE RICH MAN'S MINING CAMP

(The following was prepared for Saturday Night by a prominent financier who has put capital into Porcupine, and who has just returned after a visit to this section.)

THE Porcupine Mining Camp itself is, with the exception of the Dome Mines Company and the Timmins properties, merely in the prospect stage. The Tisdale Mining Company, one of the Armstrong-McGibbon properties, has probably the best surface showings, but sufficient work has not been done upon it to enable any person to speak with any certainty of its future. The Dome Mines Company has about 800,000 tons blocked out, which will probably net between \$3 and \$4 a ton. They figure to spend about \$1,100,000 before they will be able to produce any gold. It will be seen, therefore, that any persons investing in Porcupine properties at the present time are doing so entirely as a speculation, and the greatest care should be taken to insure that there is sufficient capital provided to guarantee the expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars at least in any one of the properties before any return of gold can reasonably be expected. Any other plan will most probably result in the expenditure of a certain amount of money and then the necessity of raising further capital before any return can be expected, which usually spells disaster. No person should, therefore, buy shares in any property until they are either revenue producing or there is ample provision made for the necessary capital in the treasury of the company to develop and put in the necessary stamps for producing. At present all freight has to be taken in about thirty miles at an expense of from \$16 to \$30 per ton. This will be cut down considerably by the railway, which will be in about eleven miles by the end of February, and will take the freight past the worst part of the road.

The thing that struck me most favorably was the agricultural possibilities from practically north of Englehart to Cochrane. The clay belt is almost as thickly timbered as in the tropics. The soil cannot be excelled for grain and vegetables, and careful enquiry would indicate that frost will not affect. The climate is cold in winter, but very uniform and is not felt to as great an extent as in the greater humidity of old Ontario. All grain, vegetables and small fruits come to maturity much more quickly than in old Ontario. The Government ought to establish

model farms at about every ten miles along the railway. Roads are easily opened up, as the country is level and free from rock. Settlers can make a good living in getting out ties and wood in the winter, but regulation should be made to insure that the timber should not be wasted. In my view, the country is a better country in the long run for an energetic, thrifty, agricultural settler than the North-West.

There is a great future before this country, and it is in agriculture. Mines do not bring homes; they attract migratory laborers. The farm makes for development and national life, and this the Government should keep steadily in view.

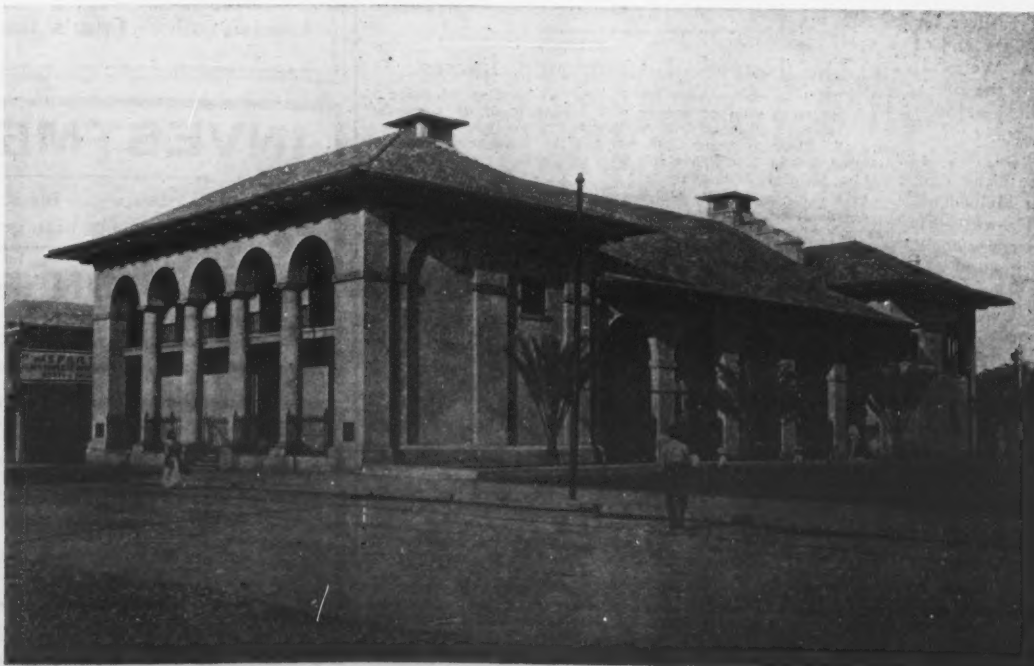
U.S. Post Office Reports.

DR. CHARLES P. GRANDFIELD, First Assistant Postmaster General of the United States, in his annual report submitted to Postmaster General Hitchcock, shows that the number of post offices in operation on June 30, 1910, was 59,580. The gross revenue of the postal service during the fiscal year amounted to \$224,128,657.62, an increase of \$20,566,247.55. The expenditures for the year aggregated \$229,977,224.50, an increase of \$8,973,121.61. The deficit was \$5,848,566.88, as compared with \$17,441,719.82 for the preceding year. Although the business of the postal service increased during the last fiscal year more than 10 per cent., the expenditures decreased from an average of 8.06 per cent. for each of the ten years preceding to 4.06 per cent. in 1910.

The number of post offices established during 1910 was 1,509 and the number discontinued was 2,073. At Presidential offices 2,576 postmasters were appointed and at fourth class offices 9,428 postmasters were appointed.

The net increase in the expenditure for post office clerks during the year was \$2,917,000, making the total expenditures \$31,583,587; for letter carriers the net increase was \$1,850,825, resulting in an aggregate cost of \$30,392,579, which was \$16,047 less in 1910 than in the previous fiscal year.

Some people are purchasing ten cent Porcupine shares, when they might be buying wall paper and getting value for their money.



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Total Assets - - - - - 35,000,000

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Deposits Nov. 30, 1910 \$32,418,445
Increase in Five Years \$14,529,178

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ANOTHER YEAR AND ITS OPPORTUNITIES

have gone. If you have not made the best use of them, do not repine. Forget all but the lesson it should teach, and see that 1911 tells a different tale. In your financial position better than it was on 1st January, 1910. If you had saved and deposited with us even ten dollars a month, there would now have been \$122.29 at your credit. You know you could have done this; probably much more. \$10 per month deposited for the past ten years would have given you now \$1,437.75, a tidy sum which might lay the foundation of a fortune. Begin to-day and make up for lost time.

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GOOD MONEY CHOPPED TO PIECES DAILY IN TORONTO BUREAU

Millions of dollars worth of towled Dominion Notes destroyed annually by Assistant Receiver-General and his staff. Effort to keep coin circulation clean.

THERE is a gentleman located in the city of Toronto who, had he been able to retain all the money passing through his hands daily for the past sixteen years, would be to-day a multi-millionaire many times over. Instead of which he carries out a commission vested in him by the Dominion Government, and mutilates every Dominion note brought in to him so as to render it of no further value.

The gentleman in question is Mr. D. Creighton, Assistant Receiver-General at Toronto. The office of the department is situated on Toronto street, and is within easy distance of the banks. The function of the bureau is to secure all Dominion notes which have lost their pristine crispness, and put them out of circulation, to the end that fresh and clean money may be, for the most part, in the hands of the people. It is no criticism of Mr. Creighton, or of his work, to say that the average quality of the notes one handles is distinctly not good. There appears to be an immense volume of dirty and towled Dominion bank notes in constant circulation, a great many bills doubtless coming in from rural districts where in the past facilities for banking have not been as extensive as they are to-day.

The Assistant Receiver-General is not at all concerned with bank notes. That is, notes issued by the chartered banks themselves. The Government takes no hand in officially destroying bank notes, leaving that function for the head office of each bank to perform. But the Dominion Government must naturally see to it that its own Dominion notes are, after sentence is passed, executed by its own designated officers. It may be stated that properly speaking, bank notes, although they pass from hand to hand as being worth their face value, are not money at all. That is, they are not legal tender, while notes issued from their own plates by the Dominion Government in denominations of 1, 2, 4, 50, 100, 500 and 1,000 dollars, are, like gold, legal tender. Silver money is legal tender only up to the value of \$10. One might imagine as a plot for a play, the villain of the piece striving to out-wit virtue by tendering in payment on the mortgage or the option the sum of \$10,000 at three minutes before midnight of the



Checking up Defaced Silver.

day on the expiry of which the hated villain must either have his payment made, or see all his fell schemes fall through. Suppose he tendered \$9,950 in Dominion notes, and \$50 in good Canadian silver coins. The hero would have him sure. The hero could say, "I refuse to accept this silver, save to the extent of \$10. In other words, as the clock is now striking, and you are still \$40 short, you lose, and I marry the heroine."

Every business morning the messengers of the chartered banks carry their piles of worn and used Dominion notes to the office on Toronto street. They come on foot or in automobiles. Most banks send their money about nowadays in automobiles as being quicker and safer than any other means. The messenger leaves the package, and the tellers pounce on the old bills, count them to see the total tallies with the passbook carried by the messenger, and then whisk them away to be guillotined. In packages of 100 the old notes are placed on a wooden base in the rear office. A young man presses down a pedal with his foot, and a semi circular knife comes down on the pile and bites out first one, then the other signature from each bill in the pile. Naturally the notes are then of no value. After the signatures are thus chopped away, the notes are consigned to Ottawa, where they are burned. Thousands of dollars of soiled money comes every day into the office of the Assistant Receiver-General, and is shipped out again to Ottawa. In the course of a twelve month, the value of the bills going to this office aggregates millions of dollars. To offset this constant destruction, the Government is all the time creating new notes. So, when the same bank messenger who brought in the package of bad notes, returns again in the afternoon, he is handed out the same value in new clean Dominion notes.

It is the bank tellers and accountants who act as spies for the Government in spotting Dominion notes that look to be beyond middle age. When you see a busy bank man whisk a note off the pile he is counting, you may know he is adding to the chaff for Mr. Creighton's money-destroying mill. Every one of the older provinces also possesses a bureau of this sort. Until a comparatively short time ago, the character of the Canadian silver coins in circulation was not at all a thing to be proud of. Plugged and defaced silver was everywhere in evidence, although the Act in force did make, and still makes, the attempt to pass mutilated coins subject to a severe penalty. Some two



The Money Guillotine.

years ago, however, the Minister of Finance had it enacted that mutilated silver would be redeemed at the rate of 75 per cent. of its face value. Worn coin is redeemed at full face value. This added in every city where an Assistant Receiver-General is stationed, to the work of his office, but it has had the effect of cleaning up the silver coinage of the country. Although for that matter, there is yet much to be done.

As has been before stated, Dominion notes are real money, whereas bank notes are promises to pay one real money, and this payment might finally be in either gold or Dominion notes. The chartered banks of the country receive only as many Dominion notes as they pay for, and they generally pay in gold, preferring Dominion notes to gold as being easier to handle. They are forced to buy Dominion notes, because for one thing, forty per cent. of their reserves must exist in the form of Dominion notes. As a matter of fact over seventy per cent. of bank reserves are in the form of these notes.

The banks of Canada handle money, issued also by the Dominion Government, that the ordinary business man or woman never sees, and seldom hears of. These are what is known as "bank legal's." They are notes a third larger in size than the ordinary notes, and they come in denominations of \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000. They are for use only between bank and bank, and are valueless as money in the hands of anyone but an authorized banker.

As an illustration of how the banking, and thus naturally the other businesses of Canada are growing, the volume of Dominion notes in circulation is an excellent index. Ten years ago the circulation stood at \$25,000,000, while for the year 1910 the circulation averaged each month \$92,000,000. The Dominion, therefore, has more money in circulation than the banks have of their combined notes, for the total note circulation of all the Canadian banks for November was \$90,165,730.

It may be interesting to observe here that five per



Assistant Receiver-General's Office.

cent. of the total note circulation of the banks is deposited in the form of a fund with the Government to cover the liability of each bank to its noteholders. In other words, the Finance Department at Ottawa has title to a fund amounting to some \$4,500,000, which may be drawn upon to the full extent by any bank which might fail in such fashion as to leave its noteholders absolutely unprotected otherwise. That is to say, if it were found that such bank had no assets at all visible, and on top of that, its shareholders were all bankrupt, this Ottawa fund would be drawn on to honor every note the bank had issued, on presentation. The above is purely an imaginary case, for the situation is one almost impossible to arise. As a matter of fact, although this fund has been in existence for over twenty years, it has never been called on. Each year, on the contrary, has seen it increase.

A merger appears probable of the Northern Navigation Company and the Inland Navigation Company. Mr. J. Playfair, of the Inland Company, has offered \$1,250,000 for the Northern Company, and shareholders of that company will deal with the matter at the annual meeting.

A company of giant capital was incorporated last week to carry on the business of lumber operators, timber merchants and sawmill proprietors, etc., in British Columbia. The name of the company is the British Canadian Lumber Corporation. The capital is \$20,000,000.

WRECK OF FARMERS BANK RECALLS LOOTING OF VILLE MARIE INSTITUTION ELEVEN YEARS SINCE

WHILE an interval of eleven years has elapsed since the wrecking of the Ville Marie Bank of Montreal, the similarity of this smash with that of the Farmers is so striking that a recounting of the facts as concerns the fraudulent practices perpetrated in the case of the Montreal institution is particularly apt at this time. If we substitute the name of Ferdinand Lemieux for that of W. R. Travers, old William Weir for Col. Munro, and Jas. Baxter by another famous bank figure, the resemblance throughout is so striking as to be almost startling.

At the time the Ville Marie Bank collapsed the deposit on its books amounted to \$1,300,000, while the paid-up capital was presumed to be \$479,000. Investigations proved, however, that the paid-up capital was only \$250,000, so again even in the figures there is a striking similarity between the two.

It was in July, 1899, when, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that the Ville Marie Bank was in trouble. In everybody's mouths were the names of William Weir, the aged bank president, who up to that time had been looked upon as an example for all young bankers to follow; of Ferdinand Lemieux, the cashier, who was afterwards proven to be at the bottom of the plot; of James Herbert, the young teller, who was a cat's paw in the hands of the older men, and who afterwards turned Queen's Evidence. Then there loomed suddenly into the case James Baxter, familiarly known in Montreal as "Diamond Jim," and the evidence went to show that Baxter, along with Lemieux, had been at the bottom of the whole wretched business. It took weeks of court proceedings to bring out the story, and this after young Herbert had disappeared and had been found again. Herbert was a likely young fellow of 20 or so, and no one conceived the idea that he had a hand in the affair until investigation had proceeded far enough for the arrest of Lemieux.

The arrest of Lemieux was followed by the disappearance of Herbert. Detectives looked for the boy everywhere, and it was hinted that he had been done away with, and then one day he was discovered hidden away in a house on Arcade street, Montreal. Full 30 days elapsed from the time of his disappearance to that of his discovery, and in the meantime he had from time to time masqueraded about the city in women's clothes.

This was where James Baxter came into the plot, for Herbert, upon his discovery, told that he had been persuaded to go into hiding by "Diamond Jim," who told him that this was the only method by which the young teller could escape a long term in the penitentiary.

And why was James Baxter, who had apparently no connection with the Ville Marie Bank, anxious that Herbert should disappear?

The evidence afterwards developed that a deep plot existed between Lemieux and Baxter. The latter was getting unlimited credit and the former was taking the bank's funds by the pocket-full.

In order to work their plot at the head office of the bank right under the nose of President Weir, it was necessary for them to take Herbert into their confidence, for as paying-teller he held the purse strings to a large extent. Herbert was a good chap. He meant well, and if he had been under different influences, would in all probability have made a success of life. But grey-haired James Baxter, whose cunning was as well-known as was his handsome face and dignified polished manner, had other views, and so the time came that he was able to tempt Herbert. He got the boy into a bad hole over a foolish debt, and then told him how easily it would be to pay it off by taking a little of the bank's funds. Herbert finally borrowed a couple of hundred dollars out of the money before him in the teller's cage. Then came the opportunity

of Baxter and Lemieux; they put on the screws. They plundered Herbert's cash thousands at a time, and what could he say, was he not a thief himself?

In the meantime old William Weir, the president, already near his four score year, sat back in his office in fancied security. He left the management of the business in the hands of Lemieux. William Weir, as a man of business, was in his dotage, though neither he nor the public realized it at the time, and it may be well to state here that no one who is *au fait* with the history of the Ville Marie Bank, has ever believed that William Weir was responsible further than that he was negligent of his duties—trusting those who proved unworthy.

In an endeavor to replace the funds which had been taken, Ferdinand Lemieux plunged into stock speculation, for which he had always had a decided leaning. Into the Montreal brokerage offices with New York connections he poured thousands of dollars in a vain attempt to win back a portion of the funds he had squandered on high living. The end came. It was the same old story. He lost more than he gained. A commission of a thousand shares of this or that stock was an everyday transaction with Ferdinand Lemieux, and the brokerage offices in which he dealt grew fat and prosperous out of the commissions. Some of these brokers, it is said, had an idea that all was not right. But what business was it of theirs? If Lemieux was squandering other people's money, they were not supposed to know, and who would be fool enough to kill the goose that was laying such a plentiful supply of golden eggs?

So he played on and was ever deeper in the mire. When the legitimate funds of the Ville Marie Bank became scarce, Lemieux plunged his hands into the stock of the bank's bills, which were presumed to have been destroyed; these were once more put into circulation, and this was why the liquidators were obliged to redeem \$550,000 worth of bank notes in place of \$214,000 which the books called for.

Then came the trials of Lemieux, Baxter and William Weir. Herbert, as already stated, turned Queen's evidence, and told in the court what he knew of the wreckers and their doings. Three years in the penitentiary was a portion of James Baxter. Ferdinand Lemieux was given an equal sentence, while old William Weir spent 21 months in the Montreal jail. As for Herbert, he escaped sentence in consideration of his youth and his evidence.

In connection with William Weir, it is interesting to note that the old man, now dead and gone, sternly refused to have anybody intercede for him in connection with his sentence. He served out his term to the day without a murmur of complaint.

James Baxter served a portion of his sentence, and after strenuous efforts on the parts of friends was released to die in his own house. Lemieux served his sentence, and the last I saw of him he was dodging about in Montreal from one bucket shop to another. All the funds that the liquidators were able to gather in from this wreck was \$842,000, of which \$550,000 went to redeem the note circulation. The dividends to depositors amounted to 17 1/10 per cent.

It is expected that half a million dollars will come off contracts on the eastern division of the Transcontinental as the result of the arbitration recently concluded. The allowance will be in respect to over-classification and allowances for overbreak.

C.P.R. earnings for December show a small gain over December earnings a year ago. For the six months ended December 31, 1910, gross earnings were \$55,787,653; net earnings were for the period \$22,616,708.

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FRANCIS H. CHRYSLER, K.C., Ottawa, Ont.
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The charter requires that 4,000 shares (\$400,000) of the stock be subscribed and \$100,000 paid in before commencing business. The Provisional Directors are offering to the public 4,000 shares of the capital stock on the most favorable deferred payment plan, allowing the small investor to secure from one hundred to five thousand dollars of this stock, with the privilege of from five to ten years to make the payments. The experience of other Loan Companies justifies the prediction that in the meantime this stock should greatly increase in value. We want to explain this position to you; we want you to know of the magnificent profits which accrue to the shareholders of well-managed Mortgage Loan Companies, and, furthermore, we want you to share in the prosperity of the great and growing West. There is not a financial institution in Canada that has ever been established under so favorable conditions as those afforded the Pioneers' Loan Company, and a future of unparalleled success is assured.

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The Pioneers' Loan Company is authorized to sell debentures to four times the amount of the paid-up capital stock. Other loan companies are selling their debentures in Europe and the East at a rate of 3 to 4 per cent., loaning the proceeds at from 5 1/2 p.c. to 6 p.c., which enables them to pay their shareholders from 6 p.c. to 10 p.c. dividends. As the Pioneers' Loan Company will be able to place their debentures on as favorable terms as other companies, and as by operating entirely in Western Canada they will loan the proceeds at from 7 p.c. to 9 p.c., it can readily be seen the handsome profit thereby offered to the shareholders.

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The Genesis of a Chartered Bank

By H. M. P. ECKARDT

ARTICLE NO. 1

THE failure of the Farmers Bank of Canada and the loss or disaster that threatens those who trusted it with their deposits and those who became owners of its stock, directed the attention of many people to the laws of the Dominion relating to the organization of new banks and the regulation of the banks in general. So it will conduce to a better understanding of this unfortunate affair if the principal provisions of the Bank Act having to do with these matters are set out in such manner as to be easily understood by the man in the street. In the first place it will be interesting to deal with the question, what must be done in order to get a charter for a new bank? Let us say that a certain party wishes to start a new bank. What are the various steps which he must take? He can do nothing until he manages to get the support of several men of some wealth and prominence. He therefore approaches those business men whom he considers suitable, and lays his plans before them. He tells them of the business he expects the proposed bank to do and the profits it should earn. If the men thus approached have the requisite amount of confidence in the integrity and ability of the promoter they will perhaps consent to become provisional directors of his proposed institution. So they settle upon a name for the bank. Perhaps they will decide to call it the "Northeastern Bank of Canada." They decide also that its authorized capital shall be \$1,000,000, and that Tadousac shall be its chief office.

* * *

THESE details arranged, they apply to the Parliament of Canada for a charter. The application is passed upon by the Committee on Banking and Commerce. Before granting the charter the Committee satisfies itself that the parties applying for incorporation are respectable, that they have means, that the name of their bank does not bear too striking a resemblance to that of an existing chartered bank. Also in discussing the matter the members of the Committee may have something to say about the question as to whether there is a reasonable chance of the new institution proving a success, in other words whether there is an opening for a new bank. However, it is doubtful if they would refuse a charter to respectable applicants, even if they did consider that there was not much of an opening. They are rather sensitive to public opinion and if a charter were refused for that reason there would certainly be complaints that the Committee was helping the existing banks to effect a monopoly.

So we may presume that the charter will be granted. The Act of Incorporation will read as follows:

Whereas the persons hereinafter named have, by their petition, prayed that an Act be passed for the purpose of establishing a bank in Tadousac, and it is expedient to grant the prayer of the said petition; Therefore His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows: The persons hereinafter named, together with such others as may become shareholders in the corporation by this Act created, are hereby constituted a corporation by the name of "Northeastern Bank of Canada," hereinafter called the bank. The capital stock of the bank shall be one million dollars. The chief office of the bank shall be at Tadousac. shall be provisional directors of the bank.

After getting this act of incorporation or charter the promoter and the provisional directors are allowed a year in which to comply with the terms upon which they may secure a certificate of permission to begin business. First they must get the investing public to subscribe for at least \$500,000 of the bank's stock. The standing of the provisional directors will be an important factor in getting these subscriptions. Then there must be \$250,000 paid in cash upon the stock. The present act merely requires that \$250,000 shall be paid and handed to the Minister of Finance as proof of the payments. The new act recently submitted to Parliament by Sir Wilfrid Laurier says that at least ten per cent. of each subscription must be paid by each subscriber, and the total of such payments must not be less than \$250,000.

* * *

SO they set to work to get the required amount of subscriptions and payments. Stock books are opened at the chief place of business and elsewhere; perhaps agents will travel through the country selling the stock on a commission basis. If they do not succeed in getting enough subscriptions and

payments at the expiration of one year from the date of their charter they may ask Parliament to renew it for another year; and if it still appears that they are a respectable company, the desired renewal may be granted. If on the other hand they have not secured the certificate of permission to begin business at the expiration of one year from the date of their charter and they do not succeed in getting a renewal, their charter lapses and the enterprise is at an end.

Suppose they get the required amount of subscriptions and payments within the time specified by the Act. Then they pay over the amount of \$250,000 to the Minister of Finance and apply for a certificate to commence business. When they have paid this money to the Minister the provisional directors are to call a meeting of the subscribers to the stock by giving four weeks' notice. At this meeting, which is to be held at the chief office of the bank, the subscribers shall fix the day upon which the annual general meeting of the bank shall be held, and also elect the regular directors, not less than five in number, who shall replace the provisional directors and hold office until the annual general meeting in the year next succeeding their election.

The new board then proceeds to ratify the actions of the provisional directors, appoints the general manager and other officers, draws up the by-laws which shall regulate the internal affairs of the bank. However the doors may not be opened and the bank may not issue notes until the certificate of permission arrives from Ottawa. The Treasury Board is required to satisfy itself that the requirements of the Bank Act and of the Special Act incorporating the bank have been fully complied with. When it so satisfies itself the Minister of Finance will dispatch the certificate and will return the \$250,000 deposit to the bank, retaining however, the sum of \$5,000, which is to constitute the bank's initial deposit in the Bank Circulation Redemption Fund. Then the doors may be opened and the bank may establish branches, receive deposits, issue notes, and do a general banking business.

Use of Checks in France.

THAT use of bank checks in France, for making ordinary payments, has increased of late years, is shown by returns of the revenues derived from them. The stamp duty is ten centimes for those drawn and payable in the same locality, and double for those drawn on a bank in a different place from the domicile of the drawer. As the supplement may be paid by an adhesive stamp added to that on the check itself, instead of a 20-centime stamp on the instrument, the returns do not represent exactly the proportion between the two categories, but they exhibit the development of this mode of making payments, as not many years back they were looked on with such suspicion that many commercial houses, even insurance companies, would not deliver the receipt until the check had been cashed. In the year 1900 the number of checks drawn in Paris on Paris was 6,140,450; in 1909 it had increased to 9,819,020; that of the checks payable in another locality, from 1,825,860 to 2,241,635. The duty received on both classes of checks was \$2,452,651.—N.Y. Evening Post.

The Clafin Barometer.

CLAFIN earnings in New York are looked upon as a barometer of general trade conditions there. The report of the H. B. Clafin Company for the six months ended December 21, showed net earnings for the six months' period to have been \$225,000, as compared with \$378,000 in the same period in 1909. Dividends amounted to \$295,000, so that there was a deficit reported of \$69,000. This compared with a surplus of \$83,000. For the twelve months of 1910 net earnings fell short of dividends to the extent of \$158,000, whereas in 1909 there was a surplus of \$79,000.

President John Clafin says: "The retail trade of the country for the year 1910 was moderately satisfactory, and it is anomalous that for the twelve months manufacturers and wholesalers of textiles should have found it difficult to obtain ordinary profits. If it were not for possible tariff disturbances, we should expect improving conditions in the near future."

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BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

NO. 5--SIR DONALD MANN, Industrial Developer

NOW that Mr. Fielding has got the reciprocity problem settled "to the mutual advantage of both Canada and the United States," it might be well to know what two railroad kings think about it, one on either side of parallel 49. Of course, almost everybody knows what "Jim" Hill thinks, because he has talked about it very freely now for some years. The other railroad genius who has expressed his views in print on this subject is Sir Donald Mann, whose point of view may be sometimes analogous to that of his old neighbor down on the Grand Trunk in Ontario; and at some points the real Canadian may have his own shrewd ideas. In a general way, Sir Donald Mann stands for the east and west lines of traffic across Canada; but it will take a middling fertile imagination to conceive of Mr. Mann refusing to haul wheat on the C.N.R., which, after it leaves the siding at Winnipeg, may be labelled to travel south into Minnesota.

THE vice-president of the Canadian Northern was born at Acton, Ont., whose biggest industry at present is the manufacture of kid gloves. And if there is a financier in Canada accustomed to handling most things without gloves it is Sir Donald Mann. His father intended him for the Presbyterian pulpit; which was rather because at school young Donald was not inclined to be a model of diligence; perhaps because he played "hookey" from Sunday School whenever he got a chance—in the village graveyard.

However, he went to church twice a Sunday and regularly every morning knelt in family prayer. His old father still lives; no doubt as proud of Sir Donald's title as an old man can be—though he has been wrapt up in his railroad son for a good many years now. At the age of seventeen Donald left home. He was just tired of the stump farm. Those were the days when the Grand Trunk engines burned cordwood. About the time that Donald was born "Jim" Hill left home seven miles up the track—the old stone town of Rockwood; so that two of the most famous railway magnates ever born in Canada had no acquaintance till long after each of them had got swung away from the old homestead.

A good square look at Sir Donald Mann—just getting a little grizzle in his black bushy beard—proves that he has had a fighting acquaintance with timber. D. D. Mann is a very large physical fact; but when you observe him once in a while running across King street to avoid being run over by a trolley he shows action. It might be far more dignified to hold up a finger and stop the trolley. But Sir Donald has never been a man of much pomp. He is quite as proud to day of the fact that once he was the champion wrestler in the lumber camps of Parry Sound and Alpena as he is of being the vice-president of the Canadian Northern. And bushwhacking and broadaxing gave him a set of muscles and a wildcat elasticity that have helped him considerably in the tussle of becoming a railroad king.

There's a fine subject for a portrait painter in Mr. Mann, who has one of the most mobile, yet one of the most impassive faces in Canada. He talks with his eyebrows quite as eloquently as an actor. There's a fund of humor behind those cold grey eyes—and it's quite likely that if a woman were writing about him she would say he has the gaze of a great dreamer.

A few months ago Sir Donald had a peculiarly dream-like look on his face; that was, standing in the doorway of a steamship freight shed in Montreal watching the Royal Edward come in for the first time. When he went down to talk to the boys of the press who had come up on the steamer, he leaned very carelessly over the back of a big leather chair and listened to a eulogy. Then he said:

"Mm—am I supposed to make a speech now?"

Making speeches is not the biggest accomplishment of Sir Donald; though the first he ever made of any consequence was at Edmonton five years ago, when the first Canadian Northern official train hooked the fur-post city up with the East. That speech he has kept; because he regarded it as a rather good thing—and so it was. It had the merit of saying in simple language precisely what the people of Edmonton wanted to hear. The brief talk he gave in the steamship smoker had the same quality. He spoke in millions; of more steamers on the Atlantic; of liners on the lakes; of a possible fleet on the Pacific; and he trundled out his practical prophecies in a quiet matter-of-fact style that had all the charm of romance and the grip of big things done and doing and yet to do.

THERE'S a shrewd magnetism about Sir Donald. He has an off hand way of talking, well becoming a man that used to swing a broadaxe getting out ties and bossing lumberjacks in the back country of Ontario. He talks with as much ease as a bear hugs; because he has the strength of a bear behind his words and his deeds. He could step out of his big office on King street and swing a broadaxe yet as well as any man in Canada. Now that he is a knight he may occasionally remember that the broadaxe in Canada was quite as honorable as ever was the battleaxe among the Normans. The broadaxe may not have made Sir Donald Mann; but the fact that he came up in the broadaxe days and knew how to get down to the hard facts of the times and the places has meant a great deal in development.

Now I'm not going to tell that hackneyed broadaxe story about Sir Donald Mann and the Russian Ambassador at Pekin—the story of the duel that was to have come off but didn't because D. D. Mann was a humorist. Five years ago I wrote that story; but Mr. Mann got hold of the copy before it went to the printer—and he cut it out. Which shows that while he may be as fond of a good lumber-camp reminiscence as any man, he is too modest to want such things blazoned in print.

In fact, Sir Donald's whole life has been a sort of prose romance—from the winter morning when at the age of seventeen, big shouldered and burly, he gave out

to the family that he was going to the lumber woods. His father objected; no use; the lumber camp had a huge hold in those days. Michigan called many an adventurous Ontario lad. So, in spite of all, Donald D. went; took a short-cut across the winter fields to the humpty-dumpty station; arrived earlier than the train, which was in no hurry; long enough to find that his father had time to come driving along the road to see him off.

There was no overflow of sentiment. One thing the elder Mann did—stuck into his son's hand a Bible, which

somewhat in conjunction with Mr. James Ross and Mr. Holt, of Montreal. Then came a lull in railroad building—the wheat-belt not yet being discovered—and Mr. Mann took a trip over to China, thinking he might get a contract building a road for the Orientals. That was the time the broadaxe story began. But he found red-tape far too involved in that country and he came back; went down to Maine and built a short line for the Grand Trunk; thence to Chili and Ecuador and Peru, knocking about and railroading and getting experience; till close up to 1895 he swung back to this country, which was the time that the Canadian Northern was born on the road to Dauphin.

The story of that has been told and retold. Fifteen years since Donald D. Mann has been more or less a public figure. In that time he has worked out the main story of his life, which is not altogether personal, but in very large part the story of an adventurous trail blazing system. It is not straining a point to say that in these fifteen years of tremendous constructionism, D. D. Mann has been one of the most unconventional figures in Canada. He's the sort of naturalistic man one might expect to come across in the woods at some age of the world when man first began to struggle with his environment in a really intelligent way.

In a general way he represents the backwoods era of Canada, which he has outlived through the era of electrical expansion and of railroad development, till he has become the second most essential factor in a system that has for its basis finance—founded upon raw resources. Mann is a natural developer. He co-relates—industrial possibilities. To him a railroad is not merely

thousands of miles of railroad before ever he knew him, and that way he quietly picked up a vast deal of casual information that came in handy later on. It might be before a committee or a government; but when the time came D. D. Mann had the facts of the case all up his sleeve and the hard-eyed conviction behind the facts—and the determination to build the road whenever the bonds should be guaranteed, which was a necessary prelude to the siege of London and the Rothschild interests to get the money.

Most people will never know precisely where in the grand scheme of flinging a third transcontinental across Canada the peculiar genius of Sir Donald Mann leaves off and that of Sir William MacKenzie begins. But it's a safe conjecture that the waymaker of the two is Mann; that on the raw material and the native resources end he did his figuring earlier in the game than the financial wizard in the corner office. It's also a safe surmise that before D. D. Mann delivered his mind on the potentialities of a stretch of country, or a reach of red rock, or the carrying possibilities between any two points on the map, whether by rail or by water or both, he had got the expert evidence of a corps of men who had been over the ground where he never had been. Some men have this faculty of getting information out of other people and using it in a way that the other people never could. Some cultivate the knack. Sir Donald Mann had a good share of it to begin with and he has cultivated it since. Every time he went to a Government for charters or guarantees he went with a huge fund of acquired knowledge that other men had toiled to get; and if he and his concern had not wanted the knowledge it probably wouldn't have been got just at that time, or for that purpose or as part of a big constructive scheme at all.

There's a sort of primal genius about D. D. Mann, and no mistake. It may not be inspired. It deals with very crude elements, and it calls for a vast fund of practical knowledge—all of which D. D. Mann has in a high degree. If he hadn't he might never have been linked up with Sir William MacKenzie. Some people fancy his articles in the Saturday Review and other papers on reciprocity and the navy are as important as anything else he ever did. But it happens that there are a good many men in Canada who, if they had Sir Donald Mann's boots to stand in, could hatch out very able articles on those subjects.

In the matter of the fine arts he has some discernment. Once in a while he strolls into an artist's studio and buys a picture. But he never bothers painting them. He has never been known to be a patron of music; and very likely has a much more profound acquaintance with shanty madrigals than with either grand operas or symphonies. But he has plenty of time yet to cultivate a practical acquaintance with the sublimities; and whether he does or not it won't matter so very much in the long run—for some of these days writer people and painter folk and playwrights will contrive things that merely illustrate in the main the sort of big out-of-door activities that have made Donald D. Mann one of the biggest practical geniuses of the present age in Canada.

Oil.

A COMMUNICATION from a firm of engineers in Montreal has been received by the financial department of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, intended for the consideration of the Gold and Dross editor. Gold and Dross columns are under heavy pressure at the present time, so that the letter is given consideration in this place.

The communication was written to inquire, on behalf of English investors, into the standing of the Standard Oil Company of Canada.

In a general way, I fear the apparent facts in the case will not prove entirely re-assuring to English shareholders in this company. Some time since it became known in the Toronto financial world that the Standard Oil Company of Canada was being floated in England. At first it was presumed this was a branch of the Rockefeller company, but the idea was soon dispelled when it became known who the incorporators were. There was some little amusement among financial men when it was announced that this concern was to develop oil fields between Montreal and Ottawa, in addition to oil properties in the Tilbury field. "Between Montreal and Ottawa" seemed a rather vague term to many people. As to the Tilbury properties, these were turned over to the Standard Oil Company of Canada by the Crown Gas & Oil Company, and largely owing to the money derived from this and other sales, the latter company was able to pay its shareholders a dividend. The extract sent in with your letter from the Joint Stock Companies' Journal, of London, Eng., appears to me to be pretty good stuff from the standpoint of the promoter anxious primarily to sell oil shares.

The total capital of the Standard Oil Company of Canada was £225,000 ladled out in shares at five shillings each, and it appears 581,167 shares were sold, most of them presumably to the British public, as I do not think they would have gone very rapidly in Canada. The Journal states that the original purchase price was to be £145,000, £80,000 in cash and £65,000 in fully-paid shares, but afterwards the purchase price was reduced by £20,000.

What have the English shareholders received for their money?

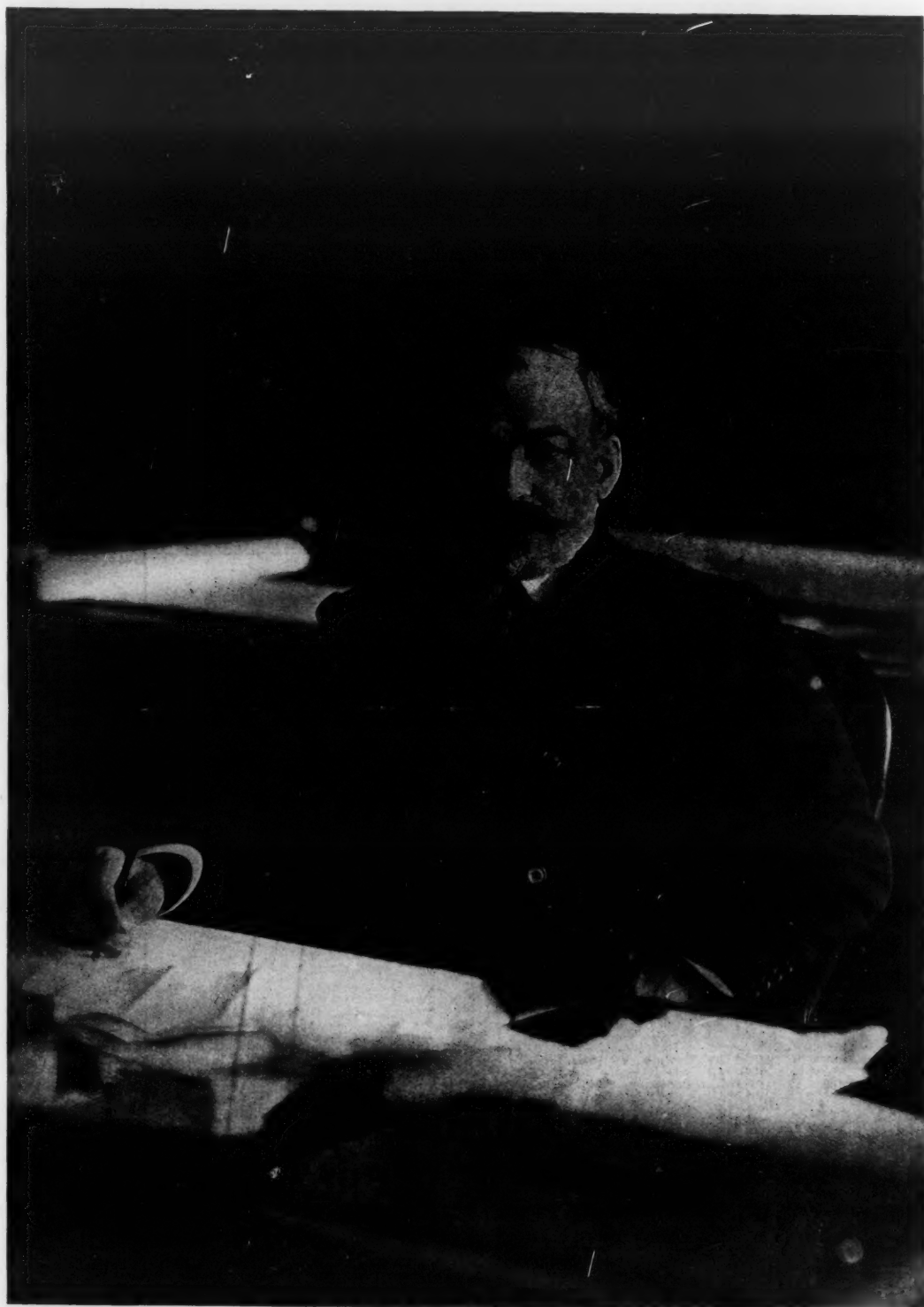
Government returns show that in the year 1906 the oil production of East Tilbury, Romney and Raleigh amounted to 106,992 barrels. 1906 was the initial year of production for these sections. In 1907 the output had increased to 411,588 barrels. Next year only some 200,000 barrels were produced, and in 1909, 124,003 was the production. The report of the Ontario Bureau of Mines for the year 1910—a document by the way, the 1909 issue of which was at the service of the British investor, states as follows, referring to the Tilbury and adjacent fields:

"It will be noticed that there has been a very rapid falling off in the oil production—about fifty per cent. in each year. For 1910 the amount will probably not exceed 50,000 to 60,000 barrels.

Turning from the report of the Ontario officials to those of the Dominion, we find the Tilbury and Romney fields taken alone produced in the year 1909 72,280 barrels less than in the year 1908. The British Journal already quoted refers to a cable received in England by the General Manager of the Standard Oil Company announcing that the Vince well of the company was producing 500 barrels per day and further on this paper quotes figures of the company which estimate that if an average production of 150 barrels a day is obtained—as they think it will—in the Tilbury fields alone, a gross income of some \$75,000 per year is in sight.

So here we have an estimate of a Tilbury production alone amounting to 450,000 barrels in 1910, while on the other hand the Ontario experts state the production of Tilbury, Romney and Raleigh will not exceed 50,000 barrels.

The moral of this seems obvious.



SIR DONALD D. MANN AT HIS DESK.

he stuffed into his trunk. A yarn in some Victoria paper not long ago depicted that Mr. Mann once upon a time, with tears in his eyes, told how he had treasured the old book so many years and what a help it had been to him—all newspaper invention! As a cold matter of fact Sir Donald told the writer in reply to the question about the Bible:

"Oh, I kept it a year perhaps, but it got lost in the lumber camps somewhere."

Naturally, a Bible would have been a hard thing to keep on the tote-road.

"However, Mr. Mann," I said, "the fact that you had in early years to go to church and attend family prayer probably had a good effect?"

He sat on a long table in his office and whacked his heels together, smiling:

"Oh, I daresay that sort of thing is good for business habits."

Candid again. Mann was always blunt. Up at Parry Sound, after his experience in Alpena, Mich., he used to amuse himself chucking lumberjacks off the dock into the river. But he was never a quarrelsome man; his size and action made it quite frivolous for most men to go against him. He got from river-driving to getting out tamarac ties—his first taste of railroading. After that he went home for a year to help his brother pay off a debt on the farm somewhere near Acton. Then he hit out West, following the trail of the C.P.R., which was the first thing since the fur brigades that called Easterners to the West. He got out ties for the sections east of Winnipeg and took contracts building sections there; working mainly on the eastern section, while his partner-to-be worked in the mountains.

AFTER the C.P.R. main line was done he met Mr. Mackenzie and they formed a joint contract company; building lines north from Regina and Calgary—

a financial expenditure of so many thousands of dollars a mile; though it's safe odds he could tell off-hand the mile-cost of any given road or section of road on the C.N.R., as well as a few hundred miles on the Canadian Pacific. Spending the money has been a diversion of his for a good many years; counting the ties and the tons of rails, the cost of dynamite and of pick and shovel and steam shovel; building where no man had been before—all of which is a pretty shrewd matter of cost. Nothing eats up money so fast as building railroads—so far as the looks of the thing are concerned. A mile of steel stretched on a gridiron of ties costs on an average somewhere about twenty thousand dollars. Since D. D. Mann began to sling ties Canada has built over thirty thousand miles of railroad. He has done a big percentage himself and helped to pay for a still bigger percentage since he quit being gang-boss and head contractor.

SO that whenever Sir Donald Mann found it his business to go before a railway committee at Ottawa or before a Government in any of the provinces to state the amount per mile that would be needed to bond a road, whether from Dan to Beersheba, or down the St. Lawrence, or out on the salmon runs of B.C., or up through the mountains and down the passes swinging up from the foot-hills and the prairie and the rocks of Algoma and the garden lands between Lake Erie and the Ottawa river, he stood as solid in his boots as a chunk of granite on the Laurentian. He was always a perfect human fact of sometimes colossal dimensions. He never talked till it was some use. By the hour he could blow clouds of smoke and listen over a table to some vocabulary expert telling him how a railroad should be built, where to and where from and at what cost; but he never jibed the gentleman by reminding him that he had built some

The King of The Rapids

ALL those who went down to Montreal in ships fifteen or twenty years ago will remember the feeling of security and awe with which they contemplated the Indian warrior who stood beside the wheel in the Lachine Rapids. They will remember how the boat stopped opposite Caughnawaga, how a birch-bark canoe was paddled alongside, and how a magnificent looking warrior in full panoply climbed majestically on board. With plumes and paint, and all the trappings of state, he stalked up to the pilot-house, and there took his stand beside the helmsman. With folded arms he posed, gazing sternly upon the seething waters. Now and then he addressed a word or two to the man at the wheel. But most of the time he merely stood and gazed coldly and impassively at the rapids.

It gave one a feeling of absolute safety to see him there. Timid women, just on the point of shrieking at some particularly heavy roll of the boat, would glance up at that imperturbable face and sigh in content. There could be no such thing as danger while he was there.

Some of the more knowing passengers would explain in awe-struck tones that he was Big John, the Canadian, and that every New Year's Day he shot the rapids amid raging waters and tumbling ice in a canoe. They would tell you that he was a great chief of the Iroquois, and that the steamboat company had secured him at tremendous expense to ensure the safety of their passengers. Well, it was quite true about his being Big John, and also a fact that he shot the rapids on New Year's Day in a canoe, if he could induce venturesome gentlemen to pay him to take them down. And he generally found two or three to go with him, for the sake of the adventure and the notoriety attached to it. But as for steering the steamboat through the rapids, he was about as necessary as a sail on it. As a matter of fact, the work was all done by the very insignificant-looking boat-hands who clung to the kicking wheel and swung it with all the strength that was in them. These men knew the rapids and knew how to steer. But the steamboat company realized what a drawing card Big John was, and so featured him in this picturesque fashion.

But whether he was altogether needed on the pilot-deck or not, Big John was a very interesting figure—and still is. Only a short time ago he celebrated his seventieth birthday; and on that occasion indulged in some very interesting reminiscences with a reporter of the Montreal Witness, who went out to Caughnawaga to see him. The newspaperman made an allusion to shooting the rapids, and immediately Big John started to reminisce.

"I'm getting too old now for anything like that," said he, "but a few years ago it didn't matter how cold it was. I was never afraid, never had an accident. Once the bow of the canoe rose up, up in the air and came down hard. That time the bow opened a little near the top. But it didn't matter, I ran the rest of the rapids just the same."

The old man then recalled his first New Year's trip through the treacherous waters. At the recollection he straightened up, and laying his blackened briar pipe on the table grasped an imaginary paddle. Then he told how the cold water rushing by washed into the boat and numbed him, how he could not feel the paddle, so cold were his hands, how he guided his little craft between the rocks, sliding over the smooth blocks in the shallow places, with skilful twist of the arm sending the boat past the dangerous spots until the smooth water was reached. At times, caught in an eddy, the canoe would whirl about with a suddenness that would have thrown an unprepared passenger out, but though he could scarce see, for the tears that the cold brought to his eyes, he sensed the moment and the place to dip the paddle, and swerve into the rushing waters once more.

The last time that Big John performed this feat was when His Majesty, then the Duke of York, visited Canada in 1901.

The old man's home is not a pretentious place. From the outside it is a frame two-story building, plain as the man himself, and as weather-beaten. But inside it is different. One who saw the interior before observing the exterior construction would probably surmise that the house was built of huge, rough logs, a house of the pioneer days.

And so it was ninety years ago, when first erected. But it has been changed since then. Big John, as his family grew too large for the one room, which comprises the ground floor, added floor, added a story. "But these old beams are the same," said he, reaching up to the ceiling, his straight form giving evidence of the wonderful physique of his younger days. The beams were of pine, some of them, cracked and warped, but still strong. The walls were whitewashed and the old floor, which four

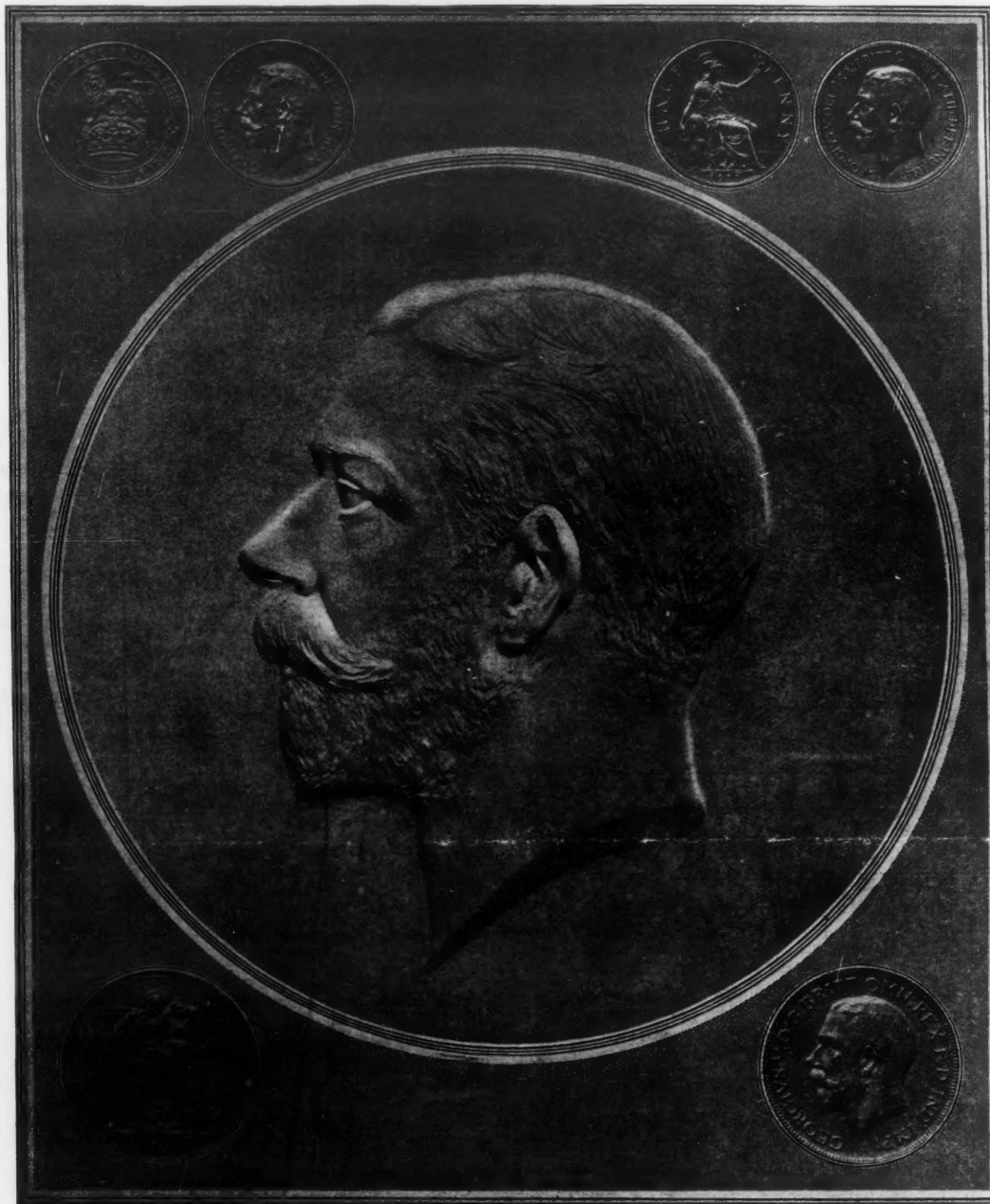
The old man who built the house was drowned in the St. Lawrence 66 years ago, when a canoe upset and eleven Indians met their death. Over in the corner was a little bright eyed child. Big John is very proud of his wife's father, an old Scotsman, who died in the sixties, at the ripe old age of 104. He was from Massachusetts, and had fought for his King in more than one war. As a reward, when he took himself a wife from the Caughnawaga Indians, he was made the agent at the reservation.

Three times was that old man married, and by each wife he had eleven children, thirty three in all. His last wife was a young girl of French lineage, and he became her husband when most men are content to allow life to pass by while they look on. His thirty-third child was born when he was ninety-five years of age. It is asserted that he would have lived ten years longer had he not fallen

when the boat whirled round and rocked," he explained, and one day he asked what they were for. He was told, and he immediately saw Mr. Peterson, chief engineer at that time, and stated he knew the place for the structure. And Mr. Peterson said, "Show me." Big John took him down to the reservation, then over to the spot where the bridge now stands. That's where it went up, and Big John holds an annual pass from the C.P.R. for that suggestion.

Peers With Lowly Ancestors.

HOWEVER sceptical we may be of the statement that "every King has a slave among his ancestors," it is undeniably the fact that there is scarcely a present-day wearer of a British coronet who has not in his veins the



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THE NEW COINAGE.
The bas relief of the head of King George the Fifth, which is being used on the new coinage, with pictures of the obverse and reverse of some of the coins.

down a flight of stairs. The accident caused his death. To the end he was a power in the reservation.

"And do you think the old days were better than these?" asked the reporter.

"No, gracious, no," was the reply, and the word "gracious" was a favorite with Big John. "Why every day now we get some surprises. Something new every day. They come like the water in the spring. When I go to the city I see so much, big buildings, automobiles, things we never would have thought of seeing fifty years ago. I like these days the best. I saw a man fly like a bird last year. I never thought that I would see that. And when some of the Indians here said that we might get to heaven that way, I just turned around and laughed. I knew better."

"I've seen a good many things. But I never went to school for a day, and so I go around like a blind man. When I came home from England I was telling about Sheffield, and a little boy, eleven years old, said, 'They make knives there.' I told him to be still, that he didn't know what he was talking about, but he said it again. I asked him how he knew; he had never been away from the village. 'It says so in the geography,' he said, and I was ashamed. I had been all over the city and I did not know that they made knives there. He hadn't been out of the village and he knew more about the place than I did. I was ashamed."

"You must have had a good time when you were there?" suggested the reporter.

"I could cry when I think of it," said the old man. "I know such times will never come again. So much that was new. Why, when I came back to the village I crossed the river on the ferry, you know, and when I looked at it I almost did cry. It was like crawling into a dog-kennel to come back to this place of dirty houses."

"Was that before the bridge was built?" was the next question, for almost any remark would bring some interesting narrative.

"You mean the C.P.R. bridge here from Lachine? Yes, it was before that. Did you ever hear how I saved the C.P.R. millions of dollars when they built that bridge. No? The Victoria bridge cost seven million dollars, and took seven years to build. This bridge cost less than a million, and was finished in a year."

The old man then told how he had made soundings at various spots in the rapids that were considered as possible sites. "It was very hard making soundings there,

blood of some humble tiller of the soil or some 'prentice lad who once served obsequiously behind the counter, says Modern Society. And this plebeian strain is as much the heritage of our most blue-blooded Duke as of the latest Barons, whose money-bags have won them a place in our Peerage.

The Dukes of St. Albans drew their line from the "Merrie Monarch," and all his Royal forefathers, it is true; but our Peerage books would not know them if saucy and winsome Nell Gwyn had never peddled oranges in Drury Lane, and the first Duke was equally kin to sovereignty and the slums. His Grace of Northumberland is heir, on the distaff side, to all the glories and splendors of the Percies. By male descent he is no Percy, but a Smithson, whose forefathers drove the plough and tended sheep in the North country; and on his family-tree, *pari passu* with haughty Percies, you will find William le Snythesonne, of Thornton Walhous, husbandman; Ralph Smithson, tenant farmer; and Anthony Smithson, yeoman, all sprung from an ancestor who earned his bread in a village smithy.

The Duke of Leeds we owe to the enterprise that drew the footsteps of one Edward Osborne to London town from his paternal cottage in Kent some centuries ago, and to the accident that won him for bride the heiress of William Hewitt, his master, after rescuing her from the swollen waters of the Thames. When Edward Osborne was a poor 'prentice lad in London streets, he little dreamt, we may be sure, that his descendants would wear strawberry-leaved coronets.

The Marquis of Salisbury is the latest of a long line of distinguished Cecils, great statesmen and polished courtiers; but we should scarcely know him to-day if his ancestor, Christopher Gascoigne, had not ventured to London as a boy, and climbed the civic ladder to its top-most rung, carrying his money-bags with him. The Marquis of Bath owes his family name to a remote forefather who kept the inn at Church Stretton, and thus identified himself as "John o' th' Inn" (in later days, "Thynne"); and whose ancestor, seven generations back, was an under forester in Shropshire. And the Marquises of Ripon owe their fortune to a shrewd line of Robinsons, who for generations served the good people of York behind the counter.

When we descend to Earls we find the commercial strain even stronger. Earls Cromer and Northbrook (with the two Baronial lines of Ashburton and Revel-

stoke) had for founder one John Baring, son of a poor German parson who came to England a couple of centuries or so ago to make his fortune, and who, after coming to grips with poverty, was able to open a small cloth factory near Exeter. This modest factory was thus the cradle of four noble families of to-day.

The Earl of Dudley draws blood and wealth from one William Ward, who left the Staffordshire cottage in which he had been cradled to learn the craft of goldsmith in London, and to reach the goal of his ambition when Queen Elizabeth made him her jeweller. The Earls of Jersey are similarly indebted to Francis Child, another 'prentice lad of the following century, who served behind the counter of William Wheeler, jeweller and goldsmith, under the shadow of Temple Bar. It was, of course, Robert Child's daughter and heiress whom young Lord Westmorland whisked away one dark night to Gretna Green, to become in later years the grandmother of the fifth Earl of Jersey.

The founder of the noble line of Carrington (Barons, Viscounts, and Earls) was a modest tradesman, one John Smith, who, in the seventeenth century, dispensed dress-lengths and tapes to the ladies of Nottingham without a thought or care for such baubles as titles or peerages. As he waxed prosperous, he added banking on a small scale to his drapery business; and, equipped with the fortune John left behind him, his descendants soon graduated as M.P.'s, Baronets, and Barons, on the road to the Earldom of a later day.

The Earls of Warwick have on their family-tree such exalted names as Neville and Plantagenet, and many another proud name of feudal days; but by far the most important of their forefathers was William Greville, a prosperous woolstapler of five centuries ago; and Samuel Dashwood, who, from being a city apprentice, found a fortune in wines, and lived to drink Queen Anne's health as London's Lord Mayor just over two centuries ago.

The original Spencers, from whom the ducal line of Marlborough and the Earls of Spencer derive their origin, were no mediaeval Barons of Norman strain. They were just plain, homely farmers, who tilled their lands and bred fine cattle in Warwickshire; and were never more astonished in their lives than when one of them, John Spencer, was one day dubbed a Knight, and his wife moved among her humble friends as "My Lady." The foundation-stone of the Capel (Earls of Essex) fortunes was well and truly laid by one William Capel, who tramped to London from his poor Suffolk home to see for himself if it was true that its streets were paved with gold. Much gold rewarded his quest, though the pavements yielded none; and he was Sir William and Lord Mayor before he was laid to rest. His son proved himself a doughty knight on French battlefields, and wedded a daughter of the old feudal family of Roos of Belvoir.

The Earls of Radnor would have been unknown to-day if a Flemish youth, Laurence des Bouveries, had never drifted to Canterbury, fortune-seeking, in the days when Elizabeth was Queen, and by his shrewdness and hard labor had not made his pile as a turkey merchant, thus setting the gilded ball rolling which had its goal in the House of Lords.

It was one, Godfrey Fielding, who served behind a mercer's counter in Milk Street in the days of Henry VI., who founded the noble family of Denbigh; just as Godfrey Boleyn (who, a few years later, succeeded Fielding as Lord Mayor) made the fortune which led to a crown for his great-granddaughter, Queen Bess. Gilbert Heathcote, who, from serving customers in the City of London, became its Chief Magistrate, has an honored place on the family-trees of Viscount Downe and Lord Aveland; just as Richard Gresham and Lord Mayor Heyward (both ex-apprentice lads) join John o' th' Inn on the pedigree of the Marquises of Bath, more potent than any of their blue-blooded fellow progenitors.

The first Earl of Eldon had for father a none too prosperous Newcastle tradesman; the first of the Lords Tenterden was son of a Canterbury barber; and the fathers of Lords Campbell and Herschell were poor ministers.

In later years we have seen the gulf between obscure labor and the House of Peers bridged scores of times in one or two generations. Lords Strathcona and Mount Stephen were both, as we all know, shepherd lads—the children of poor Scots' homes—seventy years or more ago; the Hambleton Viscountcy was cradled in a small newspaper shop, almost within living memory; the Barony of Allerton, in the tanpits; the Ardilaun, Burton, Hindlip, and Iveagh Peerages in the brewhouse. And so one might go on through the long list of wearers of coronets who owe their gilded state to labor and commerce, and whose family-trees contain many a name as seemingly remote from the Peerage as the Poles are asunder.

When we consider how, through centuries, our noble families have intermarried to such an extent that they may, without exaggeration, almost be accounted one family, it is easy to see that few, if any, of our aristocracy can disavow descent from forefathers who have stood on the lowest rungs of the social ladder.

On the gold medal recently given to Mrs. Bessie Raiche by the Aeronautical Society is the inscription, "First woman aviator in America." Mrs. Raiche was born in Wisconsin and went to Paris to study art and was married there. Now she lives with her husband in Mineola, New York, and builds and sails aeroplanes. With no previous experience other than that gained by building the first two fliers, without ever having taken a lesson in aviation or made a flight, she took exclusive charge and control of the self-built mechanical steed and tried, incidentally, to win the distinction of being the first woman to pilot an aeroplane.

A Psychic Series.

In these days when everyone is concerned with spiritual manifestations, and when school-girls are to be heard discussing their subliminal and unconscious selves, readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will be interested in the series of articles on "PSYCHIC PHENOMENA," the second of which appears in this issue. They are specially written for this paper by one who has made the subject a lifelong study, and convey authoritative information in an attractive manner. The series is very much worth while.



BIG JOHN CANADIAN.
The famous pilot in full dress.

generations have trod, was as clean as the deck of a man-of-war. On the walls were pictures of Big John in the glory of his Indian costume, which he wore as a lure to tourists when a pilot on the old American line, another as a lacrosse player, recalling his trip to England as captain of a team which played before Queen Victoria, and a signed photograph which Her Majesty gave him.

LADY GAY'S PAGE

"BE careful," is the best advice one can give to the young or inexperienced traveller, but it, like all other advice, may at times be bad. There is a time to trust as well as to mistrust, and many a good time and interesting experience has been sacrificed to a fear of some imaginary danger or ill result. A small spirit of adventure combined with independence in financial matters, makes what a man admiringly described as a "sport" among feminine travellers. "She's such a good sport," he said. "We loved to have her in our party." It was a party largely of middle aged men, a few middle aged women and the aforesaid sport. When an excursion of some arduousness or a little risk was proposed, the sport got into her trimmest costume and was at the starting point bubbling with joyous anticipations of a good time, and when the fog and the rain and the other things that interfere with excursions came, she wasted no time in lamentations, but thought of something else to do. When disaster overtook a train for the Coast, the good sport knew of another route to an interesting place to visit, and had the tickets changed and the party started before they had time to be disappointed. Conductors loved her and brought her flowers, women bothered her on every sort of trivial and foolish detail of travel, wayfarers by flood and fell told her, not only their own but their country's tales, which she related, later on, to interested companions. And she so evidently enjoyed herself while passing along, that she managed to diffuse a holiday spirit everywhere she tarried. It was she who in a wreck, made tracks for the station and bought a mammoth dish of wurst and rye bread and several bottles of milk, before the crowd realized that they were stalled dinnerless for eight hours, and devastated the refreshment room like a crowd of locusts. Meanwhile the good sport was luncheon-hostess in the *Voiture de luxe* to her party. Any one of whom would have been her doormat, for that long headed move of hers! She was never imposed upon by anyone gentle or simple, but managed somehow or other to leave most of them in her debt, if only for a hearty laugh, at some whimsical speech or fancy. And echoing the hearty word of that man, I say, "We loved to have her in our party."

I THINK the most delightful and inspiring thing life has for the experienced one is to be heartily interested in the doings and hopes and achievements of some one else. That's why children are a "heritage from the Lord" who knows what's good for us. Sooner or later "ourselves" will fail to claim our interest, and we must either be bored to death or seek new objects on which to brood, and hope and plan. This country has no room for bored souls, because it is full of interests, there are new ones developing every year, and young and ardent creatures to take them up and bring them to their fruition.

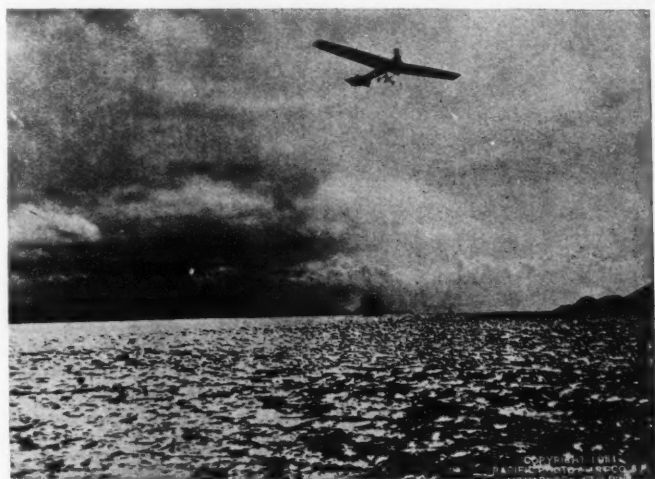
To have an interest in some one or something quite outside ourselves is healthy and beneficial, but it may be over-worked. And sometimes the good balance of our own minds tell us just when there is danger of that, or just when our interest ceases to be *prot* and becomes a bane. After that, as one says to the verbose preacher, any place is a good place for Amen. From mistaken ideas of loyalty one sometimes clings on for a while to a defunct interest, but it's always a mistake to do so. The very moment one can say, "He, she or it, doesn't interest me as they did," it is time for the Amen. The same was embodied in the advice a veteran gave to a young writer: "Continue to write only as long as you are interested." A body blow to boredom, not only of oneself but one's readers. In friendships this fact that interest may die out is never recognized by ordinary thinkers and one hears them becoming captious and critical of their former intimates, the result probably of the natural revolt and irritation of a living soul against a dead interest, stupidly kept in cold storage. More tragic is a death of interest in one another between married couples, which is noticeable so often in childless homes, where neither party has any decided fad in common. It must be either maddening or deadening to the bright minds and sensitive spirits of earth,

this non-interest in what one is tied to. People dodge it by travel, intellectual absorption, short quarrels, sarcasm, mad plunges into other interests lawful or unlawful. How tragic may be the results of simple loss of interest only the recording angel and the divorce courts can fully know!

"OH DEAR, here comes Jack," cried a pretty girl the other night. "He's going to ask me to dance and I can't refuse—but it's just awful. I don't know what's the matter, but we simply cannot dance well together." "Why not frankly tell him and ask to have a talk instead?" I suggested. She looked quite startled, and then pulled herself together. "I will!" she said, and I saw them later on having a great time laughing and talking in a cosy corner. As they passed me after the dance, she whispered, "I couldn't just say why I preferred to talk to him, but he seems

in old Rideau Hall, many colds have we caught and laughs enjoyed, and stories grave and gay hang like bats or garlands about its cornices and eaves. There the Buttinskies have met their Waterloo, and their exploits furnished laughing gas from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It's a great old barrack—our Rideau Hall, and I wonder what their Royal Highnesses will think of it!

COMPARISONS are "odorous," as Mrs. Partington used to say, but those who study the ways and doings of our rulers in matters open to us cannot help a feeling of loss, serious national loss, in the thought of saying goodbye to Earl Grey. No other Governor I have known has so truly understood and intelligently handled our interests, Lord Lorne was the one next to Lord Grey in that respect, but in his day the remote regions were *terra incognita*,



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FLYING OVER THE GOLDEN GATE.
Hubert Latham, the aviator, has attracted great admiration by his over water flights in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

flattered," which is what comes of advising the young girl of to-day. And if poor Jack be given a quite erroneous impression of the reason that little minx asked for the cosy corner, and the chat, here's to his enlightenment.

A PROPOS of a story of impersonation I saw this morning, a clever tale reached me via a disgruntled clerk one day lately. A certain fashionable woman was going South, as all the papers had told us; one day a motor containing this lady drove up to a shop door, and the concierge, or whatever the being in dashing livery prefers to be called, gently assisted the fair occupant to dismount and reach the door. She wanted a great many things in a great hurry, as she was leaving early next morning for New York. She got all she wanted, and was very particular, keenly peering through a gold lorgnette well known to sales women, at the quality of lace and lawn, gloves and hose, peignoir and tea gown, in fact a regular trousseau was purchased for three months in the tropics. The things were done up and put in the motor, not being entrusted to possible late delivery, and the lady's running account was increased by a fat amount. Every one was happy until it was found, a day or so later, by a chance visit of the "real" lady to the shop, that she had never ordered any of the fine things, nor knew who had done so, having been quite ill with grippe for a week or two, and unable to go out, much less make her proposed visit to the South. The impersonation was so good, that all the salespeople stood aghast. And, so far, I don't believe the victims have a clue to the enterprising person who carried it out, as for some reason the lady prefers to let hubby pay the bill and say nothing. Which makes it really interesting!

THE appointment of the Duke of Connaught to be Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, may be the real good reason for some improvements at Rideau Hall; even for two years, it's worth while doing up the sacred ruin a bit in deference to Royalty. It leaps from a vice-regal abode into something very much more important, but is very little better than when, ages ago, Princess Louise, sister of the coming Governor-General, reigned over the rambling edifice. We've had many good times

transportation was slow and incomplete, the C.P.R. and its "gap" was the only line to the coast, and nothing faster than a carriage and pair travelled our roads. Lord Grey has whirled round our cities and suburbs in the smartest motors we could lend him, and done ten days' work in one, because of the time saved in transit, his trips across Continent have been as swift and as comfortable as genius and devotion could make them, he is such a fine man on "trek" that to accompany him is a delight, and he gets lost in a wilderness and turns up again as unconcerned as a native. We need a Governor just like that in Canada, and we've got exactly what we need! Besides his sportsmanlike and staying spirit, Lord Grey has a bright twinkle of enthusiasm in everything he says and does for Canada. One feels it in his simple little talks, teeming with suggestion, and encouragement to the workers, the young folk, the nation to be, in which he has a faith which reproaches our pessimistic Jeremiahs. As a club man said one day in my hearing, "Canadians owe the family of Greys, the best Governor-General and the best Governor-General Canada ever had," the latter bouquet being a tribute to Mary Caroline Minto.



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FROM THE AIR TO THE DECK.
At San Francisco recently Eugene Ely, the aviator, clearly proved his ability to land safely with an aeroplane on the deck of a war vessel. This achievement should have an important effect on future naval conflicts.

TO-DAY, from a bundle of ribbons and odds and ends, I entangled an old ball programme. It was like unwittingly stepping upon a grave, for not only are the gay gallant partners gone, but the very building in which the ball was held has completely vanished, literally vanished in smoke and flame. There is one scrawled name, and the glint of blue eyes and the echo of a jolly laugh goes with it, and this. "I met the firing party coming from poor C's grave; he lies in Wynberg Cemetery. They carried his sword and belt and were chatting pleasantly as they marched." The comrade adds, "Poor soldier men; they have become used to laying us away!" Another name, neat, precise and legible, and I see the lean spare fingers inscribing it and hear the dry enquiry, "I suppose I shall be able to find you?" Behind the cynic and the leanness hid one of the kindest natures and biggest hearts, a heart of gold, which was loyal to a hopeless cause—(Cupid again!)—until its last beat. When I think of that man, I believe in reincarnation, and I believe he will find her, not his foolish dance partner, but that girl of his dreams, and that she will love him as he deserves. And there is another on the blurred program—just three letters, his noble name, and for that I do not destroy the little card, but fold it away with tenderness. For with that name comes the tang of peat and the whistle of some strange bird in early dawn, and scent of roses and soft music of brogue and gentle sunshine and the "same soft rain" and a long, long shadow across the turf, and a long arm thrust through an ivy-framed window and something soft and green dropped in my lap, a great bunch of grapes in a great leaf, and again the shadow, leaping a gate, and not a word! The shy Irish boy grew into a man, but always half a boy, and they pumped lead into him at Ladysmith, and so he died, God love him! There are other names, men who have, as an unconscious humorist says, "Married, and fought and died," and one whose soul, weary of this world, has left the unworn body, to exist, without memory of yesterday or hope of tomorrow. To breathe, to eat, to sleep is not life, but the name has nothing more to it. Poor little faded dance programme! It meant such a jolly evening long ago, to-day ashes, smoke, a little group of graves!

A LITTLE story! One of the small boys who visited Santa Claus in the big department store had concrete ideas of what he wanted in his stocking. He is a little French gentleman, and when Santa, attracted by his dark sparkling eyes paused to ask him what he should bring him, the child said bravely, unafraid of the kindly old man: "Give me a grocery store," which is in French, *Epicerie*. Santa was puzzled. "What do you want?" he enquired. "*Epicerie*," said the child. "Ah, yes, I see—you shall have an A.B.C." chortled stupid old anti-bilingual Santa unctuously. "You'll get an A.B.C." Whereat the little Frenchman waxed wroth, and said things in his own language that it was a good thing the genial Santa couldn't understand. Which was quite excusable, don't you think?

Lady Gay

The most fascinating things in the world are generally those that are none of our business.

When a girl refuses a fellow, he is thoroughly convinced that she doesn't know her own mind.

The Riotous Extravagance of the Present Day

In nothing is the extravagance of the present day shown more fully than in the costumes of our smart women, both at home and in the street. The plain tailor-made is laid on the shelf except for the morning hours or for travelling, and during the rest of our time we are wonderfully apparelled. Nothing is too sumptuous in coloring material or trimmings for the *élégantes* of fashion, and garments such as would have met with the approval of the Queen of Sheba are to be seen in the Paris Model Department of The Robert Simpson Company. Here are beautiful Evening Cloaks of the finest French cloth and draperies of exquisite chiffon, together with Velvet and Satin Capes and Coats. All are wonderfully unique and many of them enhanced by the lavish use of jewelled embroideries, passementeries, fringes, borders and bands of fur.

In Evening Gowns our outline is still narrow, but the skirts are made to trail somewhat on the ground, which is certainly becoming to the majority of women who have left their twenties behind them. In the extreme narrowness of last season's hobble skirt the very stout woman presented an outline to the world which would have moved even old Diogenes to laughter.



The Cult of Beauty

I am often asked whether a positively plain woman can be made beautiful and I emphatically answer "No!" But I do maintain that if a woman is dressed in gowns which suit her individual style, which bring out her good points and soften her bad ones, her appearance can be so much improved as to noticeably enhance her charm.

The culture of good looks is as possible, as practical, and as sensible as the culture of good health. It is not our business to spoil a woman's pleasures or interfere with her mode of life, but to so advise her so that she can indefinitely retain and even enhance her personal charm. It is every woman's bounden duty for her own sake and for the sake of the world at large, to make the best of herself, and in nothing can this be done so successfully as in her being gown to suit her own individual style. This is being done every day for those who cannot do it for themselves, in the Paris Model Department of the Robert Simpson Co., where individual and special attention is given to the style and individuality of each customer. By being well dressed even when Time has taken part of his toll, a renewal of personal charm will result and the clock may be put back many years so far as personal appearance is concerned.

If you have not given the matter any thought, start now. There will never be a better time for beginning the culture of good looks as advocated by Madame Fleurette of the Paris Model Department of The Robert Simpson Company, Limited.

Psychic Phenomena

By F. E. M. R.
Article II.

"ALL our human knowledge might be symbolically represented by a tiny island surrounded by a limitless ocean. There is much yet—infinity much—for us to learn."—Camille Flammarion.
"Croire tout découvert est une erreur profonde, c'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde."
—Lamartine.

TO say that the subconscious region of mind, or the secondary personality "is the store-house for heredity and the knowledge gained through our objective senses," is one of those explanations that science has so often to fall back upon, as an hypothesis, that does not, and is not intended to explain! In this case it suggests one of the greatest mysteries of our being! Those traits of a great grandfather, for instance, so strangely duplicated in a grandson, and those amazing, original traits and faculties! How stored? Where stored? From whence? It is all a great mystery! In this article we will give sketchy illustrations of the weirdest and most extraordinary phenomena of this hinterland of Being.

The cases of dissociated personality have been under the careful observation of scientific authorities for many years, and an assurance that such alternating personalities are demonstrated facts will at least demand a broader charity in our judgment of those suggested cases of dual personality that not infrequently are brought to our notice in the daily papers, etc.

The sketchy outlines of an authenticated case of this kind is that of the Rev. Ansel Bourne, recounted by Wm. James. Mr. Bourne, an itinerant preacher, is described as a firm, self-reliant, upright man. On Jan. 17, 1887, he drew \$558 from a bank in Providence, R.I., with which to pay for a purchase of land; he actually paid certain bills and entered a Pawtucket horse car, and from there on his memory ceases. He was advertised as lost, and the police sought in vain to locate him. "On the morning of March 14th, however, at Norristown, Penn., a man calling himself A. J. Brown, who had rented a small shop six weeks previously, stocked it with stationery, confectionery, etc., and carried on his quiet trade without seeming to any one unnatural or eccentric, woke up in a fright and called in the people of the house to tell him where he was. He called himself Ansel Bourne, remembered his previous life as that person, and forgot completely his experiences as A. J. Brown." Three years later, years that Bourne had spent quite normally in his own home, with Mrs. Bourne, he was interviewed and afterwards hypnotized by Prof. Wm. James and Dr. Hodgson, then secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research. The result was that while in the hypnotic state he again became A. J. Brown, with Brown's sentiments and memories, and was able to describe minutely his whole trip to Philadelphia and the business he carried on, etc. Said he had never heard of Ansel Bourne and did not recognize Mrs. Bourne. On awakening he was again Ansel Bourne, with again no recollections of Brown, and the change of personality never recurred. What is notable in this case is that the personality suddenly called into being is very like the primary or normal individual, or, as Prof. James says, "Brown was nothing but a rather shrunken, dejected and anaemic extract of Mr. Bourne himself." This similarity is unusual, as is also the fact that the change only occurred once. Usually the personalities change often and frequently. Dr. Boris Sidis and Dr. Goodhart's work, "Multiple Personality," is in the main the analysis of a secondary personality resulting from an accident befalling the Rev. J. C. Hanna. When he returned to consciousness he was possessed of an entirely different self, "which may be understood only by comparing it to the birth of a person possessed immediately of natural, mental and physical functions." The phenomena of the secondary state, the return to his primary personality and the struggle the physicians experienced in establishing him once more on the mental basis of his normal self, there being for sometime a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde tendency to alternate between the "two human individualities" makes indeed a weirdly fascinating Fairy Tale of Science! But such a triumph in such a recent study gives assurance surely that science will sooner or later learn to control these strange forces of our Being, even though it may never know their real nature; for, with a similar ignorance of the nature of electricity, it has nevertheless been harnessed with bit and bridle for the service of man.

"Miss Beauchamp" (a seven years' study of Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston), exhibited three alternating personalities, with such a marked difference of character that Dr. Prince confesses his temptation to call his work on this subject "The Saint, the Woman and the Devil!" Both he and Dr. Goodhart and Sidis, it may be said, regard multiple personality as a law not an incident of human nature, while many other authorities claim that

the susceptibility to suggestion of the secondary personality and its extraordinary powers of deduction are quite sufficient to account for any other unstable personalities that may appear in these remarkable dramas of conflicting, alternating selves!

The general phenomena of mediumship we are all more or less familiar with, but may I recall a few of those extraordinary observations made by Sir Wm. Crookes in his own house. Miss Cook, a girl of 14 years, was the medium, and "Katie King," the "control" or the supposed communicating spirit. The following are simply a few disconnected extracts from his fascinating narrative "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism." During the materializing scenes, "Katie instructed all the sitters but myself to keep their seats, and to keep conditions, but for some time past has given me permission to do what I liked, to touch her and to enter and leave the cabinet almost whenever I pleased. I have frequently followed her into the cabinet and have sometimes seen her and the medium together, but most generally I have found nobody but the entranced medium lying on the floor, Katie and her white robes having instantaneously disappeared." Again "Katie is fully a half a head taller than her medium and looks a big woman in comparison with her. In the breadth of her face in many of the pictures" (there were five cameras in use) she differs essentially in size from her medium, and the photographs show several other points of difference. "I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals as far as their bodies are concerned. Several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's; Miss Cook's hair is

The "First Lady" of Portugal.

THE feelings of the high and mighty grandes of Portugal who now find themselves ruled by a college professor who rides to his work in a trolley car have not yet been confided to the public. We may be sure, however, that their indignation is a pale and feeble affair in comparison with the rage of the duchesses, countesses, and other noble ladies who find themselves outranked by the college professor's wife. Mrs. Braga recently told the Lisbon correspondent of the London Daily Mail that she actually married Braga purely for love and that she had no intention whatever of "living in a palace like a queen." She impressed the correspondent as being simple in her tastes, kindly, and exceedingly hospitable. What he noticed in particular, however, was the extreme pride she displayed in her husband. We read:

I called this morning at the country house of Senhor Theophilo Braga, the new Portuguese President, a long, one-story building on a cliff overlooking the Tagus at Cruz Quebrada, seven miles west of Lisbon. Senhor Braga had left for the capital, but his wife, a frail, sweet-faced old lady with white hair, advanced and insisted that I should enter. She led me by the hand in motherly fashion to a long, low room more than modestly furnished, the windows of which overlooked the wide expanse of blue, serene waters, but lately seething and smoking under shot and shell.

She expressed her regret at her husband's absence and said that he was delighted to speak to English people. I congratulated her on her husband's new dignity, adding that she ought to feel very proud.

"Proud," she exclaimed, smiling doubtfully, "perhaps;



"THE LOVERS." BY LEONARDO BISTOLFI.
This is one of the early works of the great contemporary Italian artist, whom his countrymen call "The Poet-Sculptor." He is a master of chiaroscuro, that is to say, light and shadow blend perfectly in his works.

so dark a brown as almost to appear black, while a lock of Katie's, which is now before me, and which she allowed me to cut from her luxurious tresses, having first traced it up to the scalp and satisfied myself that it actually grew there—is a rich golden auburn."

"Katie's pulse beat steadily at 75, Miss Cook's, a little time after, was going at its usual rate, 90." At last, having been informed by Katie that she will appear no more, Sir Wm. Crookes goes to the cabinet to see the last of her. He sees both her and Miss Cook, the latter prone upon the floor in the trance condition. After words with Katie the latter goes over to Miss Cook, touches her and says, "Wake up, Flossie! Wake up! I must leave you now." Then asks Sir Wm. Crookes to help her, Miss Cook, to arise and leaves her to his care. He stoops to assist Miss Cook, then, "I looked around, but the white-robed Katie had gone!"

Many scientists were concerned in these observations and every possible precaution taken to prevent fraud or collusion of any kind. Miss Cook always dined with the family, and was interviewed by Sir Oliver Lodge just before going into the cabinet. The only thing she took in with her being a white shawl, which she often threw over her head before going into the trance state.

How do those scientists who do not favor the spiritistic theory account for such evidences as these?

Jastrow's work, "The Subconscious," analytical and constructive in character, is intensely interesting, but his theory on this phase of the subject of dissociated personality is surely another instance of explanations that do not explain. He says: "The dissociated consciousness is somewhat different from the subconscious accompaniment, or modification of conscious action, yet has affiliations with it. For dissociative action, the muscular system which serves the entire range of conscious, voluntary conduct, 'must be taken away from the voluntary conscious direction and placed at the disposal of the suppressed subconscious. There seems to be just two functional methods of accomplishing this: The one is to eject or drug or incapacitate the normal tenant; and the other is to wrench away a part of the muscular apparatus for the desired purpose, while leaving him the rest.' "In hypnotism we observe the alternating dissociation, in which the tenant is ejected and his habitat and possessions placed at the disposal of the temporary usurper, who indeed commands functions removed from ordinary control." But the "usurper," who seizes the muscular activity of the subject, is still a cryptical factor in this amazing problem! and as far as present evidence goes, may be either a spirit or the as yet inexplicable secondary personality.

Certain cases certainly suggest those "possessed," spoken of in the Bible.

Will this perplexing and absorbingly interesting problem ever be satisfactorily solved? Dr. Richet, the eminent physicist of Paris, declares that "new scientific data will spring out of the darkness, and altogether unknown forces will shortly be revealed!"

Miss Sheila O'Neill recently showed and explained in London a model of a tandem monoplane which she had just completed. This exhibition was given under the auspices of the Woman's Aerial League of London. Miss O'Neill is the only woman allowed to drive a motor-car in the Irish reliability motor trials. She has won many prizes in motoring, has patented several inventions, and is at present perfecting a new splash device for motors. She went out as a nurse during the Boer war, and holds medals from both the King and Queen of England.

Old Friends and New



Intry Mintry.

WILLIE and Bess, Georgie and May—
Once, as these children were hard at play,
An old man, hoary and tottering, came
And watched them playing their pretty game.
He seemed to wonder, while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Aha, but the old man yearned to share
Of the little children's innocent glee
As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told their rime at counting out:
"Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Ah, the mirth of that summer day!
'T was Father Time who had come to share
The innocent joy of those children there;
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sport with them went he—
How could the children be afraid,
Since little they recked whom he might be?
They laughed to hear old Father Time
Mumbling that curious nonsense rime
Of "Intry mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May,
And joy of summer—where are they?
The grim old man still standeth near
Crooning the song of a far-off year;
And into the winter I come alone,
Cheered by that mournful requiem,
Soothed by that dolorous monotone
That shall count me off as it counted them—
The solemn voice of old Father Time
Chanting the homely nursery rime
He learned of the children a summer morn
When, with "apple-seed and apple-thorn,"
Life was full of the dulcet cheer
That bringeth the grace of heaven near—
The sound of the little ones hard at play—
Willie and Bess, Georgie and May.
—Eugene Field.

With Cassock Black, Beret and Book.

WITH cassock black, beret, and book,
Father Saran goes by;
I think he goes to say a prayer
For one who has to die.

Even so, some day, Father Saran
May say a prayer for me;
Myself meanwhile, the Sister tells,
Should pray unceasingly.

They kneel who pray; how may I kneel
Who face to ceiling lie,
Shut out by all that man has made
From God who made the sky?

They lift who pray—the low earth-born—
A humble heart to God;
But O, my heart of clay is proud—
True sister to the sod.

I look into the face of God,
They say bends over me;
I search the dark, dark face of God—
Oh, what is it I see?

I see—who lie fast bound, who may
Not kneel—who can but seek—
I see mine own face over me,
With tears upon its cheek.

—Grace Fallow Norton.



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THE CZAR REVIEWS BOY SCOUTS.

The Boy Scout movement has recently been organized in Russia under the personal supervision of Sir Robert Baden-Powell. The Czar is greatly interested and is here seen reviewing a brigade at St. Petersburg in company with his son.



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THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESSE DE CHAULNES.
Recently widowed, she is an object of sentimental interest in Paris. She is an American, the daughter of Theodore Shonts of New York.

Man's Day.


A SUDDEN wakin', a sudden weepin';
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to morrows.

Young blood red hot an' the love of a maid;
Wan glorious hour as'll never fade;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears:
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then auld man's talk o' the days behind 'e;
You darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l lyin',
A li'l low corner o' airth to lie in.

—Eden Philpotts.

Freedom is the will to be responsible for one's self—
Neitsche.



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Society

THE post-noel dance at Government House took place on Friday evening of last week and was a most successful social function, all the necessary adjunct to the enjoyable dance being secured by the kind hosts, Fralick's best music, a perfect floor, plenty of dancing men, and a dainty supper. The guests were, as before, largely from the young set, whose especial delight is these Cinderella dances, because, as one of them said, they end just when you are longing for more, instead of when you have had enough. Mrs. Gibson says good-night to her guests at one o'clock, after the fashion set by Lady Clark years ago, the two Gubernatorial hostesses being endowed with the best of Scotch good sense and judgment. All through the evening little dinner parties from the young married set drop in for an hour of chat and a dance or two, but the buds and their boys are there early, and it is a pretty sight when they gather, the girls at the head of the grand stairway and the men in a close phalanx at the end of the wide hall, looking up at the beauties, who are impatient Juliets, quite willing to come down to them. Last Friday evening the house party, Mrs. Gibson and her daughters, wore white gowns, the hostess-in-chief a very rich satin brocade, with handsome panels of Brussels lace and some pretty jewels. Little Miss Malloch, niece of Mrs. Gibson, was down from Hamilton for the dance, wearing a delicate gown bordered with skunk fur, and looked very pretty. Mrs. Alexander, formerly Miss O'Reilly, of Hamilton, was welcomed by many old friends and wore a handsome black gown touched with green. Miss Turnbull, of Hamilton, wore one of the most perfectly artistic dresses at the dance, a royal blue, with sable and bands of cut jet, and a huge posie of violets. *Petite* Miss Phyllis Nordheimer had also a charming and dainty gown of palest pink dew-drop net over satin, the little overdress edged with fawn marabout and opening to the belt in front over the satin petticoat. Mrs. R. J. Christie and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock wore black and silver and white lace over pink satin respectively, and came in about eleven, Mr. Christie with his handsome wife. Mrs. Mackelcan was also one of the late arrivals, Friday being her practice night. Miss Brouse wore a smart gown, white, with bands of emerald sequins. Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, who had just arrived home, was in deep mauve ninon. Miss Frances Cotton and Miss Frances Lloyd Harris, of Brantford, the latest debutantes, were lovely in dainty white frocks. That fascinating little lady, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, was a picture in flame colored ninon, with borders of black fur and band of the bright color holding a tall black osprey in her dark hair. Mrs. Jack Meredith wore mauve satin, and her sister, Miss Phyllis Hellmuth, primrose satin, the scanty modish skirt veiled with a short overdress of black chiffon. Mrs. Agar Adamson wore an artistic gown of royal blue velvet with gold embroidery. Mrs. Miles Cotton looked handsome in white and Miss Dorothy Cotton in dull blue. Miss Olga Schwartz, who has been enjoying herself lately out of town, looked very nice in palest pink, with the modish touch of fur. Mrs. Scott Waldie wore a lovely green gown. Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank, a white and silver gown, touched with black velvet, in which she was even prettier than usual. Mrs. Cassels, nee Waldie, was very handsome in pink. Miss Hope Sewell, of Belleville, was in primrose satin. Some of the other guests were the Misses Gates of Hamilton, Miss Enid Hendrie, Miss Braithwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone Aylesworth, Mr. and Miss Burton, Mrs. Walter Barwick, in a handsome black lace gown, who was saying good-bye to her friends and has gone abroad; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mr. Garnet Chaplin, Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, Mr. Howard Harris, Mr. Fred Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Mr. Bob Sinclair, the Misses Crowther, Miss Elaine Machray, Mr. and Mrs. Van-kongnet, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Adele Gianelli in white satin with emerald green and a band of green holding a white paradise plume in her coiffure, Mr. Fornoret, Mayor Geary, Captain Macmillan, D.S.O., Mr. Gillman, Mr. Walker Bell, Mr. and Miss Austin of Spadina, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Harriette Ireland, Mr. Tom and Miss Plummer of Sylvan Tower, Miss Lennox, who looked particularly well, Miss Isabel Saunders, the Misses Warren, Colonel Stimson, Mr. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Watt of Brantford, Mr. Darling, the Misses Gouinlock, Mr. Skill, Mr. and Miss Sankey, Miss Clare Denison, the Misses Schoenberger, Miss Tait, Miss Helen Heaton and Miss Madonald of Goderich, Miss Julia Cayley, Miss Julia Pringle, Miss Gooderham of Alverthorpe, Miss Alice Hagarty, Miss Petica Geddes, Mr. Edward Jones, Miss Nell Fiskin, Miss Norah Blake, the Misses Edwards, Miss Hazel Fitzgerald, Mr. Fitzgerald, Miss Dorothy Primrose, Mr. and Miss McPhedran, Miss Rita Dunbar in white touched with silver and white bandeau in her hair, Miss Elsie Jackes, Mr. Jackes, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss V. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Strathy, Major Carpenter, Mr. Jennings, who is down from Regina and has great tales of his explorations in the north, Miss Jennings, Miss Carey of Hamilton, Miss Darling of Rosemount, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Bruce, Mr. and Miss Alexander of Bon-Accord, Miss Erie Temple, who looked beautiful in white satin with a corsage bouquet of violets, Miss Davison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Worsley, Miss Marion Creelman, who has spent ten days at Government House, Mr. Galt Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Buchanan, Miss Weir, Miss Adele Harman, Mr. Davidson Harman, Mr. and Miss Lemesurier, Mr. and Miss Marjorie Fellowes, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Mary Burnham, Mr. Burnham, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Allen Taylor, Mr. Beverly Robinson, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Captain Gooderham of Dean-croft, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Macfarland, were a few of the very happy party.

The Viceregal party from Ottawa will arrive on Monday, and be the guests of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gibson until Thursday night. They will attend the concerts of the famous Mendelssohn Choir, and on Monday evening will take supper at the Heintzman Hall, where the Ladies' Board of the Western Creche will have the honor of entertaining them. There will be a special meeting of the Women's Musical Club on Thursday, which Lady Sybil has promised to attend. Other functions are being arranged, and their Excellencies will probably be kept busy as usual.

Last Thursday, January 26, was a record night, and all sorts of doings were on. Mrs. Melvin Jones gave a progressive dinner for young people of ten quartette tables, which was most successful, the Misses Gibson being among the guests. His Honor and Mrs. Gibson were

at the Varsity Glee Club concert. Trinity men held their annual conversat, which was, as usual, crowded with their friends. Mrs. Watson, of 234 St. George street, gave a jolly young folks' dance, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gooderham gave a ball at the Metropolitan for Mrs. Gooderham's sister, Miss Enid Alexander, which was quite a brilliant affair. At least five dinners were on that evening, so every one was trotting about in the mud. It was impossible to secure any sort of conveyance after ten o'clock, as everything on four wheels, from the daintiest limousine to the grubbier old night-hawk cab, was doing its mightiest in transportation. Next week, arrivals in town in early evening will probably also have to walk, for the audience at the Mendelssohn Choir concerts generally uses all the wheeled vehicles in town about eight o'clock. On a night like last Thursday week, one is apt to toss a penny whether to dare the elements or peacefully retire to one's bed.

Miss Marion Creelman, who has been staying at Government House, returned to Montreal this week.

Mrs. Shirley Denison, 278 St. George street, gave twin teas on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, at which the guest of honor was Miss Dora Denison of Rusholme, whose marriage to Mr. Alfred Wright takes place in St. George's Church, three weeks from to day, February 25. Miss Denison received with the hostess, looking very bright and happy in a golden brown satin gown and hat to match with roses. Mrs. Shirley Denison was very sweet and attractive in a delicate shade of mauve charmeuse, with gold lace and guimpe and underdress of tucked tulle, amethysts blending prettily with the tone of her gown and the soft fragrant violets on her corsage. Her pretty house was decorated with violets and daffodils arranged in gilded baskets, and the teatable was centered with daffodils, while gold baskets of violets stood here and there, the handles tied with violet cord and tassels. It was all exceedingly artistic and dainty, as all Mrs. Denison's little entertainments are.

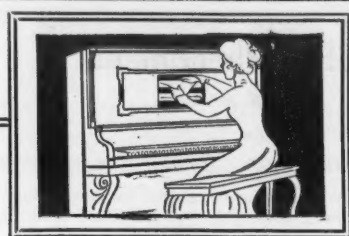
A very large At Home was given by Mrs. Eaton and her daughter, Mrs. Burnside, at 182 Lowther avenue last week (January 27). The hostesses received at the entrance to the drawing room, Mrs. Eaton in her invariable black, with a triple string of shimmering pearls as a charming relieving touch. The whole house was *en fete* for the occasion and the wealth of flowers, elaboration of decoration and general originality of design made it a constant surprise to the hundreds of guests who wandered up and down improvised labyrinths, came upon tiny trout pools amid rocks in which a small farmer bobbed for fish, arbors and trellises of greenery, roses, grapes and electric in bewildering array. In fact, there was no time to chat or be bored what with listening to the music, the canary-singing, and admiring the floral bowers everywhere. Perhaps to many of us the dining room, with its quiet wood panelling and its beautiful mahogany table centered by one tall vase brimming with the most lovely Richmond roses, was the nicest place of all. A fine painting of Dutch peasant life, "The Wooing," by Israels, caught many a long and lingering look from *connoisseurs* as the crowd carried them past it. The large family connection of Mrs. Eaton devoted themselves to their guests in the reception and tea rooms, and Mrs. Scott Raff was everywhere on the same kindly task. Tea was royally served in a mammoth white and turquoise marquee, heated and lighted to perfection, and the teatable was an odoriferous vista of exquisite pink roses. Bonnie grand-daughters of the hostess helped to serve the guests, roses white, red and pink were peeping everywhere from the smilax hung walls. It was fairland. Mr. J. C. Eaton dropped in about six to enjoy half an hour, then kissed his mother good bye, and motored up to his new home on Davenport Hill. There was a simple heartiness and lack of pose about the hostesses and their assistants which is most grateful in these days of rush and mechanical hospitality.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Lennox, second daughter of Mr. E. J. Lennox, and Mr. Yoris Ryerson, second son of Colonel G. Sterling Ryerson, is announced. Miss Lennox is a very popular and beautiful girl, in fact was pointed out to me last Friday night by an enthusiastic stranger as the belle of Government House dance. Her friends love her more, however, for her sweet disposition and many noble traits, than even for her very attractive appearance.

Miss Slade is with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, whose long illness at the King Edward has given her friends much concern.



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WELLAND TOWN GOES ON BOOMING AHEAD. Two of Their Present Firms Are to Double Their Capacity Right Away.

Special to The Star.

Welland, Jan. 31.—Announcements of the industrial expansion of the town of Welland follow one another in rapid succession, and one of the best yet is the statement that the Page Hersey Pipe Mills will be increased to double their present capacity. This will give employment to 250 more

men, bringing the total number employed by this company up to 500. Owing to the separation from the steel plant, a fine new office will be built in connection. Plans are about completed for the enlargement, and the work will be gone on with as soon as warm weather arrives. The addition to the plant will cost about one million dollars.

The Ontario Iron and Steel Company's plant, which has been taken over by the Montreal Steel Company, will double its force of 350 men.—Adv.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. F. H. PHIPPEN is giving a large tea at Clover Hill this afternoon for the announcement of the engagement of her elder daughter, Miss Edna Kathleen Phippen, and Dr. Clifford Rogers Gilmour, of Winnipeg, who was recently in town on a visit. Miss Phippen is one of the girls whom everyone loves, and there will be much regret when she leaves Toronto as a bride for her native place, Winnipeg. And as Toronto friends will be sorry, Winnipeg friends will rejoice at her return, and all will wish her the happiness her sweet nature so well deserves. Dr. Gilmour is a rising physician in the Prairie City and a nephew of Mr. Thomas Gilmour of St. George street, and has numbers of friends in Toronto.

On Tuesday evening, Major and Mrs. J. A. Murray gave a large dance at McConkey's for the friends of their daughter, Miss Marjorie Murray, who received with her mother, and looked very pretty in a pink satin frock, veiled with gold dotted chiffon and fringed with gold. Mrs. Murray was in grey with silver and some fine lace, very smart and handsome. Mrs. Bert and Mrs. Allan Ramsay were with the reception party afterwards in the cosy corner, Mr. Webster also looking in later on. Mrs. Ramsay's sister, Miss Devaney, of St. Catharines, and that lovely debutante, Miss Bessie McSloy, came over for this dance. The former is visiting Mrs. Ramsay, and the latter is the guest of Miss Mona Murray. The young people turned out in large numbers on Mrs. Murray's invitation, men being in the majority, and one mischievous beauty said she thought the boy-wallflowers were the nicest sort of decoration for a ballroom. "You see," she added, "the boys can always go and have a little smoke, if they have to miss a dance, but there's no smoking room for the poor girls." As she has nothing but 'steenth extras, ten minutes after the dance begins, I don't think she will miss the smoking room, for some years to come. Supper was served about eleven, in the cafe, where the whole party found tables, and enjoyed an extra tempting menu. The music was good, and the floor perfect, and a few of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, the lady in her white satin *robe des nocces*; Mrs. Gordon Gooderham in black velvet and gold slippers, Miss Enid Alexander in black velvet and pearls, Miss Dunstan in black velvet and tiny roses in her *coiffure*, Miss Snelgrove, very distinguished and dainty in pale blue satin, with a pale blue lace scarf; Miss Mary Walton in black velvet, Miss Gladys Bilton, lovely in pale pink with the modish *coiffure* and "bandage" of pale pink ribbon; Miss Jean Bellingham in mauve with a bouquet of violets and lily of the valley, Miss Mona Murray in pale blue, the Misses Webster, Miss Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. F. Foy, Miss Foy, Miss Mildred Thompson in coral pink chiffon and fawn marabout, Miss Dorothy Marks in white, Miss Edwards, Miss Lansing, Miss Florence Peters, the Misses Vivian and Mildred Duggan in white satin, Miss Miller, the Misses White, Miss Ellis, Miss Evelyn Reid, Miss Ayre, a niece of the hostess, in cerise chiffon, hobbled with gold over white satin, were some of the pretty girls at this dance.

Miss Edna Phippen went to Montreal for the coming-out ball of her old friend, Miss Helen Thompson, on Wednesday night, and is to return this morning with some Montreal girls in time for to-day's tea. Mr. Clifford Brown went to Montreal last Friday for the week-end.

The engagement of Miss Alice Shaughnessy, daughter of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and Mr. H. W. Beaulac, of Montreal, was announced recently, and many Toronto friends are sending congratulations. Miss Shaughnessy is very well known here, and the summer colony at St. Andrew's, N.B., from Toronto, also take great interest in the news of her engagement. I hear a rumor that her brother's engagement will be also shortly announced to a Montreal lady.

Mrs. Edward W. Hagarty gave a tea at McConkey's on Wednesday afternoon, afterwards entertaining the assistants at dinner and a theatre party.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hees left for the South last Friday, and will spend some months at Palm Beach and in the West Indies. On their return in the spring, they will reside at 174 St. George street.

That most artistic of auditoriums, Convocation Hall, impressed one more than ever with its architectural beauty when filled with the brilliant audience which assembled to hear the University Glee Club and the Toronto String Quartette last Thursday evening. The platform held a handsome group of over one hundred young men who sang with all the fervor and spirit of youth, and a charming touch was added to the scene by the sweet personality of the accompanist, Miss Ada Twohy, who wore a classic gown of ivory charmeuse and duchess lace touched with gold. Two specially prepared boxes gaily decorated with Union Jacks contained the Government House party, President and Mrs. Falconer, Sir Edmund and Lady Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, all of whom

were delighted with the evening of excellent music, and complimented Mr. Davies and the club on their progress.

Mrs. Bryce Hunter gave a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Bessie Hunter, who is going to New York, and Miss Maud Pepall, the bride-elect.

Mrs. George A. Cox will receive next Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, and during the rest of the season on the fourth Monday.

Sir William and Lady Mackenzie have sent out announcements of the marriage of their youngest daughter, Theresa Grace, and Comte Jacques de Lesseps. I believe that the Benvenuto party will not return to town before Lent.

The Riverdale Ex-Pupils' Association held their first annual At Home in the new assembly hall of the school on Friday evening, January 27. The patronesses were Mrs. Chas. R. Sneath, Mrs. W. H. Miller, Miss Alice Wilson, Miss Katherine Michell. The event proved to be most enjoyable and successful in every way.

A very interesting and delightful lecture was given at St. Margaret's College on January 27 on the old town of Edinburgh, by Rev. Alexander MacMillan. The subject suggests the greatest historic interest and romance is not wanting in the history of "Auld Reekie."

A very fine tea was given by Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone in her spacious and artistic home on January 25, and a large number of her friends and acquaintances responded to her invitation for five o'clock. It was a daffodil tea, masses of the sunny flowers of the month being arranged decoratively, and the tea-table having a regular sunburst of golden blooms, softly backed by garlands of smilax, which crossed in ropes, studded with daffodils, to the corners of the cloth. Mrs. and Miss Johnstone received in the drawing room, which is the centre of so many attractive salons, the wide sun parlor, with its ledges of delight, and beautiful art treasures, the quiet library, with its valuable store of books, and the bright hall and dining room on the north side. The hostess and her daughter were handsomely gowned. Mrs. Johnstone was in pale primrose embroidered charmeuse, with pearls, with a touch of tan velvet on the corsage, Miss Jessie was in turquoise with white lace. Among those assisting was Mrs. W. R. Riddell, perfectly gowned and *coiffed* as usual, her pale blue dress veiled in black and gemmed with turquoises, in dainty touches, being most becoming. Mrs. Van Straubenzee matronized a party of girls in the tea-room, including Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, Miss Dunlop, Miss Reid, and Miss Boyd.

Miss Jeannette Barclay is visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Arthur M. Bethune, of Brampton, was in town this week for a brief tour of shopping.

Mrs. S. F. Mackinnon, Avenue road, was at home to numbers of friends on Thursday and yesterday afternoons, who were glad to greet her again, and admire her fine home.

Miss Christie, Mrs. Hal Osler's sister, is on her way out for a visit to Toronto. It is some time since she was here, but her friends and admirers have remembered her well, and are delighted to look forward to seeing her very soon.

Mrs. S. J. Newton Magwood received yesterday at her new home, 414 Dovercourt road, assisted by her mother, Mrs. E. J. McLean.

Miss Estelle Kerr has returned from a visit in New York. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Graham, St. George street, have gone to Long Beach, Southern California, for the remainder of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Brownlee, 77 Delaware avenue, have gone to the East Indies for some weeks.

Mrs. Edward Drummond Fraser (*nee* Comer, of Birmingham, Ala.) received for the first time since arriving in town after her bridal trip, yesterday afternoon, at 113 Walmer road.

Mrs. Archer, of Pittsburg (formerly Ethel Palin), has been in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Norman Harris. Mrs. Archer had a very fine young son of three years, with her.

Mrs. Townsend, Chestnut Park, entertained at luncheon yesterday.

Captain MacMillan, D.S.O., has recently come up from Halifax, and is stationed at Stanley Barracks. I may shortly have an interesting announcement to make, in which this smart soldier and popular comrade is concerned. Meanwhile his Toronto friends are giving him welcome.

Mrs. Charles L. Benedict gave a tea yesterday at her home, 29 St. Vincent Street.

Trinity College Conversation was held with all its usual *eclat* last week, and in spite of the shocking weather the guests were legion. Several "improvements" such as electric lighting of those delightful corridors, were noticed, and the usual cosy "dens" were presided over by the usual fussy hosts pretending unconcern. No function has changed more than Trinity Conversat in the last decade—the avalanche of young folks which has swamped so many old-time gatherings, has obliterated the old fashioned ceremonious gathering of high dignitaries who used to appear at Trinity. It is now a young folks party and the chaperones are generally only the official ones connected with Trinity and St. Hilda's. It was a joyous party on Thursday, Jan. 26, and the dancing went on very gaily until the last step was taken.

Government House dance "breaks up" in a very impressive manner. The orchestra plays the last, very last encore, the trumpeter who has heralded the dances sounds the Last Post at the door of the ballroom and the young folks stand in dancing pose, and sing God Save the King! As a newcomer said, breathless with surprise and pleasure, "Isn't it nice? So delightfully loyal and English."

The marriage of Mr. C. A. R. Warren, son of Mr. W. A. Warren, 2 Elm Avenue, and Miss Gertrude King, was quietly celebrated in St. Augustine church, on Thursday. The bride is an orphan, and the recent death of her mother prohibited any wedding festivities. Mrs. C. A. R. Warren will receive on Monday with Mrs. Warren, at 2 Elm Avenue. I am told that the bride is a very attractive and charming little lady.

The death of Captain A. Cecil Gibson, on Tuesday,

the result of concussion of the brain from a fall, was a great shock to his family and friends. His funeral was on Thursday. Captain Gibson was a retired officer of the Royal Grenadiers, and a man of bright mentality, and highly educated, a graduate of Clare College, Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gooderham, of Bedford Park, gave a large dance at the Metropolitan Assembly rooms last week, Jan. 26, for the young set, friends of Mrs. Gooderham's sister, Miss Alexander, the latter looking her best in a dainty white satin gown, the hostess wearing a dance frock of black chiffon velvet. Miss Eleanor Gooderham of Alverthorpe, and Miss Grace Gooderham, sister and cousin of the host, were among the guests, who included half a dozen young matrons and a perfect garden of pretty girls. Supper was served in the banquet hall and the decoration of crimson roses and shaded lights made the buffet very handsome.

The marriage of Mr. John Denison, elder son of Mr. Charles L. Denison, 640 Dufferin Street, and Miss Gertrude Punchard, was celebrated in St. Anne's church, on January 26, Rev. Lawrence Skey, the rector, officiating. The groom is a namesake of his ancestor, the doughty Captain John Denison of Bellevue, grandfather of Colonel Denison of Heydon Villa, and the first of the family to settle in Toronto, in 1793.

Mrs. David Symons was hostess of a pretty daffodil tea last week, at which she was a most attractive lady in yellow charmeuse veiled in ninon. Mrs. Lionel Clark matronized the charming girls in the tea-room, looking lovely in opal pink and grey.

Naturalists' Calendars.

FOR those who have kept for years past, or who perhaps intend to keep for the first time, an out-of-doors diary or calendar, the opening days of January hold a pleasure which is all their own. It is a very simple form of enjoyment, and just consists in noting and comparing the dates on which the expected events of the growth and progress of the year occur. Gilbert White kept at Selborne such a calendar—of which, by the way, the entries and dates have often been misunderstood; William Markwick, at Catsfield, near Battle in Sussex, kept another which offers some quaint comparisons with it; and since the various editions of Selborne have found their way into English homes during the past century, White's example must have added to the libraries of country



SIR PERCY LAKE, K.C.M.G., FOR INDIA.
The former Inspector-General of the Canadian militia has recently been appointed to the command of the 7th Division in the Indian Empire, a post demanding the highest efficiency.

houses hundreds of calendars perhaps as exact as his own, though without its peculiar value and charm. January, of course, is the best month in which to start such a calendar. There is no precise date on which the year, as regards the progress of the seasons and the growth of plants and the life of birds and beasts, can be said to end or begin, for there is no week of the winter which does not add something of strength to pushing buds or the rising pulse of animal life. But the New Year is as convenient as it is conventional a date for beginning new things, indoors or out. In the first week of January, for the first time since the third week of November, the sun sets after four o'clock. It also begins to rise a minute or two earlier, and with the lengthening days and fuller sunlight the white and yellow of the winter flowers begin to show in the garden-beds, and the chances of adding a note to the calendar, often slight enough in December, grow almost with every minute added to the morning and evening of the day.

The first of January, too, is a convenient date on which, as it were, to take stock of the garden and the records which belong naturally to the season, though they may as a fact have occurred and been already noted in December. White, for instance, has an entry or two in November and December which he repeats again in January; he notes the flowering of the primrose, polyanthus, hepatica, hellebore, daisy, wallflower, mezerion, and snowdrop between November 10th and December 29th. Of these the primrose, polyanthus, daisy, and wallflower can be found either in quantities or in scattered specimens in almost every month of the year; but the snowdrop in flower on December 29th is a first appearance, and an early one at that. Then, again, you feel that, although White naturally turns to the beginning of his calendar to set down the dates on which he first heard various birds in song, he must really have heard some of them earlier—that is, late in the preceding year. He chronicles, for instance, the robin as singing for the first time on the first of January, the mistle-thrush on the second, the hedge-sparrow on the fifth, the great tit and thrush on the sixth, and the skylark on the twenty-first. But the robin, except for a few weeks in the heat and drought of July and August, sings continuously through the year; the thrush begins his autumn song in September, and sings intermittently through the winter; the mistle-thrush has a wild December song; the lark needs only sunshine to mount his blue stairway; and the hedge-sparrow is the most modest and contented of all small garden birds, and will sing on the dulllest of bushes or palings almost any day in the year, however cheerless. The more interesting birds as regards the date of singing early in the year are the blackbird and the chaffinch. Spring has begun in ear-



CORONATION YEAR.
The New Year (to His Majesty): "At your service, sir!"—Punch.

est when the blackbird first sings from his lilac or apple tree on a February evening; White, for that matter, dates the blackbird first on January 17th, and the chaffinch on January 24th; the present writer's earliest note of the blackbird is on the 6th and of the chaffinch on February 10th. Markwick, on the other hand, does not seem to have chronicled a blackbird as singing before February 15th, though he dates a chaffinch on January 21st. But perhaps the oddest dates in the White and Markwick calendars are those on which they note the first cooing of the ringdove. February 27th is White's date, and March 2nd is Markwick's. Is it possible that among the slow changes which we seem to notice now and then in the habits of English birds we may include a tendency to domesticated breeding instincts among birds naturally so wild as wood-pigeon? The marked preference of starlings for fruit, and the increasing numbers of wood-pigeons and carrion crows in urban districts, possibly are to be classed together as changes corresponding to the thicker population of the country; the birds go where they are less molested and take the food which is most easily come by. But in any case, the cooing of wood-pigeons, the distant, drowsy monotone "Tak' two coos, tak' two," can belong to almost any sunny day of a mild January.

Flowers are pleasantly punctual to their dates in the calendar. But there are certain peculiarities which different flowers of the same kind in the same garden seem to reproduce season after season. It may be a single aconite which invariably appears in exactly the same spot each January under a lilac-bush, a week before its fellows; or a separate crocus which, perhaps on January 16th, will demand black cotton for itself and the other crocuses which will not flower for a month. Or of the early daffodils, the pale cernuus for example, or the colchicums on the lawn, there will always be one, in a known familiar spot, which will be faithful to its day; the rest may follow equally faithful, each to its date and habit, but it is the same bulb, or a bulb in the same spot, which year after year gains entry for daffodils and colchicums in the calendar. It is, perhaps, the same bird, too, which each succeeding spring is the first to break the silence? It would seem natural that it should be so; at all events, the experience of year after year goes to indicate that the quickest way of hearing any particular bird for the first time in the year is to listen for it where it was first heard the year before. That is most markedly the case as regards nightingales; you can depend almost to a yard in the low-cut or hedgerow for the first glimpse of the red-brown tail and the throb of the grey throat in the blackthorn flowers. The cuckoo, again, on his way north, takes surely the same path over the sea and the downs. A West wind, a spatter of rain, open sunlight and rain again; then he calls half heard from the south, in at the same window, down the same wet avenue—that does not change, even if for the last few years he has come many days later than White's seventh of April.

Markwick, who as a rule seems to have heard and seen his birds and flowers on later dates in the year than White, adds records which in White's calendar are wanting. He has a number of notes on the last appearance of various birds, either native singing birds or migrants like the swallows and martins. He chronicles June 28th, for instance, as the latest date on which he has heard a cuckoo. White, doubtless, heard cuckoos call in July, as his neighbors have since; but the rule with the cuckoo seems to vary very little—the second or third of July hears the last of him. With other birds supposed to stop singing early in the season the actual date of ceasing song probably varies with opportunities of nesting and breeding; the writer last year, for instance, heard a mistle-thrush in full song on the fourth of June, whereas the last week in April is his usual limit. Blackbirds, again, seem to be capable of being roused to song by rain, long after they have shut down their spring music; like thrushes, they will sing at intervals into August. But the strangest song which the blackbird gives you belongs to September. He changes his habit then from singing from his lilac or bare apple branch to a retreat in shade, perhaps in the dark of some great yew. There on some hot September afternoon he sends out a song in a quiet, reflective sort of undertone; it has a queer sound of ventriloquism, and if you did not know that he was singing, so to speak, at your elbow, you would think that you were listening to a blackbird a field or two away. Robins have the same trick of singing under their breath in this way, and Mr. W. H. Hudson has somewhere a note of a chaffinch's rousade suddenly sung over to him with the same ethereal and oddly perfect cadence. But these delicate little pipings have nothing of the strength and hope of the songs, as yet unheard, of the opening year. Those still await their dates in the calendar; the most roguish and the most indolent, the blackbird's, doubtless waits still for February—or will he this year, at last, for the first time, set a date beside White's 17th of January? Perhaps, in the warm airs of the far South-West, even that date is late in the calendar of the blackbird.—The Spectator.

The Very Reverend J. Armitage Robinson, D.D., Dean of Westminster Abbey, has been translated to the deanery of Wells, a less responsible position. Dr. Robinson attracted attention to himself a short time ago by refusing to allow the body of George Meredith to be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. He is known as a Greek scholar and has written books on theological subjects.



THE BLIND SIDE.

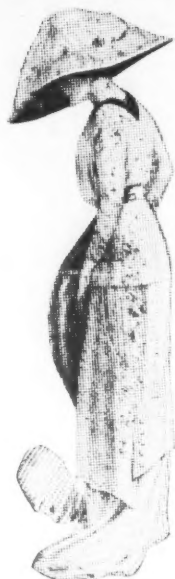
German Officer: "Glad to hear you're going to fortify your sea-front. Very dangerous people these English."

Dutchman: "But it will cost much."

German Officer: "Ah, but see what you save on the eastern frontier, where there's nobody but us!"

—Punch.
Note.—This is an allusion to the Kaiser's recent proposal that the Dutch fortify Flushing, which would have closed the Scheldt. England has opposed such measures for two hundred years and fought Bonaparte on the issue.

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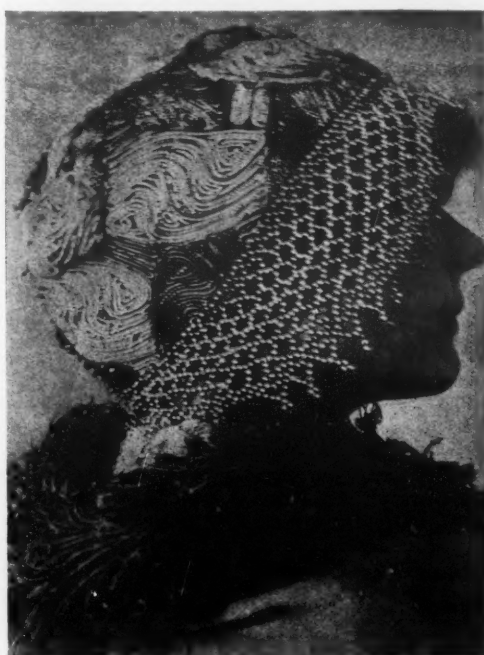
THE Paris correspondent of The Daily Mail says: The successor of the "hobble" skirt has arrived. A new form of divided skirt, to come into fashion in the spring, is to be launched into notoriety by the "Mannequins" of a well-known dressmaking firm of the Faubourg St. Honoré. The new costume comes from Turkey, and is an almost exact reproduction of the dress worn by the harem ladies. It consists of a long, loose, divided skirt, fitting tightly at each ankle. M. Paul Poirer intends to attempt to popularize this garment as a conventional costume for women. "This is a long-cherished ambition of mine," he said; "the 'hobble' skirt has had its day, and my clients are tiring of the ungainly gait which it makes obligatory. The Turkish ladies' costumes has long appealed to me as being most sensible, hygienic, and graceful. Moreover, it complies perfectly with the present-day craze for skirts which are tight at the ankles, only instead of having her movements impeded by a single skirt woman is to have a skirt at each ankle. Certainly it will add to the charm and beauty of the feminine figure as no other mode has done."

WE have now reached the full tide of winter luxury, so that we may well note whether fashion predictions have been definitely verified, or the reverse. The passing of the tunic cannot be recorded; not only is it still with us, but it is gaining, rather than losing, ground. The straight-around tunic, or double skirt, is a favorite development, finished with deep lace, or bandings of metal, or bead embroideries; and the fancy for lengthening the tunic to form the train is also as much approved as is the detached train; which may start from the middle-back, or high waist-line, or even from one shoulder and float away like a broad and long sash, adding little to the costume's gracefulness, but dissipating any hint of the commonplace. Some of the newest shapes in trains are anything but commonplace, being made square or round or swallow-pointed, according to preference, and weighted with tassels that flop at every step of the wearer.

The black-and-white craze has now reached the acute stage, and one is inclined to cry out for color, to break the monotony in millinery. Black velvet hats with white wings, or butterflies, or ostrich plumes, have become a weariness to the eye, and the black Valkyrie toque faced with white has gone through endless duplications. Ermine, however, retains its full charm, and the large ermine butterfly on a black velvet hat is the latest touch.

THE debutante's bouquet, this season, is a thing of charm. It is exactly like her grandmother's wedding bouquet, only prettier, because it is in colors, and has a shower of ribbons matching any one of the flowers. One had a rosy camellia in the centre, surrounded by a fringe of pink bouvardia, next to it a row of Russian violets, then one of valley lilies, and finally another of the violets next to the lace paper. The shower was of narrow rose-pink ribbons, knotted here and there with violets and lilies of the valley. Another lovely nosegay was made with sunset

rosebuds, surrounded by violets, then white carnations, then fringed pink begonias and sweet peas, next to the lace paper, with inch-wide ribbons of changeable gold and rose-color, just the tint of the sunset buds entangled in their shower. Still another was centred with a red poinsettia, the Christmas flower, surrounded by gardenias, then violets, and finally yellow button chrysanthemums; and the wide red streamers were caught with gardenias. These



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THE BEADED CAP.

Marcelle Demay, of Paris, has designed a head-cap that has just reached this country. The cap is of quaint but rich design, and is composed of crystal beads of milk-color and Deft blue. The broad border is made entirely of the first named beads. The effect is becoming in the extreme, and accounts for the popularity that the first consignment of the caps has secured at all fashionable winter resorts.

stiff little bouquets will be a distinct feature of the winter cotillions, and the repousé silver holders, formerly in vogue, have also been revived.

THE closely fitted black velvet separate skirt is an indispensable concomitant of the well-dressed young woman's wardrobe, this season, for it may be worn in the house with black chiffon blouses over white or colors, or utilized with fanciful overdresses of lace or embroidered thin materials for luncheons and various afternoon occasions, with a fur wrap and large feather-trimmed black velvet hat. White lace, used in this way, of a very open pattern and large design—in Cluny, Flemish, Venise, or Irish crochet—is particularly effective and stylish over black velvet. A dainty costume of that kind was sent recently to a Washington debutante, to be worn by her at the White House, for the coming-out reception of Miss Helen Taft. The full straight-around tunic of very fine net was slightly full at the belt, but fitted snugly at the knee, where it was bordered with deep Venise lace. The peasant bodice of white moire had a short peplum and a flat panel sash at the back, the whole being edged with narrow shamrock passementerie. A belt buckle, and cameo necklace, of coral gave the smart flamingo touch of color, and the scarf of black Chantilly over white, on the dropping black velvet hat, completed a beautiful harmony of treatment.

WHEN the autumn models were first launched this season the sleeves to our principal low-necked bodices were short and transparent. Some of the leading dressmakers even reproduced the typical First Empire sleeve, with its slightly puffed effect and narrow satin band upon the arm. In the course of a few weeks, however, there came a curious change. Our sleeves not only became shorter, but they gradually disappeared beneath a loose drapery of gauze or tulle surrounding the entire bodice. This month the principal houses are making new models without any sleeve whatever, whilst a prettily-shaped cape just covers the shoulders. The waist line of this sleeveless bodice is placed so high that the cape alone appears to be the important trimming. A world-famed establishment is recommending these capes in black velvet, with the remainder of the evening dress in a contrasting material and color. The effect of this direct opposition as regards tissue and color is not to everybody's taste. Most women prefer the shade of velvet in their cape to be more in keeping with the general color of their gown.

MUCH has already been said on the care to be given the face after the ravages caused by motoring. The hair, too, no matter how well it is covered by means of hats and veils, is bound to suffer to some extent. The scalp should therefore be carefully nourished and massaged at least once a week. Another necessity, to keep the hair in place while motoring, is a good brilliantine. It is perfumed with either violet or lilac, as preferred. I think I have mentioned before a reliable hair powder, designed to help remove the dust when a shampoo cannot be had. It will keep the hair light and fluffy when it would otherwise separate from the weight of its own oil. Another toilet preparation which should be in the possession of every motorist, is a supply of almond meal—this to be rubbed on chapped hands in place of soap. It will be found to soften and whiten the skin.

Mme. Aime Dupont, a fashionable photographer of New York, recently opened an exhibition of portraits in her studio which is remarkable in its way. More than one thousand photographs of women prominent in society and in theatrical circles are shown, and few well-known figures in these divisions are absent. Mme. Dupont is the widow of the French sculptor whose work was notable in Paris several years ago.



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39

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Tuesday
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soiled dress.
Wednesday, Thursday and
Friday.
They cleaned it by their famous
dry process.
Saturday
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A Master Without Moods.

VELASQUEZ, according to Mr. Lewis Hind, had the Shakespearean quality of combining the "dream and the business," and not, like a cheese or a decadent poet, depending upon mood and changing condition. Mr. Hind gives the history of a picture that is at the moment a subject of controversy:

It was in 1642 that Philip set out on a famous journey to Aragon. Spain was at war with France, and the distracted King hoped that his presence would inspire his troops and his "vassals," as he called them, to overthrow the enemy. So Philip set out, and the route was marked by a "round of festivities" and an "abyss of expenses"; and with the King went his courtiers to flatter, his dwarfs to amuse, and his Court painter, Velasquez, to paint him. One day in 1644, when they were at Fraga, the King felt in the mood to be painted, so the Court carpenter was bidden to make an easel and to erect a window and a door to a room which could be used as a studio; and reeds were spread upon the floor. Then the chief Court valet decked Philip in his gayer clothes, such as he "usually appeared before the army as Commander-in-

Chief," and all was ready. You may be sure that the King did not bother about the enemy that day. Velasquez was always ready to create a work of genius. He had no moods; he was always at his best. Indeed, so sure are connoisseurs of the superman of Velasquez, that when they detect anything less than perfection in a work ascribed to him, they say: "Ah, that is by his son-in-law, Mazo." This is what they are saying and have said, about the Fraga portrait of Philip IV. at the Dulwich Gallery. It is a beautiful thing to look upon, but it is not perfection; therefore, it is by the son-in-law—not by Velasquez. Senor Bernete has pointed out certain deficiencies and weaknesses in the portrait, which, now that they have been indicated, seem to me quite convincing that the Dulwich picture is a fine copy by clever, but not perfect, Mazo. Where, then, is the perfect original? Now, we are getting warm, as children say. Some short time ago the original was traced to the collection of Elias de Bourbon, Prince of Parma, in the Chateau de Lichteneck, near Wels, in Austria. Its pedigree is perfect, and Senor Bernete is entirely satisfied that it is the original. Dulwich is in tears, but that can't be helped.



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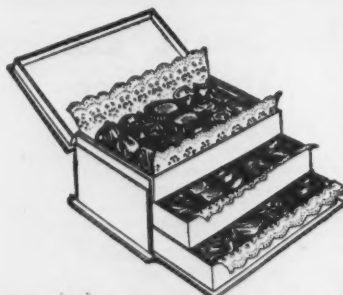
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Why Tolstoy Left Home

A LONG article of over four columns was published in the London Times by Mr. P. A. Boulanger, an intimate friend of Count Tolstoy, who was present when he died. It gives some distressing reasons why Tolstoy left home.

"To those near Tolstoy his departure from home did not come as a surprise. During the last thirty years of his life he suffered acutely from the contradictions amid which he lived; for he regarded property, wealth, and the sale of his writings as evils, yet felt constrained to go on living in a good house on his ancestral estate, having dinner served by a footman, while most of his books were published and sold by his wife, who obtained a considerable income from them, and ostentatiously surrounded him with comforts.

"Though he had renounced his property and divided it among his heirs nearly twenty years ago, and had then made over to his wife, for her life, the income derived from the sale of his copyrighted works published before 1880, yet while he resided with his family he had to live somewhat as they did, and this apparent contradiction between the external conditions of his life and the principles he held often evoked the blame—not only of people hostile to Tolstoy, but also of some of his most ardent followers, who wished him to set an example to the world; but for a long time no one understood the true reason of his inconsistency.

"Living in conditions incompatible with his views, and suffering acutely in consequence, Tolstoy exerted all the power of his soul to draw in his direction those—his wife, and other members of his family—who upheld those conditions and retained him in them. He saw before him an immense task—namely, that of changing his wife's outlook on life; and he left any external change in his own life in the hands of Providence; though he was always hoping that the Russian Government, which persecuted his adherents (imprisoning them and exiling them to Siberia), would some day imprison or exile him, and thus remove him from conditions of life that violated his conscience.

"During the last few years he noticed a change in the Countess's relation toward him. She became more careful of her property. When her copyright in some of his earlier writings was infringed she did not hesitate to take legal proceedings against the pirate publishers, and sought her husband's support in the matter; which action, clashing as it did with his rooted disapproval of all legal proceedings, caused him much suffering. All his remonstrances and attempts to pacify her without letting her have her way irritated her, and she, on her side, reproached him and made play with his inconsistencies. On the estate she employed watchmen, who sometimes came into conflict with the peasants; and Tolstoy's advice, to leave the property unguarded, vexed her still more.

"Tolstoy's position at home became harder and harder day by day. The Countess used to read his diary to discover his private plans and thoughts. It was the same with his will, made in July this year. Try as he would to hide from her that he was making it, rumors of it reached her, and depressing scenes occurred in consequence.

"More than once I witnessed depressing scenes between the Countess and her husband, and was always surprised to see how mildly Tolstoy behaved, and with what attention and love he treated his wife after her insults; and I saw that this attention and love were not in the least artificial or external, but came from a pure heart and deep feeling. The struggle Tolstoy maintained against himself reached to the secret depths of his soul, and without the least hypocrisy and with perfect sincerity he used to kiss the Countess before going to bed.

"Tolstoy's weariness of this continual struggle was indicated by the fact that he, who had usually avoided going anywhere from home, began during the last couple of years to go away from Yasnaya Polyana more and more frequently.

"It became clearer and clearer to Tolstoy, however, that this working at himself to evoke a kind feeling for one person—his wife—was becoming unproductive. It diverted him from his other work, hindering his concentration. He had no privacy even at night, for from his bedroom he could hear the rustle of the Countess's dress as she looked through his papers in the next room—his study. During the summer of this year he began to think that he would have to leave Yasnaya Polyana and go somewhere into retirement, and he warned his youngest daughter to have

a passport always ready in case of a sudden departure.

"On the night of Nov. 9, when Tolstoy was in bed and had put out the light, the Countess, believing him to be asleep, entered his study and began to search among his papers. Tolstoy heard this, and feelings of indignation and revolt rose in him with such strength that he could not subdue them. He counted his pulse, which was beating very quickly and irregularly, and suddenly he felt that it was useless to remain in his old home any longer. He had to go away and realize his long-cherished dream of living a solitary and humble life.

"When the rustle in the study

the "Life" from Mr. Harper Pennington:

"The only time I saw Jimmy 'stumped' for a reply was at a sitting of Lady Meux (for the portrait in sables). For some reason Jimmy became nervous—exasperated—and impetuous. Touched by something he had said, her ladyship turned softly toward him and remarked, quite softly: 'See here, Jimmy Whistler! you keep a civil tongue in that head of yours, or I will have in some one to finish those portraits you have made of me!'—with the faintest emphasis on 'finish.' Jimmy fairly danced with rage. He came up to Lady Meux, his long brush tightly grasped, and actually quivering in his hand, held



A German satire on the Kaiser's method of hunting, published in the Jugend of Munich. The artist is careful to avoid depicting the Kaiser's countenance and thus escapes the charge of Lèse Majesté.

ceased, and Tolstoy had assured himself that the Countess was asleep in her bedroom, he rose, collected his papers, and went to tell his friend Dr. Makovitsky that he had decided to leave the house at once. It was three o'clock in the morning. After closing the door into the next room, that the Countess might not hear his preparations, he packed his papers and the necessary clothing. He took only two changes of under-clothing, evidently considering that quite enough for his future life. Then he went to awake his youngest daughter, and bade her good-bye.

"Having said good-bye to his daughter, Tolstoy went to the stables to order a horse to be harnessed to take him to the railway station of Stchokino. All the way he was agitated, fearing that the Countess might awake and overtake him, and that one of those scenes would ensue from which his nerves were already suffering.

"They had long to wait at the station, and in the grey twilight of the wintry dawn Tolstoy walked briskly up and down the path outside. His coachman, waiting near, was surprised to see how brisk and firm were Tolstoy's movements. 'Has your Excellency no message to send home?' he asked. Tolstoy paused awhile in thought, and then, with a resolute shake of his head, said 'No, nothing. Go back home.'

A Missing Portrait by Whistler.

THE National Gallery is to receive Whistler's "Sable Picture of Lady Meux," if it can be found, together with the correspondence thereon.

This missing portrait is the third for which Lady Meux sat to Whistler. The other two are described in the Pennells' Life of the artist as among his most distinguished portraits. Lady Meux "was handsome, of a more luxuriant type than the woman who usually sat to him," and he "found for her harmonies appropriate to her beauty. The first was an 'Arrangement in White and Black,' which few people have seen. There is a sumptuousness in the black of the shadowy background and the velvet gown, in the white of the fur of the long coat, that Whistler never surpassed. . . . Whistler was pleased with it, and spoke of it as his 'beautiful Black Lady.' Lady Meux was so well satisfied that she at once sat for a second portrait. This time the 'harmony' was in 'Flesh-Color and Pink,' afterward changed to 'Pink and Gray.'

These two works, painted in the early '80s, are apparently included in the bequest to Sir Hedworth Lambton. The missing portrait was smaller. So far as the artist's biographers could find out, it was never finished. The explanation is probably to be found in this story, quoted in

tight against his side. He stammered, spluttered, and finally gasped out: 'How dare you? How dare you?' but that, after all, was not an answer, was it? Lady Meux did not sit again. Jimmy never spoke of the incident afterward, and I was sorry to have witnessed it."

The faster a young man is the more difficulty he has in keeping up with his running expenses.

A good motto for the bridge player is: "Never double trouble till trouble doubles you."

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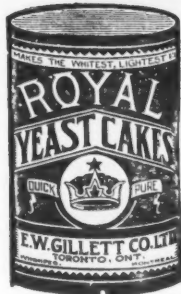
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MRS. MALAPROP said to Clara Novello, the noted English prima donna: "You will admit that there is a great deal of evil life in the theatre." "True, indeed," replied Clara, "but on which side of the curtain?"

THE tourist in Holland was interested. "Does not a child by chance ever fall into the canal?" he asked the guide.

"Yah."
"Don't you ever do anything for it?"
"Yah; we pull 'um out."
"No, not that. What I mean is, don't you do anything to stop their falling in again?"
"Oh, yah; we spank 'um."

Is the Current Theory of Heredity True?

WHY is it that a man of genius will not infrequently become the father or grandfather of perfect dunces? Why do a fair haired husband and a fair haired wife sometimes beget a dark haired baby? Why are there such differences in size, appearance or intelligence between the children of the same identical mates?

This in the human species; if we observe the so-called "vagaries of Nature" in the plant and the animal world, we observe that the dwarf pea sprung from tall ancestors breeds true to dwarfness; that the progeny of a black and white rabbit are in one case all black and in another all of the wild gray color; that two white peas being crossed may give a purple flower; that two hairless plants may revert to the hairy form.

We used to call such phenomena "curious reversions." We believed first that through slow evolution certain characteristics of certain types had either become overdeveloped or obliterated like the lizard's third eye, the bat's wings, the tadpole's tail.

We also believed that acquired characteristics, a love for music, a taste for strong beverages, would be transmitted to all of one's descendants.

Now come the Mendelian experiments, proving apparently that heredity and evolution are mere dreams, that species are immutable and that Nature's vagaries are merely Nature's logical efforts to extricate the original type from the tangle of cross-breeds due to man's tampering.

Even should the far-famed "missing link" show up in the wilds of Oceania, where it is strongly suspected of keeping itself in the strictest incog, we would no longer have to deplore our descent from a simian ancestor.

The man who gave a concrete form to such theories was an Austrian monk by the name of Mendel, born in 1822. The result of his biological experiments were embodied in a modest paper read before the natural history society of a little Austrian town, Brunn. He also wrote a few letters on the subject to the botanist Naegeli.

Unfortunately, pamphlet and letters were written at a time when Darwin's theories as to the origin of species had become the scientific fad of the day. And what chance had the modest old monk of being even noticed? He died inglorious in 1884.

Not until a few years ago did R. C. Punnett, an English scientist with an inquisitive turn of mind, look over Mendel's records of experiments. So appalled was he by their importance that he published a book christening the new theory Mendelism.

The world lent an indifferent ear to the new leit-motive; but by and by the Englishman dimmed Mendelism into the consciousness of the scientific world. At the present day there is a big English magazine devoted to the new science and called "Mendelism."

Let us now turn to Mendel's own account of his experiments on plants and on animals. In one series of experiments he concentrated his attention on the height of certain plants. He first made crosses between giant peas and dwarf peas. It mattered not which was the pollen-producing and which the seed-bearing plant; in all cases tall peas resulted from the cross. For this reason Mendel called the tall pea "dominant" and the dwarf "recessive."

The next step was to collect seeds of the new plant and to sow them in the following year. When this was done it was found that both tall and dwarf plants appeared in the offspring. Each individual was either frankly tall or frankly dwarf, and no intermediate appeared, the proportion of tall to dwarf being three to one. The following year seed from the dwarf peas gave only dwarfs; seed from the tall gave a large proportion of tall and a few dwarfs.

In the following year tall seeds brought forth tall plants only, dwarf seed dwarf plants only. The reversion to the prototype was complete. In the process, however, the tall plant, the dominant, appeared three times as frequently as the recessive.

The experiment was tried with various animals, and it was found, first, that after several generations the individual reverted to the pure type of either the male or female ancestors, and secondly, that one type was dominant—that is, produced many more individuals than the recessive type.

Crossing colored and white mice produced in the long run pure colored and pure white, with a majority of colored; the Angora fur of some rabbits was found recessive to the normal short fur; the rose comb, which occurs in certain breeds of poultry, such as Hamburgs or Wyandottes, behaves as a dominant to the

high serrated single comb of the Leghorns.

Freakish cases in which one of the parents was in a markedly abnormal condition were considered. Japanese waltzing mice were crossed with normal mice. The "waltzers" are driven to circle round sometimes for hours by a painful malformation of the labyrinth of the ear. After a couple of years the crosses bred true to either the normal mouse or to the "waltzer," the latter being recessive to the former.

Interesting experiments were made to ascertain whether crossing increased or diminished the resistance to disease.

Some varieties of wheat are susceptible to the attacks of a fungus that causes "rust"; some are immune. When "susceptible" and "immune" were crossed every hybrid was susceptible to "rust." The following year the hybrid became differentiated, the "rusty" and "immune" plants being in the apparently universal ratio of three to one.

We have, then, the explanation of facts which Darwin refused to consider as very important. He held that "freakish variations" in the production of species would rapidly become swamped by intercrossing with the normal form. He considered that species had been and were being built up by a process of natural selection. As a matter of fact, no species are being built up, and deviations from the prototype are corrected in the course of three generations.

Before experiments can be made on human beings the Mendelian discovery can be applied practically to the improvement of animal breeds. We know for sure that in most cases a cross means greatly increased vigor for the progeny. Breeders, however, are very shy in making crosses for fear of breaking up and losing the desirable combination of characters found in the original strains.

Mendel's discovery may reassure them on this point. In three generations breeders can reproduce the parental types with all the increased vigor resulting from a cross. We must also revise our conceptions of a "pure breed." Until recently we said that the criterion by which we could judge the purity of breed was the pedigree of the individual. To-day we know that a plant or an animal can be pure breed not only owing to its ancestry but in spite of its ancestry.

Where the problem becomes fascinating, however, is where it touches the mooted question of heredity, and here again it upsets absolutely our previous notions. Man being the slowest breeding animal observations are difficult, and only imperfect statistics can be relied upon at the present day to supply evidence.

The study of certain diseases, however, in the course of several centuries fortunately enabled scientists to establish heredity tables. One of the most interesting cases observed is that of the transmission of "brachydactily."

In people affected with this malformation the joints of the fingers and toes are two instead of three, and the whole body presents a stunted appearance.

It has been shown that this condition is unfortunately dominant to the normal state, which means that "brachydactily" in one of the parents will affect the progeny in the proportion of three abnormal to one normal descendant. The normal descendants will, however, breed true to normal, while the abnormal children will give birth to both abnormal and normal children in the proportion of three to one.

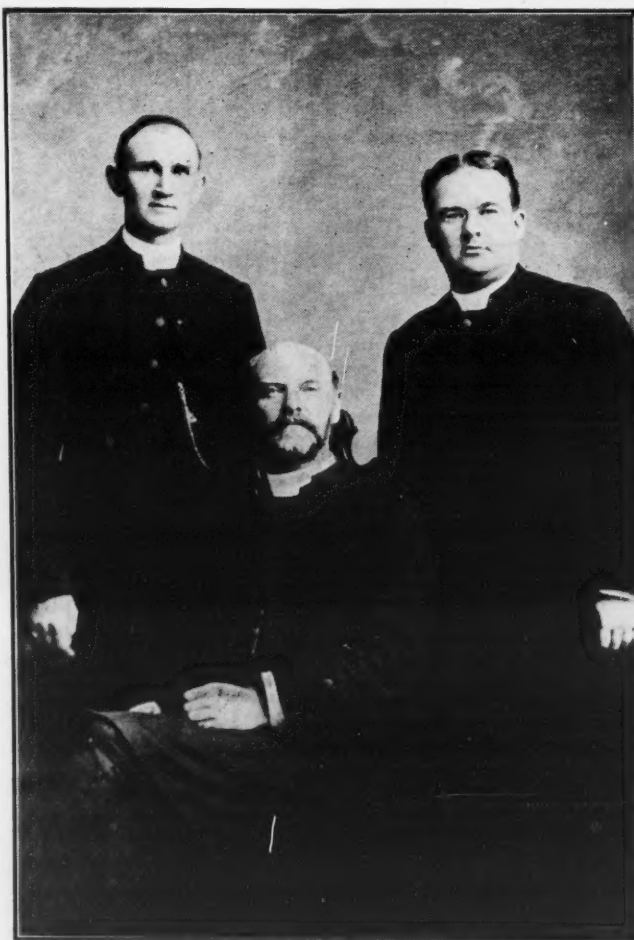
Another interesting case is that of the eye color. All colored eyes have pigment at the back of the iris. In addition to this there is frequently some yellow-brownish pigment on the front of the iris. Where it is absent, the color of the eye is blue, gray or violet. Highly pigmented eyes are dominant to those in which pigment is absent. When one of the mates has dark eyes and the other blue eyes, the proportion of dark-eyed and blue-eyed descendants will be three to one, the dark-eyed hybrid begetting only dark-eyed, the blue-eyed hybrid begetting three "dark-eyed" to one "blue-eyed."

This is indeed a new and limitless field open to investigators. Research along such lines cannot fail to reveal facts of tremendous importance sociologically.

While Mendel's theories throw no light upon the origin of species, at least they seem to prove against Darwin the immutability and the lasting individuality of species. We may have to believe in a distinct act of creation for each and every species, but we can no longer assume that the difference between species arose from the accumulation of minute and almost imperceptible differences. Neither can we believe that a drop of tainted blood will taint the family blood for generations. We know who will bear the taint and who will not.

THE husband came home very late the other night from an important political meeting. In the hall he kicked up rather a row, growling and swearing to himself till his wife called to him from upstairs, "What's the matter, my dear?" "Matter—hic—is," he shouted, "that there are two hat racks here, and I dunno which one to hang my hat on." "But you've got two hats, haven't you?" said the wife, soothingly. "Hang one on each rack!"

THE toastmaster didn't have a set list of speeches to announce, so he apportioned the talks among the best speakers present as best he could. He did pretty well, too, until he announced: "The toast 'Our Absent Members,' will be responded to by Mr. Blank H. Dash." Then everybody laughed, loud and long. Why? Because Mr. Blank H. Dash has lost an arm and a leg.



TWO BISHOPS AND A POSSIBLE ONE.

St. Matthew's Church, Brandon, has the unique distinction of having furnished to the Anglican episcopate two of its former rectors within a period of one year. Dr. McAdam Harding, seated in the centre of the above group, was rector from 1891 to 1904. He was elected Bishop-Coadjutor of Qu'Appelle in 1909, with residence at Regina. He labored for some years in Brockville and Kingston. He succeeded in Brandon by the Rev. A. U. de Pencier, at that time senior curate of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. Mr. de Pencier, who stands at the left in the portrait, was recently elected Bishop of New Westminster. The present rector, who stands at the right, is the Rev. W. P. Reeve, who succeeded Mr. de Pencier on the latter's removal to St. Paul's, Vancouver, in 1908. Mr. Reeve is the eldest son of the late W. A. Reeve, Q.C., first Principal of the Law School at Osgoode Hall. He is a man of unusual eloquence and force of character.

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